

# 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