

# MEEKZ, SAY LESS

Say less, I ain't gon' say more  
Trap money booming like a claymore  
Times we used to pray for  
Kicking off doors, what you think I really came for  
I'm setting levels with it, we ain't on the same floor

No limit, I see a door and put a hole in it  
This the start we stay winning, so it won't finish  
Upgrade for bigger whips and bigger sticks  
I'm into hitting licks  
Started with a Z and got some bigger bits  
We just started with this rap they think I'm killing it  
Steve said I'm brilliant  
Can't believe we hit a milly  
Mikes got a 23, he said my shit's gangster  
He tryna off a brick money uncs and that's banter  
Smoke in the whip, that's a ride full of cancer  
Fuck it, I never thought I'd see 22 anyway  
Get locked any day  
That's why the block just know guns in there anyway  
Get funds everyday  
I remember being young, just tryna put a 10 away  
Running round dumb and don't care what the fed would say  
Careless in every way  
Now the PG's just a list full of heavyweights  
RIP my hitters Imma see you at the Heaven gates (Rest in peace)  
Meekz Manny G, I bet they don't forget the name  
I let it rain, I need a mill for every letter in my second name  
Really in my veins and I ain't into playing games  
I need a villa out in Spain

Like I'm on the run or wanted, tryna get away  
But I'm tryna cop it anyway  
And all the flights to realize another countries just a jet away  
But if I'm stuck to the block, I bet I'm getting paid  
Loud packs to the face, I'll have your bitch smoking  
Got her bending over backwards, got her flip moding  
Hyper mode, sports mode I'm in a diff motion  
Had to cool off, sold a few box, from a few spots  
Got me out in Cali, out in Dover near the docks  
Thinking when will it stop  
Feeling Curtis where I'm cocky with a box  
I'm tryna fill a box, I mean the whole pallet  
When it lands crack the pack and just smoke on it  
I let a bitch taste it let her choke on it  
She takes dick to the face and don't vomit  
Girl relax, take your time, go slow on it  
I love the trap, I hate the trap, I've made dough from it

No cap shit  
Trap phones blew before this rap shit  
If you know me, know I'm active  
I ain't gotta send text to make a pack flip  
Selling TicTacs is how I learnt my tactics  
Eat shit and stack shit  
Do a mazzelene to make the trap sick  
Boondocks bad kids, bando doing backflips  
Wrap it in elastics  
I don't need to make up this rap shit  
Hitters really tapped in  
No cap up in my caption  
Shit I need me a mansion  
Been jail, hittin' feens on the landing  
Only right they show love now I'm rapping

No capping  
I got them new sounds  
Them niggas sounding old-fashioned  
I'm so laughing  
Dough grabbing  
Pissed if you think it won't happen  
I send them foreigners to go and grab him  
I'm sick rapping  
Kidnapping, overlapping bitch rappers  
Big patterns  
Put it on my life, this shit happens

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