

# Maybach Curtains

Meek Mill

Look how far we came  
Through the fire, I stood knowing we would reign  
Feels like yesterday when all this was a dream  
Through these Maybach curtains I see how life has changed

I think Ima dedicate this one  
To all the people that thought I wouldn't make it here  
Dream chasers

Yeah, it was all a dream  
On the corner servin' all them fiends  
Me and a bunch of my niggas, yeah, we was all a team  
The system labeled us killas, but momma called us kings  
Walked through the hall of a prison, now it's the hall of fame  
And people got the nerve to ask why I wear all these chains  
When I was booked, they had me shackled to the wall of shame  
So I'm just representin', better yet just reminiscin'

Put down on that Bentley truck, I used to want the Expedition  
Now it's bigger things, grew up and got bigger dreams  
Cause in my hood, niggas try to smoke you just like nicotine  
And this money shit ain't funny, all the shit it brings  
You bound to lose your family and your friends, boy this shit is mean  
And birthdays was the worst days  
Last week I made a hundred on a Thursday  
And Club Liv got me sinnin' on a church day  
Stevie J all on the mic, he screamin' out my birthplace  
Philly, we back!

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I'm blunted, you wanna see life's meaning?  
On the radio, Al Green, while Mom's cleanin'  
Mom's singing along with the songs  
And shortly I learned the words to 'em  
Nerf balls, I threw 'em  
But now I'm a perfectionist to a fault like Jesus  
Judgin' his own miracles, but he won't cause he automatic  
I'm like an old blues singer living in the bottle  
Whose wife left him down in the bottom  
Writing songs is how we solvin' the problem  
My liquid money's a hypnotist to your Mrs

Lay back like I'm in the chair of a dentist  
Nasir relentless, a freak like Prince is  
Mystique like Sade  
Soon as I enter people, point and see my anointment  
I ain't tryna do too much  
Same time, I ain't no bum nigga not doin' enough  
But I ain't tryna do no dumb shit, chasin' my tail in a circle  
I made it so I'm chillin' now  
Transparent ceiling now

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The chorus cinematic, going back to Cali  
Young street nigga, late 80's suede Bally's  
Jewels like Rick the Ruler, looking like I ripped the jeweler  
I could cut a check, make some people hit your shooter  
Domino effect, you in that magic city  
Where all they do is flex; call it Milli Vanilli  
Coming from the bottom, my lil' nigga from Philly  
Young legend outta Queens, take over city to city  
Honor thou mother, go to war for my brother  
Giving sufficient funds to significant others  
Went from poor now women screamin' for my signature  
More war came from the bottom so I know the war  
Never worn, always on, y'all niggas luke warm  
Talking cash over salads, heavy croûtons  
Cuban Linx's equivalent to having suits on  
Stretch Maybachs 'til they bring the coupes on

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