

Instagram Caption

Meekz

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It's goin' into an Instagram caption (Madness)
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'Cause this is an instant classic

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Hope you didn't think I'd panic
I see ships sinkin', shits been Titanic
I just think gigantic, ginormous
The rhymes awkward
My life tortures white ballers and some shite talkers
I think the pipe caught 'em, I am Gorton (Me)
I put the G in my ends, I am the G out of town
And a G in my ends, see me out the ends
I've been banned for years but I need me a Benz
They'd probably love to see me drive to see me in the pen
But I ain't failing again
I keep failing my theory, need to do it again (Stress me out)
But I ain't losin' again, we keep it movin' again
This some real-life movies for them (Movies)
They think it's music again
I'mma end up losin' my head
Can't you see what I do to the pen?
I ain't spit to get paid for this
Did it all my life, shit, I was made for this (All my life)
I couldn't wait for this, Cali out the pound
I might pack out the 'wood
If you ain't down, you gettin' ran out the hood (Ran)
Catch we wishing with the woosh, might pop out the bush
I swapped the good for the bad and the bad for the good
Now my money goin' up, and the bag goin' up
I need a bag full of drugs
In the hood there's no love and nobody don't trust
I'm in my Nike shucks, got me feelin' locked up
If it ain't the wap, he's gettin' poked up
Fags on the M-way, when I land, we'll have a smoke up
I'm still trappin' and rappin', they think I've blown up (Same shit)
Prayin' on my downfalls, keep your hopes up
Plotting and wishin' but they ain't stoppin' the vision
And I'm on top of the mission, I don't see no opposition
They ain't never did no big jobs (Never), or took a big loss
I need a big job, I grip Mr. Big Chops
I'd rather hit one before I see the plug ripped off
I need the belly, Rick Ross
Brinny first time when I've seen God
Got me thinkin' shit I couldn't think of
Ask LC or Likkle T, my Samsung still use to ring off
Had me doing cling jobs, but the wings hot
That's why the mandem use to come through, Meekz Manny, get a break-off
I stay T wrappin', no days off
Got me thinkin' ways to make prof'
I turnt soft to rock it gets straight dropped

Who knew I'd come through?
Drop a tune about my phone and take off
My Hoods Hottest straight hot
Them man are straight pop
I need pain for this shit, it's not made up (Nah)
I'm gettin' straight to the money from when I wake up
My friends are my family, so we say "Cause"
Shit's crazy see my own blood change up
Anyone can die if they snake us
I need labels and cribs, that's why I save up
MCR, MRC, straight up (MRC)
I fucked the roads up like a plate-up
Iced up, get you lied to keep the price good
But he taped up for a date, this shit's dangerous
Flavours, I woke the neighbours
They won't mistake 'cause speakin' misbehaviour, must've been the fragrance
But I love blazing flavours, light woke the pagans
Bright beam must've been parked for ages
It's the kid with the crazy hair and crazy trainers
Lookin' San Andreas
Crazy hair in case you need to make a statement
Before rap, they knew me, I'm a major statement
GMP, two times facin' the papers, they want me gone for ages
Guess they don't know certain places
Two times facin' the papers, but I was wanted for ages
I guess I can't go certain places
There's no curtains in Day's cribs, I gotta work with the basics
Stack it and save it, grab it and take it
I'm tryna slap it and blaze it
And give me the 'matic, I'll spray shit