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Meek Mill "Stay Schemin Freestyle"

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Uh I say one life to live

So nigger l' m a ball till I fucking fall

Like September gone hell a hall

Niggers act like they don' t remember when I was

selling raw

But since they run their mouth like bitches they can tell

them broads

How I came through

Panama fling blue

Everybody bust down

And I' m with the same crew

Heck my homie's selling dope

They don' t got the same view

But we got the same goes

I used to work that same old

I used to sell them same

Touch hot a hundred mill

Twenty four with a ghost

I swear my life is hell a real

Took them babies out the hood

Put my mind up on that hill

Got the weight up off my shoulders

Tell them that it's time to kill

Officer and all these other suckers man

Cause only 24 and buying shit they wished they had

Is it my bad?

Or Is it my fault?

Life I live and shit I talk

Hoes I hit and the whips I pop

When I did that bit they forget that part

And it's all so cold

Where grown men cry

And old men die

But I ain' t fouled

Did them my time

None of them hope he die

But l' m gonna live

Like MIA

Sunday we lie

We in that viv

And when we dib

We fly G5 nigger

I used to have a million in the bank bitch

But now I got it I treat it just like my last bitch

Got another one

Harder than a double serve

Real homies love me cause they feel just where $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{R}^m$ m coming from

Old hares been balling

I ain't talking running ball

Use to chase the paper now the money I be running

Ah every day I wake up I just pray to god

That I get my cake up and I stay alive

Pac Man Pac Man

Run because the ghost is out

Ross has bought a new crib

Shit it looked like Oprah's house

I just bought a new crib

My shit … the older house

Last of a dyeing bread it's nothing that I told about

Y' all get exported when them bricks get imported

… imported

The informers be informing

Got a crib in Malibu California

About to do Miami

Got a sting I clear my debt

I told them do it for ah

I ride for my niggers dog

I ride for my niggers uh

And I slide for my niggers dog uh

I say money in the building everybody spending Thirty rights l' m a shit my pockets sound when it Louis Vuitton snickers different colors l' II be in

Keep a bad chick with me

I don't own her she a rental

Cause I

them

Wear â€~em out

Take â€~em back

She know I extend you with a lot I make I stack

Looking at the dill fuck around and take this back

I get so comfy in that bitch I fuck her and I take a nap

She at me with that paper $l\hat{a} \in M$ m like bitch please

Shout out to the jeweler make my wrist freeze

This shit that's on my hip

Believe you' re Swiss cheese

Hit you with the whole clip

You get on some bullshit

l' m a blow this paper like it' s 2012

If getting money was a sin I guess $l\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^m$ m going to hell If stacking on them was a crime I guess $l\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^m$ m going to jail

And they gonna have to give me life cause $\hat{a} \in M$ II be doing it well

l' m getting money on the regular

We don't smoking regular cause nigger we ain't regular

Got some pretty … on my cellular

All I get is straight cash and I' m like a register

l' m balling like there' s no tomorrow

Forty on my order ma

Thirty foot this pricy piece

I think I got every sneak

I don' t hit so many dimes

Presidentuary sweet

Back and forth to Hollywood

MIA like every week

Can' t remember my maps

Cause I got so many but now l' m back

I came from Hollywood to the trap

And l' m right back in these streets

Running round with this map

And I ain't talking about my laptop

Talking â€~bout the back block

Running in a dirty wet

Hammers in the stash box

Huh? What you know about that?

l' m spitting bars off the top and they ain' t

flowing like that

They ain' t flowing like this

Old school flow

Flowing like kiss raspy voice in the vib

With a hundred bottle

Ace of spade doing my thing

Hot â€[™] 97 they know that lâ€[™] m going angry

My neck, my wrist be all bling

A lot of niggers catch cases

They ain't like me

They are sing

When it' s time to see their selves

I ain't had no bell

But had a couple of bitches

They was riding me sentimental

So I had to hold it down

And now I got the crown

I ride for my niggers dog I ride for my niggers uh MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.