

ChiRaq

Meek Mill

[Hook]

You fuck around get smoked
You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around, get smoked, nigga
You fuck around get smoked[Verse 1: Meek Mill]
Uh, niggas know the rules in my hood, if you touch me, you get murked
We ain't with that back and forth, it ain't no rap, we hittin' first
G-5, we be at LIV by Sunday when you in the Church
Momma stresses, selling dinner platers, tryna get your casket, and get ya hearse
Last nigga that slid on us, got dropped on it, he told on us
Every nigga you see with me got ice on 'em, bank rolls on us
Naw, nigga no 1 on 1's we don't fight fair, we just roll on 'em
V-S stones and cuban linx, all that ice wear with that gold on 'em
We ain't swinging no flag, nigga
We ain't need no pass, nigga
Glock 40 with a 30 clip and laser on it, play tag with us
Everybody wanna talk bricks 'till them feds, swoop in and grab niggas
Dream chasers got into something, we don't never bleak cause we trash niggas
I don't know if y'all heard about my homie doing that 30 out
Dean Buck still in the cut and stay fittin' to let Ernie out
I ain't even gotta say nothin' 'bout that other homie that you heard about
Cause if he heard about the truth, run your mouth
He come to your house and start swervin' out
Catch me in Y-C, out Shadyville, I'm in the tank
Only time this Manhattan when I'm in the booth or I'm in the bank
Summertime in La Marina with Dominicans going in the paint
Pullin' up screamin' Dimelo catch you in Brooklyn, get pita rolled puss! [Hook] [Verse 2: Lil Durk]
(Yeah, Meek what up? Bang!
Oh, man in Chiraq!)

Niggas say me and Sosa beefin' but we both eatin', but only one keepin'
Told L'A he take 15 years, every crime we did we gon Keep It Secret
Can't Tweet Teiona cooperates nigga loookiÅ,, so what I'm on I gotta Keep It Secret
Death ace no Stevie no Mimi, I promise Teiona that I won't leak
Gripped the 30 just cashed out, if you caught stripping, then you assed out
I'm the same nigga that my city asked about while you in the cut steady (?)
Fuck the judge, let 9 out, hairpin trigger, let 9 out
Four birds in the trap like
4 wings at Harold's with fries covered in mild sauce
Everytime a nigga rap beef, get clapped up in a couple weeks
IG comments and a couple tweets, location on we can go and meet

Headshot, I'm outta town, I'm in Killadelphia with my nigga Meek
Pop a wheelie in N-Y-C I got the 30 on with my nigga, Flee
Heard Tyga sneak dissing on me, tell them thot bitches I'm not right
Tyga only got one name but that nigga ain't got one stripe
He backpack, so easy to get the nigga shit smacked
Ask Marly Marl to get his shit back
In Chiraq, don't come here
You ain't from here? Don't come here!
Cause shorty snipin', bag on him if he don't like this
No Young Chop, that .40 bangs, just like him
30 punch like Tyson
Back to the rap flow, hot shit
Fuck, gotta raffle, got bricks
Every city I go, got sticks
Pockets Wells Fargo, no bricks
Say I'm on chop now, no shit
You can never say I, wife shit
I don't even like shit
I just pipe shit
One night shit
Out here with killas and thuggers
New York slow bullet to my brothers
A-T-L me go and Young Thugger
We gonna shoot up in public
And they gotta urge to take
Chiraq, look at the murder rate
500 dead bodies, better go and get money 'fore you be on first 48[Verse 3: Shy Glizzy]
We wear red bottoms and Phillip Lim
Everybody tryna get a hold of him
Bad bitches, they be at Benny's
I knock 'em down like bowling pins
Feds snatch me, I don't know them
Real nigga, on 4 and them
Young Jefe, Knew Soulja Slim
Hangin' out the tank with Slow and them
Come take a trip to D.C
Hear a lot of Me and GG
I'm the big dog
I'm ringing off
Like Mambo Sauce on a 3 Piece
"Glizzy, Why you ain't D.C.?"
"Who said I ain't D.C.?"
Fuck ya bitch to my CD
She lemme record her like Mimi
A nigga playin', it's lights out

Oo, Shyne got me iced out
Stay low, cause the mice out
You only get fly when the Mikes out
Wait till it get nice out
Tell Chino bring the bikes out
Got 50 guns in my trap house
You better off fucking with the White House
I'm the realest youngin' in the fucking world
I got plenty money, I got plenty girls
Got the Villa for the week, got fifteen freaks
And they all wanna go for a fucking swirl
[?] marble peals
Glock 23, treat her like my girl
357, that bitch just twirl
Make him catch our shit like Fitzgerald[Hook]

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