

Polo & Shell Tops

Meek Mill

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, yeah
I remember I remember nights I used to sell rock, posted on the corner like a mailbox
First class ticket to a cell block, just to get some Polo and some shell tops
Cold world and they say hell's hot
But it ain't hotter than that choppa when them shells drop
Man I seen niggas play that block and get they bell rocked
Cops cleared the scene and I was back by twelve o'clock
Tryna get it, Dickies on and my fitted
Gun in my draws, ducking the law, I'm all with it
Money, cars and clothes, I wanted 'em all nigga
I never was good at hoopin', I wanted to ball nigga
Cause the OG's sold keys and I had no cheese
Coppers lock me, beat me down like I was Cochise
Old fiends coppin' work through their old dreams
They got shattered, it ain't matter cause we thirst cream
Niggas serving niggas moms just to make a flip
Homies murder other homies just to make a brick
Most my niggas done got busted tryna take a hit
The feds were lurking, we was serving, they was taking flicks This how it goes down in the jungle
Where niggas learn to shoot before they could rumble
Cops rushing, they gon' kick in the front door
And if they chase you better hope you don't stumble
I wanted Polo with some shell tops
I just wanted Polo and some shell tops
And I was out there tryna sell rocks
Cause I wanted Polo and some shell tops I done seen close neighbours lose hope
Fall victim to the streets and start to use dope
I used to load my gun before I went to school first
It's crazy niggas wanna kill me, we was cool first
And when it comes to friends you can't let 'em too close
That's why they call 'em close friends, you turn your back they move first
And I just bought a new Ghost, and a crib out on that new coast

And it all started from a dolla
Running from the law, scuffing up my Pradas
Crack all in my draws, tryna make a profit
All I wanted was some shells and some Polo for my closet, aww
Drug money, turn to blood money
I only roll with niggas that'll take a slug for me
No matter what it is, I'mma pay that bail money
To get my niggas right, my niggas for life! This how it goes down in the jungle
Where niggas learn to shoot before they could rumble
Cops rushing, they gon' kick in the front door
And if they chase you better hope you don't stumble
I wanted Polo with some shell tops
I just wanted Polo and some shell tops
And I was out there tryna sell rocks
Cause I wanted Polo and some shell tops

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