

What It Is

Meekz

I'm the kid your mumma told you don't play with
I'm the same kid that everybody hated
But I made it
It's outrageous
I was flamers before I was famous
Deadly and dangerous
Young tugs wanna step in my trainers
Ain't no regular statement
I be destined for greatness
Road's not for everyone
Black leathers on
Tryna leave your head on the pavement
All I need is a crib wid a basement
Every three months it's givin' me flavours
But I got no patience
Don't shit where you live
So I might try robbin' my neighbours
Bag full of notes
Pack for the motes
Used to sit in my-
Never mind, now I'm flippin' the pages
I ain't hit a mission in ages
No excuses like I'm runnin' wid Eamonn
In the studio late night, my kinda trainin'
Can't fuck wid me and fuck wid the pagans
Lose lips had me stuck in the station
Astaghfirullah, I ain't fuckin' wid bacon
Top chef, don't mek me get blood on my apron
Crazy how life changes, now my life's amazing
Swap my energy for currency, that's what I call tradin'
They think I been vacant
I ain't got time for vacation
Since I got the PS5, I ain't played PlayStation
I been gainin'
Maintainin'
Earnin' and learnin'
Steady swervin' the vermin
I cop a crib in her name
Before I give her a Birkin
Drive Paris in the German
Shop Italian in France
I ain't even the balance in the bank
I just made another mil
I'll be real, think I gotta find another bank
They in love with the gang
Nuttin but champs in the camp
I been fresh way before I came fresh out the tank
I feel to run up in- and done the dance
I gave- a chance
Forget my jeans, don't make me get blood on my hands
I made a couple mil from a deal
So what's a couple hundred grand?
But it ain't about the money, I had love for your mans
Can't slow me down or fuck wid the plans
I ain't wanna drop, was waitin' for the videos to land
Game in my hand, I stay in command
Now I don't trust a soul, I feel so prang

Me against the world, I feel like Pac
Probably shoulda did that track wid Strandz

I feel like Big Mike, this is what I mean
I feel like Giggs, zero tolerance for neeks
I feel like Mist, too many RIPs and frees
Rest in peace the real, free my Gs
Bleed the streets, they believe in Meekz
I don't mean to preach, I thought I needed peace
But I need a piece
I don't know about vegan, give me the beef

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