

We Ball (feat. Young Thug)

Meek Mill

Yeah!
RIP Dex Osama
Lil Snupe
All the fallen soldiers
Scooter, Truce When they killed my nigga Snupe I seen my young nigga
In the casket he ain't even have no blood in him
Prolly the reason why I keep taking these drugs quicker
Ain't got no patience for these motherfuckin' fuck niggas
I watch everybody change, they thought I lost it
But now they all bustin' U-ies its goin' cost 'em
I seen Chino shut the casket on the coffin (Truce)
Killed his only big brother and we lost him
So I'ma hold it down 'til we all win
We've been at the clear port ballin'
I just want to see my niggas flossin'
Hundred bands everytime I walk in
If you keep it trill you'll get a blessing for it
Deep down in the trenches with that Wesson on me
My mama, she can't sleep, I come here early mornings (mama)
But mama I got thirty in this dirty .40
Any weapon formed against me shall not prosper
Used to pray them Ramen noodles turned to lobster
Gotta watch my own homies on the roster
'Cause this the type of money get your lined up
And I can't trust nobody
They hit your homie and they knocked the soul out him
They said that they would ride or die but ain't nobody roll 'bout him
Three felonies, ain't graduate, no I am not your role model
I hope the lord got us
When they killed my nigga, I seen the footage on the tape
Man I must've threw up everything I ever ate
Man I know he got some dice at the heaven gates
Kicking shit with all these bitches like he's Kevin Gates
Relax your mind and kick your feet way up
Selling dog food tryna feed my pups
Young rich nigga and I'm built Ford Tough
And I'm throwing through stuff, I don't feel no love
And I shake your body and you still wake up
Taking perkys, man I fill my cup

The feds watching and they still might come, I'm gone
I wan' see my brother with the Patek not the static
Gucci wrap your toe up, got retarded with my daddy
All they seen was red bottoms bleeding by the casket
Perkys got me focused, I done noticed all the damages
I don't see no purpose, in the county eating sandwiches
Lost so many niggas, I went crazy, I couldn't balance it
You can't question god, yeah yeah, these challenges
Sipping on this Actavis, I swear I gotta manage it

SRT the challengers

Make that work do acrobatic flip, accurate

And I'm leaning like a project banister

I'm a boss, I ain't never need a manager

Got rich with Thug scandalous, ayy

Fuck it, we ball, yeah

All the soldiers we lost, yeah

Fuck it, we ball

For all the soldiers we lost

Shawty on percocets in the bag (all the soldiers we lost)

Got a Rollie and a Pateky in my bag (all the soldiers we lost)

She just got a nose job and it went that bad (fuck it, we ball)

I was juggin' round the city, I came back

Fuck it, we ball

Yeah, fuck it, we ball

Tear down the mall, yeah

Fuck it, we ball

Tear down the mall, ayy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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