

Meek Mill

"Who Your Around"

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Intro:

One night I prayed to god
I asked could he please remove my enemies from my
life
And before you know it I started losing friends.

Mary J. Blige (Chorus):

Somebody who your around
Wants to clip your wings and shoot you down
But it's okay to give in to these loads
As long as you know
Just make sure you know
Who your around

Meek Mill (Verse 1):

Yeah,
Ya'll was like my brothers I considered yah as folks
And I remember nights sippin' liquor makin' toasts
Talkin' bout the life tryna get it slangin' dope
And niggas say I changed but you niggas changed first
And fuck all this money nigga we was fam first
Lookin' at me ballin' know that instagram hurt
Cause you was 'sposed to be that nigga in that damn
ghost
I would've rode for you even in the same herse
Same cemetery bury me in the same dirt
We had a plan but I guess it ain't work
BH we straight that was the motto my nigga
I got rich first you was 'sposed to follow my nigga
I'm gone

Mary J. Blige (Chorus):

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Meek Mill (Verse 2):

And that nigga Lil', shit I can't believe you (Not you!)

That's what that south and that weed do
And when I came home I tried to feed you
In every song I was screamin' free you (Where that
nigga Lil'!)
And if you bled I was down to bleed too
Now when I ride by I breeze through
I don't even stop it ain't a need to
And you the one that left nigga I ain't leave you
Shit got realer
Niggas got richer
I said the money train comin', niggas missed it
I even tried to spin back around and come and get ya
But niggas wanted more from me than my own sister
(Damn)

Mary J. Blige (Chorus):
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Meek Mill (Verse 3):
They wanted more than my mother
More than O'Melly and that nigga like my brother
Greedy muh'fucka
Crazy thing about it I don't hate him I still love him
And I might've said things I never said fuck him
But I'ma let my life get the money ball hard
Still sending Erin money fullest calling calls
Rick ain't complainin' he got life behind bars and he
still callin' me bet
Yah he ain't callin' ya'll
Cuz none of yah niggas ain't sent him shit yet
None of yah niggas ain't sent him pics yet
And still writing money orders in them big checks
And remember when it rain
Niggas get wet
Gone!

Mary J. Blige (Chorus):
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