

Lil Snupe Skit (DatPiff Exclusive)

Meek Mill

R.I.P to my lil' nigga Snupe Yeah, we the realest niggas in this shit
Pulling live out of Philly
Young nigga love popping bad bitches and wheelies
And I'm talking all this money, now these niggas can't feel me
Money long, team strong so these niggas can't kill me, ah
I get a rush from this lifestyle, solid gold presidential with the ice dial
When the chasers in the building turn the lights down
Cause every single nigga with me gon' be iced out
Block party, living life wild
I go to court for probation and looking like trial
The DA told me she want a nigga but right now
I'm living better than ever, I'm thinkin' like "how?"
Is it the money? Is it the cars?
Is it the way a nigga living that took me this far?
But still they want me with the sins and give me them bars
They lock a nigga in the dark I still look like a star
I shine, I grind harder, I'm working my mind smarter
I take care of my grandmama, mama, my ma's daughter
They telling me I ain't shit, I made it for my father
I just hope you pray for me, matter fact sing for me
Lil' Snupe...
They killed my lil nigga Snupe, my lil nigga was they truth
And all he wanted was a coupe, all he wanted was a coupe
So what's a nigga 'sposed to do?
Tell 'em put the guns down or tell lil nigga shoot?
Cause they'll do the same to me, do the same shit to you
And all these niggas in my roof, that's why I got a bulletproof
As I'm rolling through my city, nigga, all I see is murder
Ain't nobody seen it but shit everybody heard it
And ain't nobody hiring so everybody serving
And all this gunfire and shit everybody murkin, better get a strap
Young niggas selling caine just to get it back
And they busting out them racks till they sitting back
And if a nigga hit my homie, we gon' hit him back
And if you send him over here, know we gon' send him back
My flow iller, I came up from dope dealing
I been sayin' I'd make it, they telling me no
Nigga these voices all in my head just telling me go get it
I came up on four wheelers

Bananas and gorillas through the jungle
Where killers rumble and everyone perishing
Realest nigga in it no comparison
And they got the nerve to tell me I'm arrogant
But what the fuck, I'm young black, I made it in America
So I'mma ball harder than the ma'fucking Carter's
Beyoncé and Shawn, arm blue'er than their daughter
Maneuver through the water like a shark that's on a dolphin
Nigga darker, in a coffin devils on him, get em off him
I can look at your homies and tell you foul, dawg
Leaning with your left but you stand in southpaw
Be the same niggas that'll take you out, dawg
Leaving niggas hungry but you eating Mr. Chows, dawg
Where the love at? Where the love at?
I'll give up all this money to get lil cuz back
Before my nigga go starving like where the grub at
Give up the fame, start over and get my buzz back
Do it again, murder his killer him and his friend
Put the arena, step on the stage, kill him again
Look at the stands the fans coming filling them in
To give my nigga a chance, see him winning again[Hook
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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