

# Hip Hop

Meek Mill

Yeah, we back in the hood  
I like recording in Philly  
Put me in my zone  
(Philly, wassup?)

I remember it was no lights  
Mattress on the floor  
A thousand roaches, four mice  
Yeah, I remember it was no lights Mattress on the floor  
A thousand roaches, four mice  
Yeah I remember all the cold nights (I do)  
Niggas sold white just to live the low life  
[?], I was sinning  
The crazy part is the designer ain't wanna send it  
The dope dealer, was I Emmet  
And not magic, you couldn't imagine  
The shit I saw, had no choice but to get involved  
You either spit it raw, or sell crack and dribble the ball  
It's crazy when I seen my own neighbor hitting the soft  
I was thinking in my head like I gotta get with this raw  
Shit's getting tow up, as she watch me grow up  
Right in front of the kids, she fucking her nose up  
She's thinking like so what  
My homie got colder  
She even sold a nintendo, I'm thinking like hol' up  
I done seen my homie mommy turn into a zombie  
And it was like New Jersey Drive the way we throw them johnnies  
When we throw them cars  
Slip through like a bowling ball  
Ain't had no way to go at all  
Who thought that we would go this far?  
Matter fact, who thought that we would live this long?  
I got the money and the power, made a nigga strong  
I had respect before that  
Cause every fight, I fought back  
Cause I was always taught that  
A nigga hit you hold that  
Down baby, now it's thirty rounds baby  
As I'm riding through my hood  
It been going down crazy in this bitch  
Where they murder for a half a pound baby  
So imagine for a kilo  
Shark in the water, nemo  
Skinny niggas with a full pound, turn to Deebo  
Got the four five and the six call it Cee-Lo  
Ya'll niggas talking 'bout murder, that ain't be though  
Fuck around and get your life took nigga, repo  
Fuck what niggas tell us, I see 'em and know they jealous  
Steppin' in my Margielas this nieman like my umbrella  
Ballin' like I'm melo  
And kinging like I'm Coretta  
They my beretta and singing I won't do never  
We shooting at all you pussies  
Ringing on all you niggas  
My city body for body  
My finger all on the trigger  
I'm ready my niggas heavy

Yellow gold all on my prezzi  
I'm switching gears in my rari  
I'm feeling like I'm Andretti I'm Freddie all in your dreams  
Lean Like I'm Kareem  
750 my beam I'm clean fuck do you mean  
My team full of gorillas  
Killers on 4 wheelers  
They stuck me back in the trap  
Fresh off of tour nigga  
They wanna see my demise  
Wanna see me with no job  
Wanna see me back on the corner  
Fifty niggas we mob  
With choppers like fuck the coppers  
Duckin' them helicopters  
They wanna lock us in boxes  
Courthouses and teleprompters  
They jealous my album sellin'  
Jealous that I ain't jealous  
They jealous that I ain't tellin'  
I'm focused no I ain't failin'  
Propellin' up in the sky  
Jealous I ain't die  
They jealous a nigga made it  
They jealous I don't know why  
I don't understand y'all suckas  
Guess I ain't meant to  
Pussy motherfuckers  
Lemme tell 'em what I been through