

I Don't Know

Meek Mill

I don't know what these niggas speakin' off
I don't know what these niggas trippin' on
Don't touch my niggas I suggest you don't
 Boy if you do you must be suicidal
 Don't say my name unless you suicidal
 Don't get too close unless you suicidal
 Don't touch my niggas I suggest you don't
Boy if you do you must be suicidal Money won't ease us
 Man niggas even hated on Jesus
Living life on the road on the chase for the money
 'Cause the hoes won't please us, Yeezus
 told us there's blood on the leaves
 Ain't no love in the streets
Let her run into me and she wanted to meet
 Now she fuck with a G
 Got your bitch not wanting to speak
Hold up, y'all mahfuckers tried to shit on us
 Chain all lit all up
 Porsche with the horse like get on up
 And my bitch got that shit on her
 Rock Balmain 'cause I'm ballin'
 I put red bottoms on red models
 And no more red bottles
 Straight Belarie nigga every bottles
 Ricky Rozay we in here
 Double M G we've been here
 Straight from the north side
Right by the project how did I get here
 Sippin' on lean with a bad ass bitch
 From the Hills, probably live there
 And get money like me
 And the pussy so wet I need swimwear
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up I don't know what these niggas speakin' off
I don't know what these niggas trippin' on
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Boy if you do you must be suicidal
Uh, there's no love in the streets and this blood on my sneaks got suicide on them
Going everywhere you are not going
Doing everything you are not doing
Ooh, and I've been out to get it and you mention my niggas that's suicide on them
Right back to the money my nigga no we don't play
Say my name and that's D.O.A
And all these chains is saying we okay
And we drink Champagne, eat Frito Lays
At lunchtime, do it for the ghetto one time
I don't even know how to tell time
look at our time
'Cause the watch say bust down and the whole band is drumline
Me and my nigga, Rozay that's my nigga
D-Boy, that's my hitter
You ain't doing wrong, as long as you don't touch my hitter
South finger fuck my trigger
smoking on strong, none of y'all can fuck with us
None of y'all gossip, Jigga
Give me my throne, and you ain't gonna like my picture
Leave a comment, fuck nigga
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up I don't know what these niggas speakin' off
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Boy if you do you must be suicidal
You must be suicidal When we pull up, watch the suicide doors
I've been too deep, make 'em call the 5-0
If he surprised, I know that gun go
Blat, blat, blat, blat
This kush got me so on
Man I'm so on
We ridin' 'round, we gettin' money
Don't act like you don't know, know, know
Don't touch my niggas, I suggest you don't
Boy if you do, you must be suicidal I don't know what these niggas speakin' off
I don't know what these niggas trippin' on
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