

Meek Mill

"G5"

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[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

Ugh, Lord forgive me for my sins
I was chasin' ends

and Im into makin' money. I aint in to making friends
cause
These niggas rattin', I aint finna take a chance
Homie said he bout that action and grab me and take a
stand
Say loyalty make a man, got a homie and he told
I dont even shake his hand, I dont even crack a smile
Newance is a child, man this game so wild,
but niggas made vows to a code I never break
Ridin' in the heavy weight
Thirty-six O's in the bird, call it feather weight
Never on time, when I show up, I be ready late
Niggas got fat while we starved they already ate
And Im trying to get full, masks on clips full
If he got the money we attack him like a pitbull
We sellin' up, we sellin' hard like its a brick store
On my dick nigga, thats what I thought your chick for
You pissed off, I only deal with the big dogs
Could've bought a Maybach before I signed with Rick
Ross
Thats the reason that Im turnin' up
Doin' donuts while these haters got these niggas
burnin' up
Niggas want to murder us, this label want me purpula
You aint talkin' money to me I need a interpreter
Cause I cant understand that, money rubber band that
Take off in my city, and your city where I land at
When Im in your town forty rounds in my damn strap
Boy what a feeling getting hit

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