

Miss My Dawgs

Meek Mill

[Hook: Meek Mill & Strap Da Fool]

I miss my dawgs

I miss my dawgs

And they killed my little nigga

Man I wish that I was there when that shit popped off

And who would I've thought, I'd ever get that call

So I'm out here riding with my niggas, and we sliding, letting shit pop off[Hook: Meek Mill & Strap Da Fool]

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So I'm out here riding with my niggas, and we sliding, letting shit pop off[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

They killed Chinx Drugz in his own city

They killed Lil Snupe in his own city

Wonder why I don't be in my own city

I don't know if niggas gone clap for me or going to kill me

Still living lavish and they still wonder why I act savage

All these guns and automatics

Still gonna murder these niggas that want to have it

Before they have me miss my son's football practice

Fuck y'all niggas that killed Lil Snupe

And when we run into y'all niggas we gone kill y'all too

I still pray every young nigga feel that coupe

Cause young niggas feel like me, I feel like you

Fifty shades of grey, want to do me like Freddie

I pray to god, load my chopper, tell them niggas I'm ready

I'm riding round with my squad, it's Pmon and Omelly

I got Dean in the cut, my nigga Coon be so heavy

We got to make it back home tonight

So fuck the law, we brought the chrome tonight

Cause the cops won't save you, you alone tonight

So tell a young nigga am I wrong or right[Hook: Meek Mill & Strap Da Fool]

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So I'm out here riding with my niggas, and we sliding, letting shit pop off[Hook: Meek Mill & Strap Da Fool]

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And they killed my little nigga
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And who wouldÃ¢â€Œ™ve thought, IÃ¢â€Œ™d ever get that call
So IÃ¢â€Œ™m out here riding with my niggas, and we sliding, letting shit pop off[Verse 2: Meek Mill]
Sometimes I miss my dad, I wish he could see me now
Rolls Royce, he wouldnÃ¢â€Œ™t believe me now
The way I took my mom out the hood, got Tweety round
From the jects to the burbs, I wish you could meet me now
But you died before he was even round
But I set him straight though, look who he be around
And he sticks with the kids where they really play soccer
When he couldÃ¢â€Œ™ve been a nigga on the corner with a chopper
You the one that taught me how to hold my hands before they got you
So IÃ¢â€Œ™mma fight hard for the fam until they pop us, till they rock us
You ainÃ¢â€Œ™t even get to meet my son Papi
HeÃ¢â€Œ™s three now, and he be asking where his grandpop is
You see now, they talk us down, see my fam shopping
Now see the brand new Benz and the brand new houses
Know you see these brand new friends, acting brand new, smiling
And I just got brand new bills, thatÃ¢â€Œ™s brand new problems
And my old homie told on me, like damn you wyling
And that shit you talk from jail donÃ¢â€Œ™t scare nobody
Cause you told, you dead now
And you know, nigga walk with your head down
RIP[Outro: Travi\$ Scott]
Fly high, so high, fly high, so high
Fly high, so high, so long, goodbye
Fly high, so high, so long, goodbye
So high, so high, so long, goodbye

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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