

## 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 Bentley  
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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