

Meek Mill

"Run This Town"

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I'm screamin free my nigga TIP,
Bought if from Atlanta to Philly like Mick Vick,
Fightin charges lawyers say dat dey might stick,
I was prayin to god man don't do me like dis,
Da hoes fuckin niggas with da bricks,
Now dey fuckin me, I laugh, dirty bitch,
Stay humble even doe I know I'm da shit,
But if rap don't work out I guve me 36,
Or better 72 or better 144,
Dats 4 of em if u ain't know it,
I break it down [?],
N I make it do what it do dat dirty money galore,
N da feds dey gon have to catch me,
Or money power respect me,
DA haters used to neglect me, but nowadays dey
justaccept me,
Cause fightin what dey expected since ice dey see n
my necklace,
N glory all n my story, alot of niggas dey bore me,
I used to ain't matter much ut I hustle like Robert Horry,
N now I'm ballin like Kobe, shit change LeBron James,
N now I'm gettin dis money n killin em John Wayne,
I chilled n my time came, my peer fast as a leer,
I dare without a fear dey try 2 box me I squared,
I ran circles around em, n now look at em here,
Dey cheerin dat I'm on top,
Bustin like I'm a glock,
Butsin right out da box,
I bust em right out da pot,
N went to da jewelry store [?] butsin all out da watch,
Me perform like a GT trick bike,
Say a word nigga I can pull yo bitch like,
I know sign language,
We call it shine language,
Let da swag talk,
She say it's da swag fault

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