

1942 Flows

Meek Mill

Started off poor with plans to earn more
Now we own stores and fuck the baddest whores
I was on tour with niggas that's so raw
Started selling white, we won't sell it no more
I'm like, Trump ain't feeling us, cops still killing us
Niggas taking shots, can't stop me, they ain't real enough
Cut her off, act like she's dead and it's killing her
New dawn, Hermes seats, I left the ceiling up
Just to get to kill 'em softly
Ooh, get them off me, try to crucify me
Like I'm Jesus the way she cross me
I'm too bossy and too thorough to move like a weirdo
On point like an arrow, we started off with zero
Now I'm seeing M's, diamonds like water and they jumping out the gym
Shooting like Harden if your head was the rim
'Cause niggas wanna line me like a shape up in the trim, damn

Back when I was broke, they was cool with it
Now every move I make, I'm in the news with it
Even if I ain't do it, they be like, you did it
My teacher always used to tell me you gon' lose nigga
That's why I never went to school nigga
And why I'm rapping like I got something to prove nigga
Went and bought the mansion with the pool in it
Billy with the stamp, I geting two with it'

Move with it 'cause these niggas wanna take my life
No weapon formed against me, every time I pray at night
Scoopin' thotties in the Phantom, that's the way of life
And make them fuck their best friends like they was dykes
Reaching for the Glock, every time I play the light
I'm on 12 o'clock, every time I play them bikes
I'm with the pack, huh
Getting back, yeah
Spend dope, nigga
Selling smack, gang
I'm gettin' chips off music like Rap Snacks
Yeah, 10 mil in cash that's a fact
Money, power, respect
Eating breakfast on a jet
I know these niggas upset
They ain't see me fall yet
Wins and losses

They wanna see me fall
And I will never sell my soul
I'm on some shit that they ain't seen before
Dream chasing, catching all my goals
I don't need these hoes
I'm getting money, me and all my woes
Play with me, you know it's all I want
The young niggas going all out for us

Bloggers in the frenzy, truck to the Bently
Ain't doing no interviews, I'm busy, nigga we litty
So when you see me out don't ask me about no Nicki
Fuck I look like telling my business on Wendy

Niggas gossip like queens, we was serving fiends
.40 bust your windows out, Jazmine Sullivan
They told 'em pop Mollys, I told 'em to be kings
Sipping 19, 42 like it's lean
I done seen all these niggas try to down play my dreams
So I'ma give it to 'em everytime I'm on the scene
Pull up, Ghost, Ghost, Wraith, Wraith when you see me
Some suckers wanna be me and some suckers wanna live me, I know it
I go through it, don't show it
I told niggas who wrote it, ain't taking back what I quoted
Started off with a quarter, flipped that to a half, turned that to an ounce
Got some shit in the stash, nigga say that he gon' rob me, put a brick on his ass
Now every killer in my city tryna look for his ass
And one thing 'bout Meek Milly, I'ma get to a bag
Had to starve all day just to get to it fast
Like Ramadan, toting K's like it's Palestine
Real niggas in my ambiance, bottom line
Ever since I met Ross and signed a dotted line
I gave my mama ten thousand at least a thousand times
Do the math on it

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Talking, this my cocky flow
Damn Daniel, why you selling Mr. Miyagi though
This that rose gold Patek, call me like '94
Mean nothing to me, I tell how I gotta go rain slick
On that corner when the block was slow
Everybody was tryna trap, we started poppin' though
Heard that bitch say she cut me, I was like adiós
In the field, knock 'em down, it look like dominos, young nigga
I turn my Impala to a Wraith, when you get a dollar they gon' hate
Bought my mom the crib with that gate, private school for all them babies
Now they straight, nigga

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