

# Young Kings

## Meek Mill

Money make the world go round  
And all the pretty girls go down  
And I still roll round through my old hood in my new whip  
All white ghost I call it my cool whip  
Hundred on my neck lookin' like I move bricks  
My life is like a movie, every day a new script  
And ain't it funny how this money make a mood switch  
Cuz they be talkin' beef, I be up in Ruth's Chris  
Who is this at the door, I think it's the devil don't let him in  
Just rap and take my niggas to places we never been  
And when it comes to cake I get it like Entenmann's  
With the heart of a lion, no lyin' I never been  
No? for these fuckboys  
On my second mil and I ain't talkin' lunch boy  
Glock 30 ridin' dirty in this? boy  
Cuz I could treat you like a prison get you touched boy  
Before I had a deal I was poppin', no promo  
All of a sudden all these bad bitches want a photo  
M's in my account and M's in the logo  
So everytime I spend a hundred k I scream YOLO  
Young kings, young kings  
I be rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
And all we know is one thing, one thing  
Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fame  
I be rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
Rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
And all we know is one thing, one thing  
Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fame  
Crowns on my wrist and my head  
And I'mma ball hard in this bitch 'til I'm dead  
It's money on my mind, make me put it on your head  
And have your own homies lookin' at you like you're bread  
Tryna eat nigga,  
I'm from Philly so you know I play for keeps nigga  
Six pallbearers, six feet deep nigga  
No insurance you been sitting six weeks nigga  
Big 40 knock you right up out your sneaks nigga  
Young kings, all I know is one thing  
Live life, one dream, started in the drug game  
Where they never make it out unless you got a gun gang  
Walkin' through my city but it's lookin' like I run things  
Runnin' shit, diarrhea  
And ever since my dad died I ran out of fear

G5 through the sky boy we outta here  
Sippin P&J fresh from out the PJ  
Young kings, young kings  
I be rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
And all we know is one thing, one thing  
Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fame  
I be rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
Rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
And all we know is one thing, one thing  
Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fame I still wake up go and get it, youngin on a  
mission  
Cuz when niggas was eating they left me to do the dishes  
But I'm different, I still put 'em on just to show 'em right  
I used to be the dark child but now I glow at night  
I keep a milli by my side because we both alike  
Try and keep that nigga out the field cuz he be throwin' white  
Dishin' d, tryna get rich as me  
I'm worth a couple million man that shit was meant to be  
20 gold chains on, shit I think I'm Mr. T  
If I could live my life again I wouldn't do it differently  
Prolly bring my father back, just so he could witness me  
Back up in my zone I swear my haters is history  
Bitches say they missin' me, I never fall for it  
Cuz they just miss the money, they know I go hard for it  
And if my niggas need it, I tell 'em come for it  
Cuz when it comes to me, they shootin' like a small forward, swish Young kings, young kings  
I be rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
And all we know is one thing, one thing  
Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fame  
I be rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
Rollin' with some young kings, young kings  
And all we know is one thing, one thing  
Get the money nigga fuck fame, and fuck fame

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

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