

# My Life

Meek Mill

The world is yours and everything in it  
You gonna go get it?

Mama couldn't save me, daddy did so he couldn't raise me  
I'm still tripping off them hoes that played me  
Same bitches fronting on me when I had my baby  
It's crazy, and niggas say they made me  
Taking credit from my mama, shit amaze me  
How niggas talking down when I'm not around  
But every time I'm in the building, schhh, not a sound  
I line my haters up and clap them down  
That choppa have nigga dancing like he Bobby Brown  
I'm well-respected in my city, even out of town  
And don't ever tuck my chain  
Nigga, how that sound? How that look?  
We don't live by the book, we just live by the code  
A lot of niggas got exposed when feds came through  
They was dropping names too  
Niggas say I changed up but I'm with the same crew  
I was always told to get the money and remain you  
Never let these pussy niggas say what you can't do  
Every time they said that I left, that was when I came through  
Range new, .38 special when the flame blew  
Just in case I gotta flame you  
What a feeling when them people tryna frame you  
Look you in a cell when they detain  
Rather die before I go out working like I'm Django  
I'm gone...

Niggas want me dead everyday that I wake up  
Fuck what they talking 'bout, nigga I'm talking paper  
And here's another one, here's another one  
Streets is watching  
A new bitch, new car  
Her ass up, I go hard  
And here's another one, here's another one  
Streets is watching

If I fuck her, I'm brainless  
She fuck me, she might get famous  
She might get a chance to ride jet and drive Rangers  
Money'll have your closest friends turning into strangers  
That's dangerous, niggas shoot and they'll aim at us  
Shooting in the sky, you tryna hit the angels up  
Niggas tripping like I'm dipping off angel dust  
And all these cubans 'round me neck getting tangled up  
I only fuck with bad bitches that be trained to fuck  
Five niggas, ten bitches running train on us  
Looking at these rap niggas they all lame as fuck  
Mini skirts, skinny jeans with the strangest cuts  
I stick to the script, switch like stick on the shift  
Early mornings in the kitchen like I'm whippin'...  
Nigga, I could score your bitch with a flick of the wrist  
Swear that Audemar flash light like I'm flicking a pic