

Price

Meek Mill

Shit, ever since I got money
I ain't been happy like I used to
They say, "You got pay the cost to be a boss"
Check this
When you the nigga with the money
Somebody go to jail, you gotta pay they bail
Somebody die, they gon' turn to you for the funeral
But I just be thinking like, "When I'm gon' be able gon' able to turn to somebody, shit"
Bosses got feelings too
I done did shit for niggas a thousand times
Told 'em no one time and watch 'em talk about me crazy, run and bite my back out
But I still stood tall

Uh, when you sitting at the top and you think you seen it all
Caught up with your dreams with nobody else to call
With tears up on my face, 'cause I know I'm gon' be straight
Had to cut a couple homies
Had to learn from my mistakes
This the price of being great
Oh, this the price of being great
They hate you when you're winning
But they love you when you're broke
This the price of being great
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Oh, this the price of being great
They hate you when you're winning
But they love it when you when you break
This the price of being great

This the price of having money
And the price of being great
Had to cut a couple homies
Never heard them tell me thanks
I've been washing all my problems
With these perks and all this drank
All that shit just made me tank
Had me drawn let me paint
4 in the morning 88
Graveyard shiftin' it
A dollar to my name and I remembered it
A niggas said I owe 'em. How?
That shit the sound ridiculous
Tell a nigga "No", and they gon' show you who they really is
Trappin' since little kid, did a little bid, but I bounced back like the bullet did when it ricocheted, hit the little kid
This what it is, when the ice cream truck come through
Ain't have a dollar, that shit just made me to a boss
Word to my father, woah

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Yeah, ain't no price on the money
Ain't no price in the Lord
I got outta the system, I jumped right on the Forbes
When I got out the ghetto, I jumped right on the tour
When I stunt on that Instagram, I'm just showing them more
I'm just showing them better see how to make it through any weather
Back when I said I would make it they was telling me never
Only get one chance better take it, only one shot, boy, you betta
How you survive in the jungle
He be movin' so clever
I'm talkin' Tony Baretta to make it back to my son
Talkin' crab in the barrel, they pull you back where I'm from
That's why we loadin' extendos up in the back of the gun
Posted up on that corner see the paddy wagon, we run, whoa

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