

Maybach Music Group

"Power Circle"

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(feat. Rick Ross & Kendrick Lamar) - By Gunplay,
Stalley, Wale & Meek Mill

[Intro: Rick Ross]

If Michael Jackson came alive right now

He'd ask you to smoke one for him

So in his honor

You niggas Spud Webb, coming up short

Think you're Dee Brown, jump if you want

I put it on my momma and her very last nerve

Ricky made off everything I deserved

The square root of a kilo is me nigga

The square root of a kilo is me nigga

Do the math, I'm a motherfucking G nigga

[Verse 2: Gunplay]

It's all on me now, as you can see now

I'm gon' get this money and I will not be denied

Been shittin' on you fucks a long time, time to pee now

When you finish first they hate you worse, startin to see
now

I'm at the round table, where your seat at?

Where your plate, where your lobster, where your sea
bass?

We ain't never left, actin' like we back

You should see us now taking pictures acting like we rap

This the circle that'll murk you, blackout, short circuit

Somebody show them square ass niggas the first exit

This here reserved for soldiers most definitely

So watch what you say and where you step more carefully

If I fall in the field and ain't no more air for me

Pour some on the ground and put one in the air for me

Tell my enemies fuck 'em, they know already but fuck 'em

Tell 'em again with a middle finger and a chuckle

You don't know nan nigga, nope, uh uh

This famous that'll still throw copper

Cross so heavy crack the tabernacle

Fire the ganja back up

Throw some blow in my tobacco

Then crank the Lac up

One match left, this the last turn

Santeria candles in my sanctuary burn

I'mma earn 'til the last court adjourn

'Til the last gavel drop we gon' have it locked

We gon' have it locked

We gon' have it locked

[Verse 3: Stalley]

I'm part of the small percentage of niggas who make it out the ghetto

But niggas tried to pull me back cause misery loves company

It's funny how they come for me when they see me living comfortably

But when I was broke and sleeping on floors they ain't want nothing from me

My future's so bright but my past so ugly

And I just try to correct it all but it all still haunts me

Tried to section off the past but it still haunts me

So I accept what got me here, reflecting in this rocking chair

All this space created, all that hard work it got me here

So what I look like tellin' a nigga that I should be here

Power to the people so the people shouldn't live in fear

And I'll be that raising voice and tell the people treat us fair

Warring in the streets tell them soldiers to meet us there

Out in the open all alone I felt the coldest air

Secluded in my thoughts in fear

No one to talk to, no one there

Not even a voice, not even an ear

No one alive, no one to care

Now I got a power circle, now I'm on a power trip

And they calling me counterfeit cause I ain't gave a coward shit

Stole me, throw me a pile of shit but you won't pull me out of it

It's funny how it comes full circle

Now they wanna be a part of the power circle

They wanna be a part of the power circle

[Bridge: Wale]

May the wind be at your back

May the bad be in your past

May the kids take all your good

And your wife have class

And you realize your goals

And what's life without grind

Those niggas, yo' niggas?

Hope those niggas real as mine

[Verse 4: Wale]

There's a difference between underrated and hasn't
made it

Once you successful they relentlessly giving you
hatred

There's no applause for ya and success is hard for ya

There's enemies, envy, with green my niggas
lawnmower

And I'm on tour, Jordan 4's, Tom Ford

And I ain't thuggin, they clappin at me, a encore

Got a dark heart, bright mind, make women crazy

I give her D, I throw up two, I call that shit a safety

Shit is crazy when entertainment ain't entertaining

And my inner sanctum need real estate I'm out my
cabeza

Jealousy's for the weak, you ain't happy I made it

I be feeling like brother Malcolm just out of the nation

Allah got us cause if we hollered a lost numbers

I seen hustlers turn cluckers out niggas grandmothers
because the dealers needed to hustle to make some
money

So shut the fuck up and listen, fuck all them stuck up
musicians

My circle small but regardless, my circumference
official

My clothes different like quarterbacks at a closed
scrimmage

They gon' blitz us but ain't no way that they gon' hit us

I'm so elusive, so my niggas be goin' through it

Guess it's a wrap when your co-defendant make soul
music

Cash rule the world -- at least it do with girls

At least it do with churches, seek the truth and true it
hurts

If they real, then they real -- my niggas deserve it

And we don't deal with weak squares in this power
circle

We don't deal with weak squares in this power circle

[Verse 5: Meek Mill]

I'm like welcome to the power circle

I came a long way, I started with a powdered circle

Clique full of real niggas that'll probably murk you

Cause they about that murder game you do a lot of
verbal

Lotta talking, lotta Tweeting, 'til you hear that chopper
speaking

Kill my dog, I kill your dog, we tied even, I'd believe it

If you see it then you got it, nigga never give up

Cause if you grindin' you gon' be rich before you can
look up

My cousin Knock told me never teach niggas to cook up

Cause you can sell 'em hard for the low and give 'em
the hookup

And still make the profit

The streets say I'm the hottest and a nigga still modest

I'm just being honest

Back to the wall, never let 'em get behind us

Mack in my draws fitting right in my designers

Look at my persona, I dreamed it, woke up and
conquered

And there was commas after commas, I eat 'em like
Benihanas

Put the shrimp over the pasta, the pasta over the
lobster

And the lobster over the table, power circle a mafia

Just talkin' money, talkin' money what you talkin' bout?

Probably talkin' bout us, we the only thing to talk about

Cause we the only thing to talk about

Cause we the only thing to talk about

[Verse 6: Kendrick Lamar]

Look inside the eyes of the last Mohicans survived

You won't last a weekend outside

Seen a pastor tweaking, then sunk his teeth in a rock
his demise

Later on that evening you heard the grieving of angels
that cried

See a demon don't compromise

And so I walk alone with a cross and a diamond stone

I'm a diamond inside the rough that's too mighty for
maricons

I might as well put all my killers in YSL

Put my voice on this microphone, put you pussy niggas
through hell

Hell's fire, I never lie, you will never grind

I know the priors they runnin' by us when we do crime

I know that section eight wanna discontinue my Moms

When they heard that Ohio state gave me 30 racks in
July

Oh Lord, this can't be life, no it can't be life

When they day breaks and you earned them stripes
and you learned that strike

From upstate will adjourn that life and confirm that life

It's good bait for the warden that might get awarded
and write

Now your fate can record it denied a reporter replied

The death rate will eventually climb, so eventually I'm

On a track race for the dough before time get a clock
that resigns

So about face if it ain't business, I get offended, I mind

Now one fake, I'm a realist in strive, I'm a bilion in five

Well a billion cause the limit is the sky and I live on
cloud nine

And I recognize my nemesis gon' try to put a finish in
my shine

But pussy, where it hurt you

Life in the power circle

[Outro: Rick Ross]

Regardless of how it goes down

Life goes on, am I right?

Tried to warn you niggas

I tried to warn you niggas

It's too late now

Double M-G

Too much cake

Too much power

Too much respect

Bow down, nigga

Ugh!

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