

## Tony Story 3

Meek Mill

Tony dead and his brother too  
Streets talkin' every week the coppers comin' through  
And homicides scoopin' niggas out of Paulie crew  
Damn, he in some shit just like a number two  
So he need that lawyer money, plus that Sig Sauer money  
On his second body so you don't want to war with money  
Paulie got the word that somebody turned informant on him  
Remember when he banged on Tony brother spin the corner on him  
Maybe its them young niggas, talkin' to the police  
Thinking about it every night, ain't been gettin' no sleep  
He been spinnin' 'round that same corner for the whole week  
Lookin' for them muthafuckers that was there with Tony brother when he let t  
he clip roll on 'em  
Going crazy thinkin' 'bout who told on him  
Time tickin' doors 'bout to close on him  
Them boys on the way to see the judge for a warrant  
And they got his name on it, tryna put them chains on him  
Cold as them streets is, he tryna remain on it  
Even though the cops lurkin', got to keep them things on 'em  
Layin' low at Kee crib, only one ain't changed on him  
And she givin' info, told where to hit for  
Put 'em deep with Tony lil' cousins and his kin folk  
Paulie on some other shit, tryna get 'em sent for  
Them young nigga bendin' backwards for him like its limbo  
And they tryna kill somethin', cops tryna build somethin'  
Paulie ain't tryna do no time take a deal, nothin'  
Loadin' up his AK banana tryna peel somethin'  
Tryna catch a rat nigga slippin' 'fore they spill somethin'  
Somebody gon' die  
And mommas gon' cry  
Before Paulie doin' time  
Cause Paulie gon' ride  
Back in the field he got his 40 on him  
Watchin' out for tinted windows when they pull up on him  
He don't even trust the niggas 'round the corner from him  
That he grew up with, he done got into it with  
Investigatin' niggas if they tellin' or not  
And then they feel some time of way he disrespectin' the block  
But Paulie don't give a fuck, you disrespect him, you shot  
Live by the chopper law and respect of the Glock  
Hold up the phone ringin' said they rushin' the spot  
The only time he play that crib is when he fuckin' a thot  
He was fuckin' with Kee and she was fuckin' an op  
But he ain't never think about it, she'll fuck with the cops  
She told 'em everything nigga  
I know you thought that she'll never sing would you?  
Rule number one: keep them bitches from out your business  
Rule number two: better kill 'em you know they snitchin'  
It's all fun and games 'til them bitches turn to a witness  
And know you in the courtroom waiting to get your sentence  
Saw you out at Kee crib four in the morn'  
Parked up seat low to the floor  
She on the way he feel a way, this was one of his whores  
And since he been on the run, he been fuckin' em more  
Thinkin' about her if she come, open the door  
Take a deep breath, I know what I'm doin'  
Cause she gon' go to court and she gon' go to the morgue

And he gon' to jail and she gon' go to the mall  
So he started walkin' while she parking  
Wasn't even cautious  
Parked up on her, had to drive her window out the darkness  
He was supposed to shoot her, but he started talkin'  
She screamin' out "I'm pregnant," now he thinkin' "Aw shit"  
Started second guessin', that's when them cars spin  
Paulie heart dropped he seen the Taurus  
So he took off runnin' with the hammer, tried to toss it  
Cops shootin' metal slugs rippin' through the car tint  
Bullets hit his body while he runnin' and now he fallin'  
Damn Paulie, bullet holes  
Cuffs on let him bleed  
Double murder, attempted murder, yes indeed  
If he live, life sentence never leave  
If he dies nobody cry for the bad guy  
Fronted niggas workin' they the glad guys  
Happy they ain't got to pay the tab guys  
Paulie make it through to see the trap God  
Drownin' in his blood on his back side  
They say he gon' pull through and he gettin' charged too  
Lawyer came to see him said he need like 80 large too  
Got him in the County Tony people 'hind them walls too  
And they say his little cousin cripin' bangin' hard too  
And Paulie killed his favorite little cousin back on Part 2  
And he can't wait to fall through  
Friday they callin' yard too  
And Paulie on crutches took the screw up out the handles scrape that bitch '  
til it got sharp too  
To be continued  
I, know, you, want me to fall  
But, I can't  
Part 4 gon' be a movie nigga, literally