

Meek Free

RJmrLA

All that tryna blow up quick gon' get your ass retired
All that clout chasing got me wondering if you wired
Whatever you sellin', real niggas ain't buyin'
Hate that I'm a felon in this Lamborghini flyin'
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Shout out to my niggas in the hood, we ain't dyin'
Got a lot of generals around me, let me through
They said I'm a criminal, I'm back on my grove
I got nothin' to prove, I lay down the rules
I lack all my feelings, tryna hold on to my troopers
Learn from my mistakes, had the urge, did the race
Kept it burning on the waist, with the thirty on it hangin'
Niggas ain't learnin', take the track and evade it, rate it
Caught you in the act when you waited, faded
I had troubles with the neighbors, they just called up 12
Money out in Vegas, gave it all to bail
Runnin' out of paper, can't you call it farewell, ayy
God gave me life, shout out my civil rights
With all these eyes on my ice, can't live a simple life
You twin nines on the mic, I'm choppers with the knife
You live a lie, you in the night, you don't be feelin' right
I move the ceiling like curtains, swervin', ho don't be a burden
Hear what niggas say then reword it
Why you never let a snitch dictate the verdict
RJ never love a bitch, that's for certain
Sweeter on me, backwoods, all them motherfuckers honey bourbon
Or they might be dutches, not the black ink version
Top shelf musty, I can tax a weed service
Must be or custy, trust me, we chunky
Chubby, jeans lumpy, comfy, weed money
Blood me, if she bleed for me she lucky
It's ugly, no free beat, fuck me, the fee monthly
Banana clips with them drumskis, shootin' shit like a junkie
From Jump Street, 21, I couldn't find a bitch to love me, I built me one
When fall off, I had the bungee, back into some'
We in them streets goin' nutty 'til that feeling come
Shout out my little ones
Middle child, oldest son, missed the child, open lunch
Mr. Brown, what you want? break a pound down in blunts
Like a nigga rather hustle then to owe you one
They don't understand the struggle 'til the Rollie come
Freeze the watch, call it snow in the bluff
These times is cold enough, we rollin' up in the club
My lines punch like a DP
We chasin' dreams while we up, nigga Meek free
But raise your hand if you ever been down before
Tap your neighbor, tell him you is my family bro
It's more us than them, it's more us than them
It's more us than them

I done fell into a felony with fraudulent forensics
Turned into a melody and served it off the benches
Brand new bitches, I'm the same old chemist
Whip it with convictions, gettin' brains, no limits
In that same old Plymouth with that Maino image
Bruised and scarred up but still it ain't no blemish
I'ma take off first and fuck everything next

I just dumped off vert and turned down your execs
I strong armed flirt, that's how I get to know death
I been dancing with my demons, I ain't missed one step
Fuck your fledged flex, you a faker, you a fraud
You too worried 'bout your image, you remind me of a broad
We just get it from abroad and remix it without flaws
Screamin' fuck them all, I just want to stack it all
Slavery in the law, only way to win is ball
So all is we do is ball, like a Ball I ball
Nigga Lonzo or Gelo, Margiel-o yellow
Okay I see 'em, spot the shooters like Melo
Started with a pebble, went Barney Rebel
My future lookin' ASAP, I'm on a new level
Niggas lookin' up to me, I'm lookin' for a shovel
Bury competition in the mission with the barrel
Nigga I been down before, nigga I been humbled
I done moved house to house with everything in the shuttle
Raise your hand if you ever been down before
I pray my niggas, they let all of my family know
Raise your hand if you ever been down before
Pray my niggas, they let all of my family know
More us than them, it's more us than them
It's more us than them