

Meanwhile (feat. Don Trip & Young Dolph)

Starlito

Only time will tell
Offer these niggas too much time they gone tell
Only grind by myself
Couple lines of the lean and liter (any my heater)
Ain't trying to take a L
Took a loss
Then I learned
What I bought bitch I earned
Fake rap niggas steady lying to themselves (nah)
Couple nights ago my fifth time making bail
Took my FN
Got my nine in my belt
No GPS help me find myself
Look inside my heart
All the kindness then left
Eyes all dry
And crying don't help
Winners won't quit
That's why I don't fail
Yea
And I know all about being fucked up
Won't nobody give you nothing
Call it tough love
No joke
It'll break a nigga spirits when you broke
That the shit that taught me how to hustle
Meanwhile
The bills still coming
I ain't got enough money
I can feel it in my stomach
I ain't chilling till a nigga get a million every month
You ain't with it
Man there ain't nothing
I can feel it yeah it's coming
Meanwhile
The bills still coming
I ain't got enough money
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You ain't with it
Man there ain't nothing
I can feel it yeah it's coming

My balls and my word
That's all I have
I don't trust shit
You can fault my past
The money bring temporary friends and hoes
I've been through them all and it taught my ass
Dirty as the tires and the rental I'm in
All that work and I never clocked in
Can't do nothing but shake my head when I think about all of the money I spent
2% tint on that black 550
If a nigga come get me
He gone have to die with me
AR15 short enough to ride with me
I'm too rich to catch the bus
But too broke to buy a Bentley
Second thought I could've bought two
Still getting three or four for a walk through
I lost money, lost friends, lost love and love ones
No wonder I got lost screws
Blowing smoke in the air
I got P's everywhere
Woreseome ass bitch won't stay out of my ear
Woke feeling like the player of the year
I put the syrup down
Po'd a glass of Belvedere
You ever been fucked up (Nigga hell yeah)
That's why I go so hard on these fuck niggas
Meanwhile I'm looking for a stash house in Bel Air
I'm fucked up in the mental
I don't trust niggas
My childhood was a wild hood
Niggas getting murked in our hood
This life that we living nigga this shit ain't all good
Four grams of that super cookie in my backwoods
Jewelry box full of gold but I use to play them up
Pull up in the hood and all the bitches want hugs
If she roll the weed good I'll buy the bitch a pair of Uggs
Still jump out on the block with my niggas smoking blunts

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