

Blessed Up

Meek Mill

Be who you are
You ain't trying to impress nobody
Who you got to impress?
You done came through the ranks
You've been tested, you know what I mean?
And you stood up
That mean you've been tested and you stood up
And you still standing up
So who you got to impress?
You ain't trying to impress nobody man
Be who you are, you know what I mean?
You should be yourself because I'm saying you should do shit man for other people and you faking it
I don't need you to be no motherfucking gangster for me
I need you to be a man

I got God watchin' over me from courtside
Ballin' like I'm Jordan cause I'm blessed up
And niggas want me gone but I'm still alive
Wake up every morning feelin' blessed up
Pull up in that holy Ghost cause I'm blessed up
I'm a do the most cause I'm blessed up
Had to scoop my niggas out the hood now we all eatin' good like we should cause we blessed up

Its outstandin' that I'm still standin'
Mexican brand dish when beef get sandwiched
Blat, blat do it for my niggas that's scammin'
On the corner with it runnin' that tan in
Duckin' the Ds, cut through the alley, scuffin' your trees
Tossin' the profit and fuck up your re
I know the feelin' nigga
Start from a dollar, couple of Gs
Bought an Impala I'm flooding the streets
Its time to kill 'em nigga
I got an eight flipped over and I'm dealin' nigga
In a drop S coupe and I'm wheelin' nigga
Five hundred for the piece how I'm feelin' nigga
In the hood just chillin' nigga
I've seen realest niggas turn emotional all in they feelin' niggas
That's why I ain't really feelin' niggas
And if them hoes fuck with rats I ain't sayin' nothin' to them bitches
I guess I ain't really for them bitches really I'm blessed

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Blessings, you niggas stressin'
Mac on the dresser when I'm dressin' and never pressure
Crab in the barrel watch the bucket don't let 'em catch you
Cause if they pull you back to the bottom know you gon' suffer, fuck 'em

I done leveled up on 'em 'til where I cannot touch em
Therefore can't feel 'em, therefore I'm a hustle
New Wraith on forgis, course that's from the muscle
Course I got a bubble, new Porshce red like a devil
Go skrt skrt through the lane on you
Niggas broke and you faker than that chain on you
I told Tak when he see you go insane on you
Can't D me call it man, I clear the lane on you
Change the speed game 7 'Bron James on you
My little niggas begging me to put that flame on you
You get some money watch how all these niggas change on you
That's why I changed on 'em I don't feel a thing for them nigga I'm blessed

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