

Meek Millz, I'm Not A Rapper

[Chorus:]

I'm not a rapper I'm a trapper
A spitter I'm a getter
I b posted on tha block gettin guap with ma niggaz
I grind I grind I grind
Yea baby I grind I grind igrind
Ayy
I'm not decoy baby I'm a d-boy
See me fresh in d-t-s
I come thru with dem dees on
And baby I shine I shine I shine
Yea baby I shine I shine I shine
Ayy

[Verse 1:]

I laugh, cause I rememba I was dead broke
Like I'm so muthafuckin hungry man ma head hurt
Until I learned tha game
And made ma head work
Like get dem bitches lata, jus take dis bread first, yea
I learned dat man I was all rite
Went to a trapaholic, get money all nite
All day, soft yea we even gave em hard white
From bad work to brown weed man I dun sold em all types
Ma I dun sold it all like from hustlin from all nite
Strugglin with all ma might man I dun lit a
Started with a half of weed n progressed to a ball like
Damn near made me wanna liv tha boss life
I ball like mike, tie game 5 seconds on tha clock
Da narcs playin defense but I'm still gon take da shot
Yea it's hot to get da guap
I'm a giv em all I got
Niggaz think dat dey can see me
Dat means I'm on tha top

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[Verse 2:]

I said bitch I'm on tha grind
I hustle everyday
Ain't got no nine to five
But u can get dat nine for five
We got dat yay ay ay ay bay, come around my way
Everything b a-ok
Even quarters pass for 0-z's
Niggaz kno we got dat weight but ay ay ay
I remember dog we used 2 b slaves,
Now we whip dat white like it's kunta kenteee
Ayyy all we kno is hustle get paid,
Grind from tha muscle jus to lay up in tha shade
Cause I'm tha man in ma city ain't nobody fukkin with me
I b rollin thru ya hood ridin shotty with da semi
Dey b rollin on dat good I b poppin on dat henny
Ride tinted, in tha s-r-t with da hemi
See dat bad bitch, das all me I b in it from tha front and from tha back

I say dis n she do dat
I step in it like who dat
Das meek milly n dem boyz
We brought dem choppas in tha buildin
We b realli makin noise!
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[Verse 3:]
I said, I don't make it rain
Nigga I ain't rich
I ain't gotta milli I ain't tryna press a bitch
Nigga I ain't signed, I ain't got dem bricks
But I still step up in tha club feelin like I'm it
We got squally in tha buildin, he in here strapped
Omelli outside at tha letout with da mack
Me I'm in tha crowd, chillen fallin back
Peepin out tha scene I see a hater I react
Like u don't want no problems
We come with dem choppas
Dey call us tha ladda boyz cause we get it poppin
We don't do no robbin
All we do is grind
Hustle from tha muscle nigga save up every dime
Everybody kno I'm bouta blow like a bomb BOOM!
Pull up in tha 96' impal VRROOOMMMM!
Hammas in tha stash box dirty BROOM!
Tha holsta in tha passenger Gangsta Goon!
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