

# Chiraq (Remix) (Feat. Lil Durk & Shy Glizzy)

Meek Mill

You fuck around get smoked  
You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around, get smoked, nigga  
You fuck around get smoked  
Uh, niggas know the rules in my hood, if you touch me, you get murked  
We ain't with that back and forth, it ain't no rap, we hittin' first  
G-5, we be at LIV by Sunday when you in the Church  
Momma stresses, selling dinner platers, tryna get your casket, and get ya hearse  
Last nigga that slid on us, got dropped on it, he told on us  
Every nigga you see with me got ice on 'em, bank rolls on us  
Naw, nigga no 1 on 1's we don't fight fair, we just roll on 'em  
V-S stones and cuban linx, all that ice wear with that gold on 'em  
We ain't swinging no flag, nigga  
We ain't need no pass, nigga  
Glock 40 with a 30 clip and laser on it, play tag with us  
Everybody wanna talk bricks 'till them feds, swoop in and grab niggas  
Dream chasers got into something, we don't never bleak cause we trash niggas  
I don't know if y'all heard about my homie doing that 30 out  
Deen Buck still in the cut and stay fittin' to let Ernie out  
I ain't even gotta say nothin' 'bout that other homie that you heard about  
Cause if he heard about the truth, run your mouth  
He come to your house and start swervin' out  
Catch me in Y-C, out Shadyville, I'm in the tank  
Only time this Manhattan when I'm in the booth or I'm in the bank  
Summertime in La Marina with Dominicans going in the paint  
Pullin' up screamin' Dimelo catch you in Brooklyn, get pita rolled puss! You fuck around get smoked  
You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around, get smoked, nigga  
You fuck around get smoked  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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