Meek Mill Erday

Meek Mill

Omelly what's up
Small side one-eight BH we straight
North side, Berks what up
Philly!I got enemies got a lot of enemies
I don't really fuck with these niggas in the industry
Know a couple niggas from the hood want to finish me
And put me on a t-shirt RIP and memory
So I'm riding around with a drum and a Glock
On the gram niggas said I couldn't come to my block
So I came through that bitch me myself in a drop
Niggas know they touch me blllllrrrrr something get dropped
Man I don't bang with these suckers I don't play with no hoes
I do the walk through for 60 and get like 80 a show
And I don't got out no single I thinking maybe they know
Meek Milly realest to do it and I can play at the floor ya heard
I got enemies got a lot of enemies
We fucking to Dej Loaf me you and some Hennessy
She gon' suck me off 'til she drain me of my energy
Flexing, it be fucking with these niggas mentally
Is Instagram hurting your heart nigga
VS stones on me still work in the dark nigga
Hundred and six shots pull up and park niggas
Jump in the big drop button to start nigga
Murder was the case that they gave us spanked it
Real niggas back in style they should thank us
All these rap ass niggas really wanksters
Real recognize the real you a stranger
Hoes sell their souls for some baller alert
Niggas and they fake jewels need a frauding alert
Put me on watch buster tell 'em all what its worth
Bet they say couple milli Audemar with the works
New roll bust down call that Big Meech
Every time I drop shit hot fish grease
Every time you drop it is not that heat
Called your album seven days boy that shit weak
Motivating the hood still hot in the burbs
Still getting this money they think we got them birds
Every time I spit that's a thousand a word
Spoke it right to the system they say its power in words

Nigga we chosen we was chosen
Me Omelly had them hoes in now its Rollses
Back to back screaming told ya, niggas owed us
And they said they would expose us never showed us
Fuck them niggas though
I got enemies got a lot of enemies
They was just cooling with me hating call them frienemies
I ain't really tripping we got arms like a centipede
Cause if I lose my cool I could turn them into memories
I'm gone I said I'm gone
Be the same niggas hating on the Chasers mad we ain't put them on
Fuck them niggas though
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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