

Young Kings

Meek Mill

Money make the world go round
And all the pretty girls go down
And I still roll round through my old hood in my new whip
All white ghost I call it my cool whip
Hundred on my neck lookin' like I move bricks
My life is like a movie, every day a new script
And ain't it funny how this money make a mood switch
`Cause they be talkin' beef, I be up in Ruth's Chris
Who is this at the door, I think it's the devil don't let him in
Just rap and take my niggas to places we never been
And when it comes to cake I get it like Entenmann's
With the heart of a lion, no lyin' I never been
No folks for these fuck boys
On my second mil and I ain't talkin' lunch boy
Glock 30 ridin' dirty in this tuck boy
`Cause I could treat you like a prison get you touched boy
No homo
Before I had a deal I was poppin', no promo
All of a sudden all these bad bitches want a photo
M's in my account and M's in the logo
So every time I spend a hundred K I scream YOLO
Young kings, young kings
I be rollin' with some young kings, young kings
And all we know is one thing, one thing
Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fame
I be rollin' with some young kings, young kings
Rollin' with some young kings, young kings
And all we know is one thing, one thing
Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fame
Crowns on my wrist and my head
And Ima ball hard in this bitch 'til I'm dead
It's money on my mind, make me put it on your head
And have your own homies lookin' at you like you're bread
Tryna eat nigga, I'm from Philly so you know I play for keeps nigga
Six pallbearers, six feet deep nigga
No insurance you been sitting six weeks nigga
Big 40 knock you right up out your sneaks nigga
Young kings, all I know is one thing
Live life, one dream, started in the drug game
Where they never make it out unless you got a gun gang
Walkin' through my city but it's lookin' like I run things
Runnin' shit, diarrhea

And ever since my dad died I ran out of fear
G5 through the sky boy we outta here
Sippin P&J fresh from out the PJYoung kings, young kings
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Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fameI still wake up go and get it, youngin' on a mission
'Cause when niggas was eating they left me to do the dishes
But I'm different, I still put 'em on just to show 'em right
I used to be the dark child but now I glow at night
I keep a milli by my side because we both alike
Try and keep that nigga out the field `cause he be throwin' whiteDishin' d, tryna get rich as me
I'm worth a couple million man that shit was meant to be
20 gold chains on, shit I think I'm Mr. T
If I could live my life again I wouldn't do it differently
Prolly bring my father back, just so he could witness me
Back up in my zone I swear my haters is history
Bitches say they missin' me, I never fall for it
'Cause they just miss the money, they know I go hard for it
And if my niggas need it, I tell 'em come for it
'Cause when it comes to me, they shootin' like a small forward, swishYoung kings, young kings
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