

# Polo & Shell Tops

Meek Mill

Yeah, yeah  
I remember

I remember nights I used to sell rock, posted on the corner like a mailbox  
First class ticket to a cell block, just to get some Polo and some shell tops  
Cold world and they say hell's hot  
But it ain't hotter than that choppa when them shells drop  
Man I seen niggas play that block and get they bell rocked  
Cops cleared the scene and I was back by twelve o'clock  
Tryna get it, Dickies on and my fitted  
Gun in my draws, ducking the law, I'm all with it  
Money, cars and clothes, I wanted 'em all nigga  
I never was good at hoopin', I wanted to ball nigga  
Cause the OG's sold keys and I had no cheese  
Coppers lock me, beat me down like I was Cochise  
Old fiends coppin' work through their old dreams  
They got shattered, it ain't matter cause we thirst cream  
Niggas serving niggas moms just to make a flip  
Homies murder other homies just to make a brick  
Most my niggas done got busted tryna take a hit  
The feds were lurking, we was serving, they was taking flicks

This how it goes down in the jungle  
Where niggas learn to shoot before they could rumble  
Cops rushing, they gon' kick in the front door  
And if they chase you better hope you don't stumble  
I wanted Polo with some shell tops  
I just wanted Polo and some shell tops  
And I was out there tryna sell rocks  
Cause I wanted Polo and some shell tops

I done seen close neighbours lose hope  
Fall victim to the streets and start to use dope  
I used to load my gun before I went to school first  
It's crazy niggas wanna kill me, we was cool first  
And when it comes to friends you can't let 'em too close  
That's why they call 'em close friends, you turn your back they move first  
And I just bought a new Ghost, and a crib out on that new coast  
And it all started from a dolla  
Running from the law, scuffling up my Pradas  
Crack all in my draws, tryna make a profit  
All I wanted was some shells and some Polo for my closet, aww  
Drug money, turn to blood money  
I only roll with niggas that'll take a slug for me  
No matter what it is, I'mma pay that bail money  
To get my niggas right, my niggas for life!

This how it goes down in the jungle  
Where niggas learn to shoot before they could rumble  
Cops rushing, they gon' kick in the front door  
And if they chase you better hope you don't stumble  
I wanted Polo with some shell tops  
I just wanted Polo and some shell tops  
And I was out there tryna sell rocks  
Cause I wanted Polo and some shell tops