

Meek Mill

"The Future"

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Yea

I talk shit like Mayweather 'cause I know I'm way better
I'm a beast like Della Reese, I'm on the grind all the
time I ain't never sleep

I eat Jay-Z for breakfast, Weezy for dinner I ain't dissin
not at all I'm jus a starvin little nigga tryna eat
Like a hungry Ethiopian, nigga we be trappin we got
keys like a custodian

Long as clips with 33's like Nickelodeon, noticing might
put you on the wing like you deodorant

Goin at every verse I'm shittin on, hard body rigamore
tip he call a play I run that shit back like I'm Clinton
Portis

Touchdown on these haters, like what now? Aaron
Jones to all dese rappers and we hopin you shut down
It like everytime I'm round, dem shooters be on deck
and I'm ready to gun down

My pockets say ching, ching my necklace ain't bling,
bling

Puffin on dat Cali butter say color is string be, I be up in
Hollywood wonderin why you ain't seen me

I was in the 57, mackin like a 11, high like I'm in heaven
can't nobody do it better

Got dem multi-colored diamonds lookin like a gucci
sweater

See dem jack boys lookin like dey wanna jack a leather,
I ain't never been a pussy

Bring dem choppers to whoever (yea)

Drama, I'm a problem. you ain't tell em, I be shittin on
dese rappers

I'm surprised dat you ain't smell em, or hell em, spit
fire breathe ether

Creepin thru the hood, my hoodie on like I'm de reaper,
Full pound on my big boy, and dem speaker, ACP

Put you on air like you ACG, I prolli Nike check a nigga
tryna play with me

Or matter fact I'll check a nigga like he ADD (what)

Yea... FLAMERS

