

## Use to Be

Meek Mill

I use to be a use to  
I use to be a use to  
I use to be a use to  
I used to grind in the dirt  
I used to cry to 'til it hurt  
I will look up to the heavens  
When is my time gonna come  
I use to be a use to  
But I never got use to  
Being what I use to, be  
Said I use to be a use to  
But I never got use to  
Being what I use to be

I was never use to niggas that was use to  
Being broke so I started selling coke  
Times got hard was selling soap  
Scheming just like the preacher in church he selling hope  
Now I'm getting older, heart getting colder  
Looking at my son while his head lay on my shoulder  
Thinking in my head will I make it to see him grow up  
Or will I catch a bullet from something these niggas throwing  
Trying to take me out, in the hood trying to make it out  
Niggas plotting on me cops all staking out  
Trying to get a couple bricks so I can make a house  
Close friends hating on me really trying to play me out  
Damn, but niggas couldn't deal with me  
If they had blackjack my shooters would still hit them  
North side of Philly where it's real gritty  
And dirty at where everyday they murder at

When I was young I started planning it out  
My daddy got killed I was the man of the house  
By the age of 16 man them hammers was out  
So when niggas trying to hit me I'm just handing them out  
Cause I ain't trying to see my mom crying, and my sis mourning  
So I'mma let this little Mac 11 rip on them  
Louis Vuitton sneaks watch the blood drip on them  
For all the times I bled the tears I shed  
Every time I made money it was here I said  
And if my niggas asked for it it was yeah I said  
Selling butter just to get the fam bread I spread  
I got married to the streets and it was here I wed  
Cause I was never use to being what I use to  
Started off walking now the Rolls Royce a coup too  
I'mma let the top down every time I shoot through  
To give them motivation even though I know they hating

The man with the gold makes the rules  
And one who makes the rules break the rules  
Some niggas make it alive, some make the news  
It's either family or money, I hate to choose  
Cause you need money just to feed the fam, the family keep you cool  
Got a nigga on the papers still I keep the tool  
Niggas heard I'm getting money so they creeping through  
I keep my hand up on that hammer what's for me to do?  
Let these niggas kill me?

Try to line me up so they can rail me?  
I'm just giving you the real me  
Started with a dollar now I got it and I'm filthy

[Hook]