

Mad About Bars - S4-E18 P1

Meekz

Think I won't get it popping cause I'm popular
And when your line ain't popping gotta spot for ya
Hit OT and get it popping off my Nokia
Best be happy that I'm rapping not robbing ya
You couldn't see my vision with binoculars
Had to switch it up they try copy us

Ey yo I'm bout to set it off Queen Latifa
I don't need a feature
When I was locked I'm locking spots I didn't see em J they didn't see me lea
ve her
I need a house, some niggas need a beamer
I need a mortgage they just need a teacher

Kicking all the drids from brum hittaz I'm a greazy geeza
If you don't feel me from the intro
Ima check you on the outro
Mouth closed, I'm all about tho
Bout to make my town blow, always been around gold
Can fill it now the times close

Labels doing numbers on my last 5 posts
The energies done been alive
Sick of hitting fiends the same road where my nigga died
Still eat shit like it's dinner time
Now I got 'em gassed off a bit of hype
All the shit I did to get the vision right

I'm just tryna hit A M she tryna hit a pipe
Remember sitting with the pipe just tryna hit a guy
Hitting mission times different city times
Tryna bill I seen you tryna bill a line
Dinner time
Gorilla time, sinners life

I gotta get it out my homestead
Got me on some dumb shit really tryna get the funds in
Nights my shit what they bumpin', really on my nev shit why you think I ate
shit
Tryna get rich make a exit I ain't tryna get arrested

Remember sitting in the bank thinking silly tramps, when I hit the road I ne
ed to fill a bag
I'm a lion going gorilla mad
Amount of traps I see that need a brillo pad
Can't you hear it in my voice I need my niggas back I'm going 6 figure mad
I need a bigger bag

No one ever helped me you can ask mike
Get it off a trap line rap guys when they stack time
Good times on bad times I'm good to make a pack fly
OT they know me like I'm that guy
All I know is silly trap
Really tryna fill a bag, can't believe this music games really where my dinn
ers at

Got niggas mad I'm tryna bill a path

Sitting in jail I used to chill and laugh
I'm bringing shivers back
Feel it in your friggin' back I can't just sit and chat
I'm tryna hit a M you tryna hit a graft
I've been doing numbers show me bigger maths
Music got my hittaz going mad

I'm too deep no going back in fact every trap I drop like I owe a crap

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