

# I'm Not A Rapper

Meek Mill

I'm not a rapper I'm a trapper  
A spitter I'm a getter  
I b posted on tha block gettin guap with ma niggaz  
I grind I grind I grind  
Yea baby I grind I grind I grind  
Ayy

I'm not decoy baby I'm a d-boy  
See me fresh in d-t-s  
I come thru with dem dees on  
And baby I shine I shine I shine  
Yea baby I shine I shine I shine  
Ayy

I laugh, cause I rememba I was dead broke  
Like I'm so muthafuckin hungry man ma head hurt  
Until I learned tha game  
And made ma head work  
Like get dem bitches lata, jus take dis bread first, yea  
I learned dat man I was all rite  
Went to a trapaholic, get money all nite  
All day, soft yea we even gave em hard white  
From bad work to brown weed man I dun sold em all types  
Ma I dun sold it all like from hustlin from all nite  
Strugglin with all ma might man I dun lit a  
Started with a half of weed n progressed to a ball like  
Damn near made me wanna liv tha boss life  
I ball like mike, tie game 5 seconds on tha clock  
Da narcs playin defense but I'm still gon take da shot  
Yea it's hot to get da guap  
I'm a giv em all I got  
Niggaz think dat dey can see me  
Dat means I'm on tha top

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I said bitch I'm on tha grind  
I hustle everyday  
Ain't got no nine to five  
But u can get dat nine for five  
We got dat yay ay ay bay, come around my way  
Everything b a-ok  
Even quarters pass for 0-z's  
Niggaz kno we got dat weight but ay ay ay  
I remember dog we used 2 b slaves,

Now we whip dat white like it's kunta kenteee  
Ayyy all we kno is hustle get paid,  
Grind from tha muscle jus to lay up in tha shade  
Cause I'm tha man in ma city ain't nobody fukkin with me  
I b rollin thru ya hood ridin shotty with da semi  
Dey b rollin on dat good I b poppin on dat henny  
Ride tinted, in tha s-r-t with da hemi  
See dat bad bitch, das all me I b in it from tha front and from tha back  
I say dis n she do dat  
I step in it like who dat  
Das meek milly n dem boyz  
We brought dem choppas in tha buildin  
We b realli makin noise!

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I said, I don't make it rain  
Nigga I ain't rich  
I ain't gotta milli I ain't tryna press a bitch  
Nigga I ain't signed, I ain't got dem bricks  
But I still step up in tha club feelin like I'm it  
We got squally in tha buildin, he in here strapped  
Omelli outside at tha letout with da mack  
Me I'm in tha crowd, chillen fallin back  
Peepin out tha scene I see a hater I react  
Like u don't want no problems  
We come with dem choppas  
Dey call us tha ladda boyz cause we get it poppin  
We don't do no robbin  
All we do is grind  
Hustle from tha muscle nigga save up every dime  
Everybody kno I'm bouta blow like a bomb BOOM!  
Pull up in tha 96' impala VRRROOMMMM!  
Hammas in tha stash box dirty BROOM!  
Tha holsta in tha passenger Gangsta Goon!

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