

# Intro

## Meek Mill

Countin money all I seem to hear is Benji talkin  
Hater we ain't conversatin it's just semis talkin  
They said they have a penny on em  
Now I walk around with twenty chains with like a milli on em  
Lace up my boots, put on my strap  
And go lookin for that paper I'm like "where it's at?"  
They lookin at me, I'm starin back (I see you)  
Feelin like I'm superman  
Every time I wear this mac  
Monday, it's probably 106 & park  
Tuesday, probably in the hood where it get dark  
Wednesday, Probably catch me swimmin wit the sharks  
Wit blood drippin from my shoes, these Lu's cooler than my heart  
Let me out my cell, right back on the mission  
Fresh from off a bail, right back in the kitchen  
Who the fuck gon pay my lawyer  
I got? with this?

And like eighty grams of crack  
He said the feds probably come for ya  
Copper said I tried to kill em when I go to court  
I hope they dont find me guilty, it's my word against they word  
And I won't get a chance to speak  
I caught my case with nine of my niggas, and I'm the only one they beat  
I took it for the team  
Even though I had a dream like Martin Luther King  
Who thought that I'd be cover of these magazines  
Cause I be spittin fire flow, I'm kerosene  
Fuck y'all niggas gon say about me?  
My North niggas they don't play about me  
South Philly niggas that'll spray about me  
Pay q million dollar bail in a day bout me  
Ain't gotta sound real, cause they'll tell you that  
I'm on the top floor, I started where the cellar at  
Self Made, Bitches!

Lyrics provided by

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