

Heavy Heart

Meek Mill

I gave this hustle everything I got (thing I got)
Always kept it real from the very start (very start)
Niggas ain't thorough like I always thought
Damn, the game left me with a heavy heart (heavy heart)
The streets left me with a heavy heart (heavy heart)
Niggas said they with you when they really not (really not)
Niggas plot on everything you got (everything you got)
The streets left me with a heavy heart (heavy heart)

Uh, I kept it triller from the very start
Seen so many people crossed me, don't know where to start
Uh, that bitch left me with a heavy heart
Yeah, still on them papers, they won't let me off
Never thought we'd make it out the ghetto, now look where we are
Fucking famous bitches and that pussy taste like caviar
I done gave these niggas everything and that was from the heart
Rollie, chain, every car, all it did was left me scarred
Heard my dog talk behind my back and I'm like let him talk
I won't say his name but he gone feel this shit in every bar
Feel this shit in all my verses
Was it really worth it
Cut the grass and all the snakes gone surface
Nobody's perfect
Showed them cash, he kinda made me nervous
Maybe I'm trippin'
Hoping this paranoia from all this shit that we been in
Watched you pour gasoline, and burned out all of your bridges
Nigga, you suck at friendships, something you got to live with
Fuck it!

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Tears falling like the water when the levies drop
Boyz in the Hood, these niggas Tre' they screaming let me out
No they ain't riding, it was drama, I'm like yeah we out
Trying to please these niggas, shit gone prolly wear me out
Drive me crazy, I been by myself lately
40 on my belt lately, I ain't need no help lately
Nigga cross me, I cut him off and I felt crazy
'Cause I got a purple heart
Shit I'd rather work and walk 'fore I ride luxury with niggas that don't fuck with me
I'm startin' to hate this fame shit look what it done to me
Seen half these niggas turn they back when rappers tried to come for me
Don't want them in my company just want to be a company
Hunnit mill'
Dream chasers, chasing dreams
Hate is fake, and love is real
Niggas said I wouldn't win told them yes the fuck I will
Hit the studio with all my feeling and I let 'em spill

Forever thorough, be a sucka nigga, no I never will (No!)

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Uh, my heart heavy, my soul cleaner
When shorty got a big head, I was like hol' Gina
I made a mil, I got a deal, I lift the whole team up
I had the whole squad lit, I had the city poppin'
I told my dog don't listen to them, get caught up in that gossip
They wanna see you in the hood back when you ain't got shit
Remember nights was on the 'gram, toasting with the pilot
Then everything went sour, this little thing of ours

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