Meek Mill, Intro

….we in the championship
we was down 3-1…

(Phil Collins - "In the Air Tonight□")

bombing on ant of them niggas
that want the smoke
nigga, this big boy phantom
this an’t a ghost
had to take the way from them niggas
and now they toast
they ain’t have no sympathy for me
when I was broke
amen, amen
lord forgive me
for all my sins
took so many richs
just to get a Benz
pray for my niggas
all my friends

in the trenches
warring with killas
we been getting it in
32 shots in my ne glock
niggas wanna hit me like I’m 2Pc
bad bitch fuck me in my Gucci tube socks
remember when I spit my re-up on a oowop
your favourite raper, a mumble raper
walk up in this bitch
a bunch of killers and humble trapers
I can go to Hollywood
to court in this jungle action

with niggas that
ll smoke
you go nd murder your brother after
woah, big dog!, nogga
I am a big dog
streets said they need that rdope
they having withdrawals
I put in my yellow diamond when I am pissed off
 am so rich that I can’t even fuck a bitch raw
do you know the feeling?
being irritated cause you gotta count a million
all this fucking money
I ain’t got no timw for chilling

we too rich to look like this to all that kicking and drug dealing
you my nigga
I fuck with you
we gon’ thug it out
say it’s beef?
we going to ar, nigga
let’s slug it out
be back, we at your door
blood in you fucking house
I heard your daddywas a rat
so you a fucking mouse, nigga
pouring champagne cause all my niggas dead
if they ain’t n the graveyard
then they in the feds