

Outro (Produced by All Star) (MixtapeLeak.com)

Meek Mill

Chasing after green gods
When from sleeping on the porch to a motherfucking California king sized
Momma ain't stressin' she know that its all good
My number one goal is to get her out the hood
Never changed, I be thuggin' hard in my section
Me and my dawgs proteted by Smith & Wessons
Any nigga playin' we comin' in your direction
Let you know that we ain't flexing
You quickly gon' get ejected
Niggas want to kill me cause a nigga coming up
Want to kill 'em but that shit my really fuck my money up
Focus on my grind got to get the stash
Tryna leave the streets alone but they steady calling back
You ever seen death around the corner
Chilling on the block and pussy niggas run up on ya
Busting shells at you and they hotter than a sauna
It be hard to think straight when its a lot of niggas want ya
ManOk I've been the king for this rap shit
Stuntin' hard and never had shit
Remember me with them nappy braids? When I was down on my last shit?
Back niggas wasn't mad then
Took advantage I asked them
For a shot at this start laughing
It took a year or two and I past them
Y'all niggas all look like haters
You ain't even put your dawg on paper
Word around that you tricking on bitches
Catch you with your chain on I'mma take it
Now everybody catching these vapors
Now everybody want and need favors
Southside NY or Jamaca
Nicki on the bike throw it up its great
With 100 niggas behind me
North side Philly where you find me
Riding around with a 30 in my lap in a big ass phantom
I'm with the Bently like a Johnny
Watching out with the toolie at a robbery
Bang motherfucker for the money and the respect
Hit 'em in the head with the stick nigga eject

Mo money, mo money, mo money, mo problems
Why you think I really went about bought more choppers
Mo money, mo money only bringing more robbers
Want to see me in a box I went and push boxed 'em
Show me some evidence
Never was better than nor was you relevant
I'm too competitive walk in the club get my 357 in
My level went excellent
I cut the brick like its cards and I shuffle it
You told 'em we selling it
A mouse in the building that act like an elephant
Who the fuck just let the devil in
Come to my city they treat me like president
Ain't got no pity for niggas that's settling
I had that Lala and Melo was selling them niggas for JR Smith
Niggas try to kill me but they all miss
My down fall what they all wish
Had a lot of homies but they all switched
Word up my nigga I see these haters looking at me like I owe them something
You looking bad I prolly throw you something
I see you flexing with that money and I know you frontin'
I caught cases never told 'em nothing
Got all these chains and this change on me
Niggas said I changed man they changed on me
Man it ain't a thang everything on me
Man a see a clear port plane on me You see me coming around your corner lookin' like I got a check
Flew into your city me my niggas on the jet
Ballin' every time I take a shot I hit the net
And everyday niggas want the money for respect
I ain't trippin' I got money, clothes, car, hoes
Shoppin' 'til the mall close
Lord knows, I could fit a brick up in these cargos
I don't fuck with niggas cause they all told
Worry 'bout another nigga money like they all hoes
I'm just with my niggas spining hella blocks
Bad bitch on all my banshee I'm like twelve o' clock
Vroom vroom I might do a hundred block
In the back hundred niggas deep and we like fuck the cops I see these haters looking at me like I owe them
something
You looking bad I prolly throw you something
I see you flexing with that money and I know you frontin'
I caught cases never told 'em nothing
Got all these chains and this change on me
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Man a see a clear port plane on me What's your grandma name
What's your gr-gr-grandma name, grandma name
What's your grandma name
What's my grandma name I see these haters looking at me like I owe them something
You looking bad I prolly throw you something
I see you flexing with that money and I know you frontin'
I caught cases never told 'em nothing

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