

Chiraq (Feat. Lil Durk and Shy Glizzy)

Meek Mill

You fuck around get smoked
You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around, get smoked, nigga
You fuck around get smoked
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
Deen 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! You fuck around get smoked
You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around, get smoked, nigga
You fuck around get smoked
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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