

100 Summers

Meek Mill

I gotta place my rear view when
I pull outta the parking lot
'Cause where I'm from all you
Niggas die in the parking lot
Get ten seconds on the news
They barely talk about us
You gotta watch the way you move
They'll make a target outchea
Oh, the Reaper comin', gotta keep it on me
I told my momma I won't leave her lonely
Too much drama, get these demons off me
You still at war, I got that thing in arm reach
Fuck what happened
That's what my momma told me
When they caught me with the ratchet
Rather see me in a cell than see me in a casket
I show love to all my fans 'cause I
prevail through all this rapping bull
I got homies that died young and
I miss 'em, tell the truth
I feel like I let 'em down and
That's word to Lil Snupe
I put diamonds in yo face so
When they see me they see you
Know they'd kill me in my hood
But I just keep on comin' through
Still wit' it, the graveyard throwing
A party for all the real niggas
They invited me
But shit I got a meal ticket
When everybody want me to
Get out we gotta deal wit' it
As I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of death
I did something that I had to regret
I say some things I could never forget
The Reaper took my homie's soul
Feel like he after me next, hol' up I just wanna ball hunnid summers
Seen too many of my dogs goin' under

How I made it out alive sometimes I wonder
We been goin' to war since Contra
Grew up 'round them monsters
They'll shoot you in your face
Ain't used to showin' no love that's
'Cause we grew up in that hate
Live by the sword, die by the sword way
Tried to make it home
They shot him in the hallway
Tears on my face feel like I be cryin' blood
Momma see her son again
We call that blind love
I can't trust these niggas
They'll get you lined up
Tried to rob me, he got smoke
For a Rollie, his time's up
You gon' be a killer or a homicide
Make your momma shed a tear
Before my momma cry
Was young and great, but they still
Smoked him at the waffle spot
Only God can judge me when when
I clutch him and let that chopper rock
Philly shit
I wrote this in blood
This some of my realest shit
They say if he rich as fuck
Why he movin' so militant
'Cause in my hood it ain't no love
And I know what I'm dealin' wit' As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I did something that I had to regret
I say some things I could never forget
The Reaper took my homie's soul
Feel like he after me next, hol' up I just wanna ball hunnid summers
Seen too many of my dogs goin' under
How I made it out alive sometimes I wonder
We been goin' to war since Contra Oh, yeah yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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