

Respect the Game

Meek Mill

Yah

Big bag, got 'em big mad

A nigga gettin' to some money

And his bitch bad

Jumpin' out the Rolls truck with the temp tag

I'm gettin' money, I don't get mad, ugh

Ask a nigga in my hood

He go and said it on stand

And when them situations came

I came out like a champ

When it was pourin' down rain and

I came out of it damp

But now it's champagne showers

When we poppin' the champ', ugh

We dodged all the feds and they traps

Niggas can't be us 'cause they rats

Stand tall, point a finger, never that

I knew a nigga had it all

Went to the B and get it back

That's why I'm humble as ever

And I rumble whatever

Don't chase hoes 'cause

They come with this cheddar

I seen my man girl start actin'

Bougie when he fuck up his cheddar

Before you knew it, niggas was

Fuckin' her better

I knew about it and I-

Wanted to tell him, I felt funny as ever

But when I told him

He went runnin' to tell her, damn

Remember I was down bad

I'm talkin' under the cellar

Now the Rolls Royces come with umbrellas

For the rain and all the pain that we been through

If you don't feed your wolves

They gon' put you on the menu

That's why I be with family

And some bulls that I been knew

If money determined loyalty
We'd cut you with a Ginsu
Now I go against you, facts
Rule number one,
Never count your homie pockets
Thinkin' you deserve it
Rule number two, never trust a bitch
That'll fuck you for some purses
Rule number three
Save you some of that money
Shit you better stop splurgin'
'Cause when it's all said and
Done and you back at
The bottom, they gon' treat you
Like you worthless
Respect the game
Fuck the fame
We millionaires fuck your watch and lil' chain
Niggas disappear as quick as Lil Xan
You feelin' yourself, I know you got a lil' lane
Just hold your composure
I seen this shit happen over and over
That couple hundred thousand holdin' you over
That ain't real money
That's bill money, buy a Rollie
Get a wheel money
Catch a case, pay a lawyer, take a deal money
Now you tapped out and got no appeal money
Callin' home like niggas done did you wrong
But when you had that money
You could've put niggas on
And the moment they put cuffs on you
Your bitch was gone
Student of the game
I'm just ahead of my class
I'm that nigga
But I never got my head up my ass
You doin' good, but I'm ready for bad
And you won't never catch me frontin'
'Cause I'm used to bein' second to last
Respect the game
Rule number one,
Never count your homie
Pockets thinkin' you deserve it
Rule number two, never trust a
Bitch that'll fuck you for some purses

Rule number three,
Save you some of that money
Shit you better stop splurgin'
'Cause when it's all said
And done and you back at
The bottom, they gon' treat you
Like you worthless
Respect the game

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

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