

Im Leanin (feat. Travis Scott)

Meek Mill

Study say humans forget 90% of their dream
Upon the first 10 minutes of waking
They say most people don't even remember
99% of the dreams they ever even had
As dream chasers we're the exception Hundred grand large on the watch, blessed
Quarter mil for the Mulsanne, flex
All my niggas gon' cash checks
And all y'all niggas look mad stressed
And we ain't even made niggas mad yet
Cause next time I grab, I'm a grab jet
I might go Bugatti, with a bad bitch beside me
Nigga hotter than Wasabi, get that ass wet
Young niggas going hard in the streets
We ain't ever know to call the police
Got birds for the twenty five K
Sounds like a bargain to me
Young niggas getting money
In the Bentley, never looking like [?]
And I don't know what no line look like
A hundred bad bitches gettin' all in with me
Get 'em all in for free
Started, started with a quarter ounce of hard rock
And now I got a lot of cars
If a nigga talk the foreigners, got a car lot
And everybody talkin' money
But they ain't showing numbers like the call block
And all I do is count money
Fuck pretty ass hoes, and call shots
Yeah nigga I'm leanin', leanin'
Young rich nigga, I'm leanin'
Puffin' on strong, getting gold, bad bitches
Looking like Nia Long got meaning
Nigga I'm leanin', leanin'
Young rich nigga, I'm leanin'
Sippin' on promethazine that nigga my team got money
All see me, nigga I'm leanin' Mmm, leanin' -- damn near spilled my semen (straight up)
Had a twenty-twenty on my preacher wife
Damn near see my demons (La Flame!)
Loose furs, hyenas

For the love of money, it's a leaner
Vatos losing their nerves, bird niggas on the curbs
And let 'em [?]
H-town niggas spilled Peach Crush on my jeans
Never go off with no bitch with no condoms
Unless they can cover the lease on my beamer (straight up)
Ahh, you know, Louboutins don't touch my hoes
Let's go down in Ibiza town
We get cold, you don't need no coat
Motherfucker, I'm leanin'
Don't talk to me, couple street niggas
Think twice before crossing me
Meek, these niggas shit can't last that long
Why these motherfuckers keep bothering me
I'm leanin', for a minute you had me
Then the second I caught it when it passed me
Oh no (straight up)
Somebody pass me a blunt and a double world cup
Motherfucker, motherfucker...
Yeah nigga I'm leanin', leanin'
Young rich nigga, I'm leanin'
Puffin' on strong, getting gold, bad bitches
Looking like Nia Long got meaning
Nigga I'm leanin', leanin'
Young rich nigga, I'm leanin'
Sippin' on promethazine that nigga my team got money
All see me, nigga I'm leanin' See we started trap, before we was rap
And then we was, trappin' at rap
Shining on these hoes, high life
This what we live now
Blowin' out the pop
Italian on the flow nigga
You understand me
Stepping onto a mil nigga
(They say money rule the world
You can't pay God with it)
Step your game up nigga
Or lose your bitch nigga
It's just that simple Yeah, we dreamchasers
We out there gettin' this money
So you can't fuck with everybody
Cause everybody ain't at you motherfucking level
So the motherfuckers that don't understand you
They wind up motherfucking hating you
So you know what you gotta do

You gotta hate those motherfuckers too
Fuck them niggas
Fuck they motherfucking mommmas
They daddies, they aunts, they uncles
And they little tee tees, too
Ayo, suck a dick
Meek Mill, let's get it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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