

Boss Freestyle

Meek Mill

Free my nigga lil
BH

I fell in love with the streets, yeah I was 16 (youngin)
Grinding like Clipse, tryna get cream (let's get it)
A little nigga in the field, was doing big things
Big hammers, big work, and had a big team
It was popping round the time we had it in green
Yeah we was dirty, narcs tryna sweep the strip clean
Plus we had that white girl, you know, that Christine
Aculera, that should dare her, make a rich fiend
Go broke tryna fix dreams
Watching niggas cook the coke it looked like whipped cream
And I was tryna get cake (I was hungry)
My old head would tell me just wait
But I was crooked, tryna get straight
The hundreds with the big face
The money made me feel great
Like Tony the Tiger, when he get flakes
Talking the frosted ones
My heart was so cold had to defrost my lungs
Getting high, was paranoid and going hard with guns
Ready to squeeze on any nigga with ease
Nightmares of being murdered I believed
How the judge gon blame me
Cause when them niggas come to kill me nobody gon save me
Label me a felon 'fore you label me as telling
Upstate jail and tuna soup and getting melon
Tell em, was raining yesterday but now it's hailing
It's death up in the air, you can smell it
Man they got the reaper round the corner tryna catch a body
The hungry youngins up the street they tryna catch somebody
Slipping, they got their smith and they gon stretch some bodies
If they don't get paid, somebody gon get sprayed
And one love to my niggas in the twist cage
No commissary chow without the lid tray
Guard spit in it, but you can feel your rib cage
Touch it so you're like fuck I got to live today
You niggas fucking with them hoes, I'm fucking with them Benjis
I be cutting up them O's, fucking with that stove
That shit you made last week, I fucked it up on clothes
Spend half of that on Prada and the other half on dros
Woah! (woah Meek Milly!)

I said nigga do you, Imma do me
That haze it got him in the zone like a 23
Them niggas need a smoke, we got that oohwee
Purp by the pound, ounces of the sour D
We 32'd the Glizzy's, compact to max
Sliding through they hood, tinted down, back to back
Looking for these pussys, now where these faggots at
Skis, dickies, and hoodies show where they trapping at
Murder murder graveyard, funeral service for em
Embalming fluid, obituary and hearses for em
That choppa do him, his mama mourning and hurting for him
We collect bosses, they flunkies, whoever working for em

Yeah, Meek motherfucking Milly

You niggas know what it is
BH we straight to the motherfucking day that I die nigga
Free my nigga lil
GT franchise we got the game on motherfucking lock
And if you think you fucking with me nigga, hit that stu' hard
And get your fucking game right
Plain and simple
Boss