War Stories

Meek Mill

I remember when I was much younger than now
I used to sit and listen to the news
I was the only child
Another day and another man
Wishin' daddy would come home
Me and mom sittin' deep at night
Uh

It was all good last week (All good)
We linked up and made a move and now, we don't even speak (No)
It was only 'bout a twenty piece, it wasn't even deep (It don't)
It was more about respect, felt like you was comin' at my neck
So I called it
Like a man said, it ain't really 'bout a check
But when we drop, lose seven grams on every onion comin' back
And I can't fuck with that (I can't)
We gotta swap it out (We gotta swap it out)
He said some fly shit back, I told him watch his mouth (Yo, watch your mouth
)
He said some shit again, I hung up, then got watch his house
Caught his homie in the mall that week and knocked him out
Think it's sweet, we gettin' money, but now we poppin' out
Ain't throwin' flags, we droppin' tabs, send niggas rockin' out (Fuck 'em)
I ain't givin' shit back, God come and get that (Come get it)
Nigga hung the phone up on me, tell the dawgs, "Sick that" (Spin 'em on it)
Bunch of hitters on the corner, they're like, "Where his pic at?" (Where his
 page?)
Scrollin' up and down his page, they're like, "Where his bitch at?" (Where h
is bitch?)
Where she live at? They want war, we gon' lay (We gon' lay)
Let the money too go by, they gon' pay (They gon' pay)
Memorial weekend, we gon' drive to MIA (We gon' drive)
And when we see 'em, homicide, right away
It ain't no church in the ghetto, tryna dance with the devil
Uzi on me, nigga, I do the shuffle
Heard they lurkin' at my main bitch crib, it's to a whole 'nother level
They want my soul, they better hope I don't catch 'em
Rockin' Dickies on a whole 'nother schedule (I am)
Dawg with fifty, what I'm totin' is special
Might as well tell your niggas, "Go get a shovel"
'Cause you a dead man walkin' from the shit you talkin'
Caught him at a late night and he panic, hit him while he parking
Funeral, certain niggas cryin' like they was ridin' (Ridin')
My niggas swervin', doin' murders and niggas dyin' (Dyin')
I send my youngin' to do the drill while he was high (Brrt)
Made him swerve, hit your whip, DUI
Nigga, I'd rather see you dead before I fuckin' see you cry
You put money all on my head, I ain't scared, we ain't hide
Nigga, you know we hit your man, when we seen you, you ain't slide
Yeah, you slid and hit my dawg, but when you hit him, he ain't die
That shit crazy, when you beefin' with your man and them
I used to love you, but now it's crazy, I wanna see you as stiff as a manneq
uin
Hangin' out the van again, we offense over defense
And we plan when they play with them
My dawg got killed with his Rollie on
Forty on his hand, tryna blow it off

When I was at the funeral, it really gave me trauma when I seen his momma go in' on
I said, "Fuck it, we gon' go to war"
FNs, XDs, AKs, SKs
Shiny when it hit, look like a Audemar
And I ain't hear when they was talkin', I was on a call
But the moral of the story is
They don't be doin' that shit to us that they be doin' to y'all
Bulletproof on all the cars
Security and Bentley trucks, we movin' like it's auto-war
It's lookin' beautiful, another opp, another funeral
Them hitters get to stainin' all on you, it ain't no viewin' you
Welcome to the dark side, gun powder in your cuticles
Them boys get to grabbin' you, shh, spin 'em like a hula hoop

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