

Think It's A Game

Meek Mill

It's too much, too much, too much, yeah
Tell 'em, ayy

Girl, just leave me in silence
Just got a call from all my niggas, said they still 'bout it
Closest homie turned his back, we gotta kill 'bout it
Even though it hurt my soul, act like I don't care about it
Nigga, fuck this rap shit, ain't no cap shit
I was rich before this rap shit, fuck a caption
And your nigga said he want action, so he get clapped quick
Fuck around and name that Nina Brad Pitt, 'cause he an actress and I'm a savage
Pussy, hmm

Think it's a game until they holdin' onto your brains and shit, do you?
Ayy
Think it's a game, nothin' do you?
Think it's a game, yeah

My homie turned his back on me, I don't know how to feel about it
'Cause I get deep in my feelings and I won't kill 'bout it
'Cause niggas be knowin' my business and don't be real solid
I got real problems
Made my list for the hoes that flex, went back and still popped them
Couldn't be holding this shit down ten, went in my wheel body
Ain't seen my cousin like six months but still gon' drill 'bout him
He in those trenches and I can't act like I don't care 'bout it
This shit a war
Nigga, I'm the plug, ain't no extension cord
Headshots soon as I spin the block, fuck you sent 'em for?
Like you ain't know we stand on opps, sent 'em to the Lord
Look 'em in they eyes 'til they die, without no feelings for 'em

Yeah
I done seen a couple M's at 22, nigga who the fuck is you?
You say you got shooters with you?
Well, I got shooters too
All my niggas missin' screws
All they know is true
He a killer but is aim off
So we must recruit
That niggas tryin' me and mob, bitch I'm tyin' boots, yeah
They tellin' everything but the truth
Don't need no soldiers talkin' for me, baby I'm a troop
Done named my shooter Stephen Curry, all he know is shoot, yeah
I'm talkin' close range
Say your niggas out here wildin', we on the same thing, yeah
We on the same thing
His pain is my pain, we got the same pain

Glock.40 help me, sleep better
Know where you live, know where I leave
So we could creep better
Go get your gun, I make my gun turn you to three letters
And have your soul forever rest in peace
No, we better than that
New Berrettas and MACs

New vendettas attached
And we can't never get back
Now you can never relax
You gotta forever be strapped, pussy
In the valleys of the shadows of death
Will the reaper be regained?
We never pressed to play them
Clubs on the weekend 'cause that's gon' lead us only
Thuggin' and beefin' with some lil' niggas that's beneath us
Probably ain't even eatin', that's lose-lose
We kill ten of y'all, we ain't even even
You niggas jealous

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