

# Who You're Around (feat. Mary J. Blige)

## Meek Mill

One Night I prayed to God  
I asked could he please remove the enemies from my life  
And before you know it I started losing friends  
Somebody who you're around wants to clip  
your wings and shoot you down  
But its okay to keep enemies close  
As long as you know,  
just make sure you know who you're around  
Y'all was like my brothers  
I considered y'all as folks  
And I remember nights sipping liquor making toasts  
Talking about the life, trying to get it slinging dope  
Niggas say I changed, but you niggas changed first  
And fuck all this money nigga, we was fam first  
Looking at me ballin, know that instagram hurt  
Cuz you was supposed to be that nigga in that damn ghost  
I would have rolled for you even in the same herse  
Same cemetary, burry me in the same dirt  
We had a plan, but I guess it ain't work  
"B.H we straight," that was the motto my nigga  
I got rich first, you was supposed to follow my nigga  
I'm gone  
Somebody who you're around wants to clip  
your wings and shoot you down  
But its okay to keep enemies close  
As long as you know,  
just make sure you know who you're around  
And Dat Nigga Lil  
Shit I can't believe you (not you)  
That's what that syrup and that weed do?  
And when I came home I tried to feed you  
And every song I was yellin free you (Free Dat 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, 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 coming, niggas missed it  
I even tried to spin back around to come and get you  
But niggas wanted more from me then my own sister  
Somebody who you're around wants to clip  
your wings and shoot you down  
But its okay to keep enemies close  
As long as you know,  
just make sure you know who you're around  
They want more than my mother

More than Omelly, and that nigga like my brother  
Greedy motherfucker  
Crazy thing about it, I don't hate em, I still love em  
I might have said things, I never said fuck em  
But I'm a live my life, get the money, ball hard  
Still sending earned money for his calling cards  
Rick ain't complaining, he got life behind bars  
And he still calling me, bet you he ain't calling y'all  
Cuz none of y'all niggas ain't send him shit yet  
None of y'all niggas send him pics yet  
I'm still writing money orders, sending big checks  
And remember when it rains, niggas get wet  
Gone Somebody who you're around wants to clip  
your wings and shoot you down  
But its okay to keep enemies close  
As long as you know,  
just make sure you know who you're around I still love niggas  
But its like we just grew apart  
If you don't grind, you don't shine  
Half my niggas still around, and we all shining hard  
Gone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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