

# Believe It (feat. Rick Ross)

## Meek Mill

Let them niggas have the Grammys, we got the streets  
We rich already and my chick the baddest This Rollie like my trophy, young nigga When they  
needed motivation (What you do?)

I gave 'em hope

When my nigga needed money (What you do?)

I gave him dope Every time we went to war (What we do?) We gave 'em smoke

Fiends was copping, I was broke

Fuck that shit, we gave 'em soap

They forgot we gave 'em hope

I would spend time on that corner trying to stack me a hundred up

Strapped with that Glock with on my hip shit the coppers was running up

I look at these niggas and I can tell they are not one of us

I ride in the back like a nigga that can't ride the front of the bus

They had it segregated, bulletproof Caddy, I escalated

Stepped up in my game like a escalator

When you shine like I shine, you get extra haters

Seen 'em ride with the fake and I hesitated

"Wait, these niggas serious?", or maybe Meek Milly delirious Judge had to sentence a nigga, no  
period

I'm putting fear in these niggas, ain't sparing these niggas I cut out your head with a hair on the  
trigger

Try to reach for my chain shit I deal with you niggas

I end one of you niggas, had the paramedics screaming, "Clear", on you niggas

Uh, back in the Phil, we gon' get to the money and stack up that dough 'til it way up

'Member them bitches? They played us back in the day like a Sega

Now I got paper, young nigga doing so major

Niggas is hater, look as they faces

Yeah, we still balling, bitch, it's the Chasers I gave 'em hope

When my nigga needed money (What you do?)

I gave him dope

Every time we went to war (What we do?)

We gave 'em smoke

Fiends was copping, I was broke

Fuck that shit, we gave 'em soap

They forgot we gave 'em hope Uh, look at the money and stack it up I talk about it, I bag it up

You popping shit on your Instagram

Shit that you're popping ain't adding up

Shit that you're popping ain't making sense I got fifty reasons say you're taking dick

And it's fifty reasons I should kill, nigga

But, for real, nigga, I been taking trips with my Philly niggas Got the richest chick, she's from  
your hood

Niggas hating on me, I ain't really tripping, shit, I'm good

I be in the 40 with the .40 on me like I should  
I be deep in your hood where you never be at  
Be with them guys that you never could dap You could never adapt  
You know the game, if you cosign a rat, you forever a rat  
We were never with that  
You tried to go "Money" May with that paper, but now you in debt cause you never was that  
Fuck is you high? You know better than that  
Mention my name and Berettas with that  
I move for real in these streets, in the world with that piece I'm like Metta with that  
Fuck what you heard, I'm a get mine out the curb  
I'm a just sit back, I'm watching 'em serve  
How niggas, they didn't ride the wave and they surf  
I'm on my surfboard, this what I worked for  
Mention my name, the shit your get murked for  
Shit you get robbed for, shit you get killed for  
Shit you get carried boxes into church for, oh I gave 'em hope  
When my nigga needed money (What you do?)  
I gave him dope  
Every time we went to war (What we do?)  
We gave 'em smoke  
Fiends was copping, I was broke  
Fuck that shit, we gave 'em soap  
They forgot we gave 'em hope  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>