

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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