

## Meek Mill

# "Y'all Don't Hear Me Freestyle"

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Yeah, Philly in this bitch!  
Loso waddup?

[Verse 1 - Meek Mill]

Check me,  
I from the city where the skinny niggas ride  
With a Semi .45 to make the biggest niggas fold up,  
roll up  
I done seen the realest niggas froze up  
When that Mack squeezing hollows in your back  
Leaking that, decent if you want to everytime I come  
through  
Everybody whispering, talking what gon do  
Hundred grand in straight cash  
Make me put it on you and have your own homies tryna  
swarm you  
I'm sworn to riding with this Glock .40  
And I got it on, too  
They tell me to put it down  
But they don't know what I'm going through  
Niggas playing checkers and it's chess  
So what's a pawn to a king that got his money right?  
You niggas on a hunger strike  
Now it's dead-broke, man, I used to grind a hundred a  
night  
A hundred day, selling white, I tell you it ain't nothing  
nice  
I be going so hard, man I don't see my son at night  
Baby mama bitching, I'm just trying to get my young'un  
right  
Started with a dollar to a half a ticket  
And I just signed my deal today  
For all you rapping niggas. Money ain't a joke

You see me laughing niggas?  
All my goonies they ain't talking, they just clapping  
niggas  
You gonna think my dogg a roofer, brought a ladder  
with him  
My other homie a mechanic, got his ratchet with him  
And they shooting for real, they shooting to kill  
I got some mami's up state, they doing the will

I remember niggas shooting for dear life  
30 years on us, cops pull at the red lights  
We riding with them hammers  
Know a couple young'uns that died before their  
grandma  
I'm not trying to play with hammers  
A lot of niggas fronted back when I was in the slammer  
But now I got that paper and I be going bananas  
Like Tony Montana, Nino and the Carter got me leaning  
even harder  
With this Nina in my cargoes  
I can't meet 'em any farther  
If the niggas want the work  
Tell 'em meet me out North, 20-something in birds  
Used to be with 50 niggas, 20 of 'em got murked  
20 done turned pussy, the other 10 put in work  
Yeah! I'm screaming "this is the life"  
If you ain't hooping then you whipping the white  
They even hitting the white  
I talked to 'em try to give them advice  
Niggas get left, they wasn't living too right..  
Yea! Niggas get left, they wasn't living too right  
  
Y'all don't really hear me tho..

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