

Tweaking

Meek Mill

Hmm, this is my brother
Yeah this is
My rules, my rules, my rules, my-

(Yeah) I like the way you work it
Never met an angel that was perfect
I never met a demon that was worth it (Yeah)
They know the book Vor' come with amenities and plenty fees
Your favorite model is not a ten to me, I got ten of these
Your favorite rapper is still feeding off my energy
I just talked to Jeff, I told him strictly pesos
I just talked to Jeff, I told him strictly Bezos
'Cause I'm too rich to pay hoes

Old niggas hatin' on the young niggas, damn
Young niggas wildin' out, beefin' on the 'Gram
I just hope this money don't make me lose who I am
It's funny 'cause this money make me lose all my friends
They say "It's something 'bout Meek Mill, he movin' different than them"
It's lil' fish, I take ya bitch for a swim
The jewelry loud but the Richard Millie plain, I let it whisper to them
That 33 on me like Pippen again, I been a bull
Niggas know I won't fold, I been to war
Rap beef, street beef, really done did 'em all
I get money, fuck bitches, and I ball
My haters linkin' over my haters, it's ten of y'all
And y'all still couldn't body me
Flow smoother than Wallaby
I do it so honorably
And y'all wonder why they proud of me
This shit is rare
Man, I had cops tryna lie on me
I caught a case at eighteen, they still was puttin' time with me
But looky here, I bounce back like every time
I'm 'bout a dollar but on every dime
I hit her once and I say never mind, yeah
I get my Audemars from Francois so I can stay ahead of time, ha
Catchin' Ms and I been catchin' tens
So many Bentleys and Rolls Royces, I can't trust a Benz
How could I ever trust a bitch when I done fucked her friends?
'Cause I know when we go our ways she gon' fuck my man
Damn, hate the game, not the players in it
They say you won't respect a ho until you layin' with her
And she on Versace sheets, pussy-playin' with it
I'm out here rappin' like I'm broke, you niggas playin' with it (Ha)
In the studio, I don't sleep
'Cause every time I drop, I make a million every week
I'm in a Aston Martin truck, she don't know if it's car or Jeep
But she ain't really trippin' 'bout it 'cause all she know is she with Meek,
shit get deep
Shit, it get deeper and deeper, that shit y'all talkin' gettin' cheaper and
cheaper
I'm tired of hearin' about y'all Pateks and them foreigns y'all leasin'
'Cause I got mansions 'round the corner from each other and I don't even see
'em
I gotta check 'em on camera just to make sure they good
And niggas had the nerve to tell me I don't be in the hood, I don't get it

Even if I did I wouldn't be with it
I'm used to being on islands with like twenty-three bitches
I'm used to ridin' 'round in bulletproofs with like two or three switches
Y'all niggas outside fifty deep, I'm with like two or three niggas in the mi
x

Deep down in it where y'all niggas ain't allowed at
You ever wear a Richard Millie where the wolves growl at?
My dog got a sentence, gave him life, he ain't allowed back
I already made it rich, I pray to God he give his time back
I'm living out my dreams, yeah, these niggas haters
'21 Maybach fly by, see you later
They ain't even here, they was quiet as a refrigerator
And I ain't even want 'em to see me 'cause I was faded, for real

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