

## Meek Mill "Last Breath"

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[Intro - Rick Ross]

Nigga, long as you livin' how you wanna live  
Niggas gon' talk about you  
And that's completely fine with me (Believe that, nigga)  
Niggas only salute niggas that's dead, and niggas in  
prison (Living legends)  
I wanna ball though

[Hook - Rick Ross]

I'm ballin' til my very last breath  
I'm ballin' til my very last breath  
Just bought me a yacht, Waikiki or not  
Still sippin' that syrup, might front you a block  
I'm ballin' til my very last breath  
I'm ballin' til my very last breath  
Just bought me a Benz, just bought me a Rolls  
I pay for that pussy, I go shopping for hoes

[Verse 1 - Rick Ross]

I got a house on my neck, my Panamera my pet  
We bought ringside seats, and got a brick I can pet  
Money, power respect, I took your bitch with finesse  
Chickens jumping like checkers, but this game is chess  
What's at stake is your freedom, niggas paying the  
price  
When the judge drop the mallet, all he said was life  
Nigga damn near fainted, barely stare at your wife  
Brother took all your clothes, whip, sneakers, and ice  
Got me holding my nuts, while I'm rolling the dice  
760 new Beamer, got me rolling in white  
Very few that you trust, better keep in your sight  
Thinking I'm doing wrong, when these niggas ain't  
right

[Hook]

[Verse 2 - Meek Mill]

I just scooped me a BM  
And bought me a Rolls  
When I pulled up on niggas, I swear they thought I was  
Hov  
All my mixtapes platinum, niggas thought I was gold

I heard them suckas was hatin', I'm fucking all of they  
hoes  
So I don't blame 'em, no I don't knock 'em  
But if they play my dogs, we slay 'em, I'm talkin' pop  
'em  
Want some attention, hall-of-fame 'em, they talkin'  
bout us  
Acting like bitches 'til we spray 'em, get the coffin out  
ya  
We all about it, ahhhhh  
I'm ballin' till my very last breath  
I hustle like I'm on my last check!  
And I ain't even in my bag yet  
I wake up in the morning, where the cash at, GO!

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Rick Ross]

All I see is this money, never hate with your niggas  
Better pray to your maker, before you war with the  
sinner  
Ask forgiveness for mine, so I know that I'm good  
All them niggas we robbed, trips T man took  
Talkin' panhandle pimpin, niggas Chevy was lemon  
Nigga dressing in linen, bases loaded first inning  
Taking over the checks, relocating the tenants  
Pulling open your vest, motivation is spinach  
I gotta handle my business, I pay my mortgages first  
When you cross a super-soaker I bet your water get  
burst  
Ain't no love on this side, just jealous niggas who ride  
Until the day that you die, just hold your head to the  
sky

[Verse 4 - Birdman]

Ballin' till my last breath  
Uptown, flashy life with my Smith & Wess  
Hallways, choppa boys everyday  
Spend your bank full of hundred B's in your face  
My lil nephew was a born killa  
Real nigga on the field, killa kill nigga  
'Til I showed him how to cook a bird  
Killa nigga nigga only if I finna work  
Matches up in every town  
Puttin' it down, hold it down for my fuckin' rounds  
All day gunplay, everyday rocked out nigga in every  
way

[Hook]

