Tony Story, Pt. 2

Meek Mill

Paulie killed Tony right and Tony killed Ty so it was only right
Bring em back twenty years, they was homies, tight
Sixth grade, for the love of the paper ain't nothing nice
And Paulie just loving life
He got them birds and he serving niggas left and right
Never used to party in them clubs every night
Popping bottles, blowing paper
Balling hard, he know they hating
But they gon' respect it, cause he rocked Tony
And Tony had the hood on smash by his lonely
And Paulie getting money so them bitches all on him
And his young boys riding, they ready to fall for him
Cause word on the street that Paulie did that
Used Key gold digging ass to get back
Text him through her phone, found out where he live at
She woke up in the morning like, I never sent that
But she never told Paulie what she saw
She was running her mouth, fitting to start a war
Cause Tony's little brother sixteen and up the wall
Robbing everything moving and breaking every law (LAW)
And Paulie on a rise now
Niggas that played the middle picking sides now
Plus he heard Tony's brother trying to ride now
So he put a check up on his head, he gotta die now

Paulie's youngest on the corner
Tony's little brother he slipping, yea he's a goner
Fucking with that lean, he dipping one in the morning
Shots fired, niggas scatter without a warning
He strapped too, reach and fixing to get up on em
The gat jam, he bang back trying to avoid em
Them niggas dumping, he get up running and hitting on em
He hit the alley, get a body he dipping on em
Said it's on now, try an kill em it's war now
Swisher in his mouth while loading his four pound
Feeling like he dead there ain't no remorse now
Getting high and he thinking bout kicking in doors now
Momma and lil kids get on the floor now
Finger on the trigger he feel that it's going down

Old ladies gotta hear that thunderstorm sound
Cause they sad when it rain it really gone pour down
And it's raining like Katrina, he got thirty in his nina
Seen Paulie car dropped thirty in his beamer
Paulie wasn't in it when he heared it he was steaming
Addicted to the murder so you know that nigga fiendin'
And he want this nigga dead before Sunday hit
But youngin tryna live on some Sunday shit
And time fly fast it was monday quick
And paulie bout to get back on his gunplay shit
And show em how its done so he loadin up his gun
And show this young nigga he fuck with the wrong one
Got a short temper and clutchin the long gun
And it's on sight he dont give a fuck if the law come

So he out here
Ridin dirty put down them birdies
And without fear niggas lurking
They tryna murder heared he out there
Niggas spin em they tryna hit em
Hitting every corner seeing niggas but he ain't with em
Youngin layin low he know paulie ain't playin thoe
There's money on his head and niggas is sayin go
But youngin he ain't scared, he cool as a fan thoe
He know its get down with that burner or end up a dead soul
It was four in the morn', paulie goin home
Windsheilds wiping, middle of the rain storm
And paulie he ain't slipping yea he got that thang on
You know what he did to Tony he won't get the same song so
When he hit the crib he spin the block befor he park it
Paulie ain't bitch at all Paulie just cautious
But lil did he knoe niggas in the streets talking
And out his rear veiw its like he seen a reaper walking
Nigga wit a hoodie all you hear is heaters sparking
Shot hit the window get low he tryna off em
Youngin boxed him in and Paulie can see the coffin
He get to reaching, trigga squeezing, trying get em off em
Them shots ringing youngin squeezing clip empty
That's when Paulie rose like Derrick, put six in em
Walked down on em he laying in a puddle
Looked him in the face, you ain't learn from your brother nigga

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Lyrics submitted by LisaScho.

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