

Shine

Meek Mill

Wasn't for this music, I'll prolly be dead
Instead I'm on top and I'm countin' this bread
Sittin' in the mansion, could've been in the feds
Drop top even with a price on my head, woah
It's no roof so they can see me shine
No roof so they can see me shine
Only a matter of time
It's dedicated, put it all to the grind
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I was born poor, but Ima die rich
Ridin' in the 7 like I'm Pac in 96
Still rockin' with the clique I had to grind with
Went to war, flip nickels and sold them dimes with
Yea, I used to sell nicks of reggie nigga
I get the chills every time that lil' confetti hit us
North Philly skinny bull but I'm heavy nigga
They switched sides they was never with us
And petty niggas wanna mention my name
To get acknowledged
Hoppin' that we act like a fool and get in violence
I'd rather kill 'em all with success and give 'em knowledge
Then throw it all away for a sucker cause we the hottest
My momma crib big as a church I'm bein' modest
No sleep puttin' in work that's how she got it
Bout it bout it I started grindin' when niggas doubted
Now I got it I'm drippin' in diamonds a nigga got it that's gangsta
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Out in Hollywood trying not to get caught up in it
Struggle was brought up in it, hustle, we gonna get it
This one is for my youngins going to school with corner niggas
Don't get caught up in that boxing corner nigga
Times changed, it's feeling like live niggas versus corny niggas
They building more jails I'm warning niggas, shots fire
Momma crying, traumatizing their mourning niggas
Them cops killing us like it's war with niggas, it's on with niggas
I did shed so many tears at that corner store
Man I spent so many years at that corner store
I see my niggas disappear at that corner store
When they was sleepin' we was there at that corner store
Ya and we was eating at the corner store
Coppers catch us and they beat us at that corner store
Shit we was toting on them heaters at that corner store
Cause they was plotting tryna leave us at that corner store
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Whole city came out just to see me rhyme
Started off in Impalas now its DB9
In the Aston like he James Bond
Who he think he is?
Diamonds dancing all on me doing the stanky leg
I hear them whispers niggas talkin' what they think he made
Think what you want you gon' think I'm paid
Shit he balling I don't think he saved, shit all I did was [?] and pray
I got young niggas in the grave
They got murdered by a nigga that got bitter ways
They don't give a fuck about us put us in a cage
Let us out with that parole man this shit a maze
RIP to Snupe, RIP to Scooter
RIP to Dex told him I could be his shooter
I tell Snupe they don't love ya they just want to do ya
You see that truck that's the feds watchin' not an Uber
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