

# Super Gremlin

Meek Mill

You actin' like a lil' bitch right now, nigga  
Fuck that, I ain't lettin' that's hit ride  
We gon' go and smoke all these motherfuckers  
I don't care who the fuck out there  
Goddamn it, is you down, nigga?  
Man, both of y'all shut the fuck up  
Well, we could be superstars (We could've been superstars but niggas be play in' [?])  
We been rather wreckin' cars (Ayy bro, is that Jambo?)  
Man, we play for keeps  
What is at stakes for us? (Grind, thirst, hunger)  
Kickin' off power mirrors  
Say you my nigga, you say you my hitter, but I don't remember you deep in the trenches (Yeah, we could be superstars)  
I'm swingin' them switches at you and your niggas  
If you ever wonder why I'm bein' distant  
Know why I'm slidin', I ain't even wildin', [?] survivin' this life that we livin'  
If we really rockin', then why you feel comfortable talkin' 'round opps about my business

Yeah, I'm in that zone  
[?] they can't even follow me home (Skrtrt)  
I'm really from Philly, I know all the killers, I call 'em, then I'ma be wrong  
My youngin a soldier, they gave him like twenty  
I told him he got to be strong  
I send him some pictures, whenever he get 'em, I know that he probably alone  
He wrote me, he told me that he livin' through me  
I said, "Broski, you [?]"  
It's crazy, I ain't even writin' 'cause I don't want to tell him what I'm really on  
Slidin', eighty rounds, Glock, see my kids, I got to get home  
I seen lames turn superstars  
And that Gram cut off, and ya mans cut off  
'Cause you went too hard, and yeah, I went too hard  
He back broke, he tryna hitch ya yard  
You a type nigga try to get ya dawg headshot, don't even tell 'em what ya charge  
Red dot, I ain't really tryna miss at all  
This love won't really take risks at all  
Nah, I was in back of the back when I put up the [?] with the gremlins  
We done got hold of the money and move like the Russians at the [?]  
AMG go sixty-three, G-Wagon, hear the engine (Vroom)  
YG Air Force fifty, bendin' corners, scrapin' fenders  
Somebody tell me who fuckin' with me  
And don't bring out no bitches that's fuckin' with me  
No competition when niggas are with me  
Don't bring out no niggas that's fuckin' with me  
If you a hater don't try to persuade me 'bout none of them niggas that's fuckin' with me  
And don't speak on niggas, got money on me  
All the niggas that's thuggin' with me  
You don't fuck with my day ones? Fuck you, nigga  
You could be what you wanted to be  
Got big bands, and I'll crush you, nigga  
That lil' money ain't nothin' to me

I ain't chasin' no ho, they be runnin' to me  
I ain't payin' no hoes, they be comin' to me  
If I keep it a thousand, I'll be in the islands  
You run in my hitters before you could run into me

Yeah, we could be superstars (I don't trust him)  
If he spin again, better shoot his car (Better dust him)  
Now, it's not safe for you (Why?)  
My youngin put a switch on this Glick

Yeah