

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 aint it funny how this money make a mood switch
Cuz they be talkin beef, I be up in Ruths Chris
Who is this at the door, I think its the devil dont let him in
Just rapping to my niggas bout 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 fuckboys
On my second mil and I aint talkin lunch boy
Glock 30 ridin dirty and it's tucked boy
Cuz I could treat you like a priest 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
Ms in my account and Ms in the logo
So everytime I spend a hundred k I scream YOLOYoung 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 fameCrowns on my wrist and my head
And Imma ball hard in this bitch til Im dead
Its money on my mind, make me put it on your head
And have your own homies lookin at you like youre bread
Tryna eat nigga, Im 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 game
Walkin through my city but its 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 PJ fresh from out the PJYoung 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 fameI still wake up go and get it, youngin on a mission
Cuz when niggas was eating they left me to do the dishes
But Im 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 Omelly by my side because we both alike
Try and keep that nigga out the field cuz he be throwin white
Dishin d, tryna get rich as me
Im worth a couple million man that shit was meant to be
20 gold chains on, shit I think Im Mr. T
If I could live my life again I wouldnt 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
Cuz they just miss the money, they know I go hard for it
And if my niggas need it, I tell em come for it
Cuz when it comes to me, they shootin like a small forward, swishYoung 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>