

Meek Mill "Use To Be"

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Yea oh yea yea

[Chorus]

I used to be, I used to

(Used to used to used to)

I used to be, I used to

(I used to be, I used to)

I used to grind in the dirt

I used to cry 'til it hurt

I will look up to the heavens

When is my time gonna come

I used to be, I used to

But I never got used to

Bein' what I used to be

So I used to be, I used to (yea)

But I never got used to (neva')

Bein' what I used to be

[Meek]

I was never used to n****s that was used to

Bein' broke so I started sellin' coke

Times got hard was sellin' soap

Skimmin' just like the preacher In church, you

sellin' hope

Now I'm gettin' older, heart gettin' colder

Lookin' at my son while his head lay on my

shoulder

Thinkin' in my head "will I make it to see him

grow up"

Or will I catch a bullet from some these n****s throwin

Try and take me out in the hood try and make it out

N****s plotting on me, cops all stakin' out

Try and get a couple bricks so I could make a house

Close friends hatin' on me, really try and play me

out

Damn, but n****s couldn't deal with me

If they had Blackjack my shooters would still hit it

North side of Philly where is real greedy, and dirty at

Where everyday they murder at

[Chorus]

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When is my time gonna come
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So I used to be, I used to
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Bein' what I used to be
[Meek]

When I was young I started planning it out
My daddy got killed, I was the man of the house
By the age of 16, man them hammers was out
So when n****s tryin' to hit me, I'm just
handin' them out
Cuz I ain't tryna see my mom cryin' and my
sis' mornin'
So Imma let this little Mackie level rip on 'em
Louis Vuitton sneaks, watch the blood drip on 'em
For all the times I bled, the tears I shed
Every time I made money, it was here I said
And if my n****s ask for it was 'œyeh' I said
Sellin' butter just to get the fam bread
I swear I got married to the streets and it was here I
wed
Cuz I was never used to bein' what I used to
Started all walkin' down the roads, where's the
coop to

Imma let the top down every time I shoot through
To give them motivation even though I know they hatin
[chorus]

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[Meek]

The man with the gold makes the rules
And the one who makes the rules, break the rules
Some n****s make it alive, some make the news
It's either family or money, I hate to choose

Cuz you need money just to feed the fam
And family keep you cool
Got n***a on the paper, still I keep the tool
N****s heard im gettinâ€™ money so they creepinâ€™
through
I keep my hand up on that hammer, whatâ€™s for me
to do
Let these n****s kill me
Try to line me up so they can reel me
Iâ€™m just givinâ€™ you the real me
Started with a dollar, now I got it and Iâ€™m filthy
N***a!
[chorus]
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I used to cry â€™ til it hurt
I will look up to the heavens
When is my time gonna come
I used to be, I used to
But I never got used to
Beinâ€™ what I used to be
So I used to be, I used to
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