

Big Freestyle

Meek Mill

Ugh, Lord forgive me for my sins
I was chasin' ends
And I'm into makin' money. I ain't in to making friends cause
These niggas rattin', I ain't finna take a chance
Homie said he bout that action and grab me and take a stand
Say loyalty make a man, got a homie and he told
I don't even shake his hand, I don't even crack a smile
Newance is a child, man this game so wild,
But niggas made vows to a code I never break
Ridin' in the heavy weight
Never on time, when I show up, I be ready late
Niggas got fat while we starved they already ate
And I'm trying to get full, masks on clips full
If he got the money we attack him like a pitbull
We sellin' up, we sellin' hard like it's a brick store
On my dick nigga, that's what I thought your chick for
You pissed off, I only deal with the big dogs
Could've bought a Maybach before I signed with Rick Ross
That's the reason that I'm turnin' up
Doin' donuts while these haters got these niggas burnin' up
Niggas want to murder us, this label want me purpula
You ain't talkin' money to me I need a interpreter
Cause I can't understand that, money rubber band that
Take off in my city, and your city where I land at
When I'm in your town forty rounds in my damn strap
Boy what a feeling getting hit