

## Meek Mill

### "Flamers Freestyle"

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[Meek Mill:]

Flamers Haha drama I got em I got em beast  
I sed you be where the lames be I be where it's poppin  
at  
Money cars clothes and hoes yea I get alot of dhat  
Hataz talkin dirty bout the kid we ain't buyin  
40 oughta clean em up, soak em like a laundromat  
Bitches throwin pussy trynna fuck me, where the  
condom at?  
See I'm zeemin trynna keep my semen I ain't down with  
dhat  
Lil bitches crazy dey wanna have my baby cause bank  
account ben franklin out MAYBE  
My president is black, my glock is two and I probly put a  
lock on a block near you  
I sed my niggaz get the drop, dey gon drop air you I  
was neva scared of what  
What chu heard fear who  
I can see with clear view you fuck boyz is pussy and I be  
on my chill but all u gotta do it push me  
And my goonz be wishin for me get a nigga baried, I  
jus give the word and push yo shit back like paliminary  
Cemetary bitch u worry fuck you like the bitch you  
married  
Nigga you ain't heard I'm bout word like a dictionary  
shit chu spit is fictionary

[Music Fades]

I'm so trilla swingin through the jungle like gorilla  
bananna clip pealer  
Niggaz sleepin on you cause u softer den a pillow  
Ol pussy talkin reckless like a killer and uh the draws is  
for the bitches  
Hallows for the snitches we dnt play with revolvers play  
with choppas with extenders  
I'm a BOSS I tell the hoe to drop nd get the business

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