

These Scars

Meek Mill

When I was on 'gram entertaining all the rap beefs
We was on the hood goin' to war on the backstreets
Bulletproof Caddy like who said they gon' get at me
Pull up in your hood, niggas running like a track meet
No more Rollies, I'm just buying more properties
Young niggas watching me, give 'em that game properly
Past go twice, skip jail, build a monopoly
Don't let 'em trick you outta your spot
Nigga you gotta be retard or you could treat me out this new Gallardo
Since I been gettin' it, ain't miss a season from ricardo
when they see me , know me at Wells Fargo
Still rappin' like it's no tomorrow
So I don't have to stand, let me borrow
And let you in my circle, but that's coming with a cost though
You don't work, you gon' starve yo
Dime in the crib, tip-toeing on the marble
Rockin' all this ice, I'm just tryna hide my scars tho
Somethin' bout that Wraith and them lights, how them stars glow
Give me motivation, out in Miami, know the Haitians
All the hitters got the bitches and I'm MMG
A legend on Collins how they gon' remember me
Young niggas

The land they gave us was always ours
Don't close the door, you owe us more, uhh
I know that it's hard to face reality, mm
And when they changed, they were all surprised but me
And we buy Wraiths to hide behind these stars, yeah
And we rock all this ice just to hide these scars
If you never seen a dream fade away behind all these bars
And only god can touch your soul behind all these bars, oh

Patek on, iced out, yeah yeah (yeah yeah)
Hundred rounds, brrrr, spend live by (brr)
Drankin' purple lean, fuck my sky dive
Ridin' in them Wraiths like a shotta (skrtrt skrtrt)
Skipped out of school, whipped a deuce to a four
Chanel on my whore, got the marble on my floor
Ten year deal just to wear Diadora
I secure the bag first round, that's of course
Cocaina white inside, that's a Porsche
Came from the gutter, nigga trapping is a sport
Young nigga don't spray the drum in the court
That's the Actavis, pop the seal like a cork
They running out of info, making rumours, what's your source?
Friends turned to foes, niggas leavin' me no choice
Hoes gettin' exposed, make a nigga cut them short
Hit a few licks before I made it out of choice

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