

# 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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