

Tony Story 3

Meek Mill

Tony dead and his brother too
Streets talkin' every week the coppers comin' through
And homicides scoopin' niggas out of Paulie crew
Damn, he in some shit just like a number two
So he need that lawyer money, plus that Sig Sauer money
On his second body so you don't want to war with money
Paulie got the word that somebody turned informant on him
Remember when he banged on Tony brother spin the corner on him
Maybe its them young niggas, talkin' to the police
Thinking about it every night, ain't been gettin' no sleep
He been spinnin' 'round that same corner for the whole week
Lookin' for them muthafuckers that was there with Tony brother when he let t
he clip roll on 'em
Going crazy thinkin' 'bout who told on him
Time tickin' doors 'bout to close on him
Them boys on the way to see the judge for a warrant
And they got his name on it, tryna put them chains on him
Cold as them streets is, he tryna remain on it
Even though the cops lurkin', got to keep them things on 'em
Layin' low at Kee crib, only one ain't changed on him
And she givin' info, told where to hit for
Put 'em deep with Tony lil' cousins and his kin folk
Paulie on some other shit, tryna get 'em sent for
Them young nigga bendin' backwards for him like its limbo
And they tryna kill somethin', cops tryna build somethin'
Paulie ain't tryna do no time take a deal, nothin'
Loadin' up his AK banana tryna peel somethin'
Tryna catch a rat nigga slippin' 'fore they spill somethin'
Somebody gon' die
And mommas gon' cry
Before Paulie doin' time
Cause Paulie gon' ride
Back in the field he got his 40 on him
Watchin' out for tinted windows when they pull up on him
He don't even trust the niggas 'round the corner from him
That he grew up with, he done got into it with
Investigatin' niggas if they tellin' or not
And then they feel some time of way he disrespectin' the block
But Paulie don't give a fuck, you disrespect him, you shot
Live by the chopper law and respect of the Glock
Hold up the phone ringin' said they rushin' the spot
The only time he play that crib is when he fuckin' a thot
He was fuckin' with Kee and she was fuckin' an op
But he ain't never think about it, she'll fuck with the cops
She told 'em everything nigga
I know you thought that she'll never sing would you?
Rule number one: keep them bitches from out your business
Rule number two: better kill 'em you know they snitchin'
It's all fun and games 'til them bitches turn to a witness
And know you in the courtroom waiting to get your sentence
Saw you out at Kee crib four in the morn'
Parked up seat low to the floor
She on the way he feel a way, this was one of his whores
And since he been on the run, he been fuckin' em more
Thinkin' about her if she come, open the door
Take a deep breath, I know what I'm doin'
Cause she gon' go to court and she gon' go to the morgue

And he gon' to jail and she gon' go to the mall
So he started walkin' while she parking
Wasn't even cautious
Parked up on her, had to drive her window out the darkness
He was supposed to shoot her, but he started talkin'
She screamin' out "I'm pregnant," now he thinkin' "Aw shit"
Started second guessin', that's when them cars spin
Paulie heart dropped he seen the Taurus
So he took off runnin' with the hammer, tried to toss it
Cops shootin' metal slugs rippin' through the car tint
Bullets hit his body while he runnin' and now he fallin'
Damn Paulie, bullet holes
Cuffs on let him bleed
Double murder, attempted murder, yes indeed
If he live, life sentence never leave
If he dies nobody cry for the bad guy
Fronted niggas workin' they the glad guys
Happy they ain't got to pay the tab guys
Paulie make it through to see the trap God
Drownin' in his blood on his back side
They say he gon' pull through and he gettin' charged too
Lawyer came to see him said he need like 80 large too
Got him in the County Tony people 'hind them walls too
And they say his little cousin cripin' bangin' hard too
And Paulie killed his favorite little cousin back on Part 2
And he can't wait to fall through
Friday they callin' yard too
And Paulie on crutches took the screw up out the handles scrape that bitch '
til it got sharp too
To be continued
I, know, you, want me to fall
But, I can't
Part 4 gon' be a movie nigga, literally