

We Ain't The Same

Meek Mill

Aye O? What the fuck wrong with these niggas?
Everytime I turn around niggas got somethin' to say about my motherfuckin' n
igga Omelly
Like he ain't been in these fuckin' STREETS!
Like he ain't been running around with that FUCKIN' heat!
Ya'll see my nigga everyday nigga tooled up and jeweled up
Lit up like a FUCKIN' Christmas tree!
I don't know what's up with these niggas
Niggas ain't never been sweet
Street suckas for life nigga we do what we want

Oh yeah, chea, chea
Catch me in that blue six, sp-sp-sp-peedin like sonic nigga
My little niggas catch a rack, don't say shit about it nigga ('bout it nigga
)
Co-sign a nigga; homie you a rat you ain't ridin' nigga (you ain't ridin' ni
gga)
And I'm only statin' facts so keep runnin' your face and I'm slidin' nigga (I'm
slidin')
Every nigga with me and they poppin' off toasters (poppin' off toasters)
Catch us every where hoppin' out of them ghosts (we swervin')
Keep it cool homie better watch how you approach us (we out'chea!)
B-b-bars so fire nigga think Meek wrote this (let's get it)
That hatin' shit I ain't got time for (time for)
I don't pop mollies, I pop dime whores (dime whores)
Got a bad model you would die for (she bad)
Lookin' through my Cazals and my Tom Fords
T-t-this AP dancin' on my WRIST (I'm flexin')
Niggas mad, they ain't doin it like THIS (they stressin')
Straight profit made a hundred off them SCRIPTS (them scripts)
I hear you talkin' pussy, you ain't gon' do shit (I'm gone)

My niggas be talkin' like they about that shit
I got on all my jewels all my designer shit (straight up)
Boy this shit what I do don't get beside yourself (yeah)
And you know I got my two don't get beside yourself
My nigga, my nigga we ain't the same (nah)
My nigga, my nigga we ain't the same at all (same at all)
My nigga, my nigga we ain't the same (nah)
My nigga, my nigga we ain't the same at all (same at all)
At all, at all, at all, at...

Said I do shit different, said my new shit different
Said my new whip different, different watch, different bitches
Say the way I'm livin, I do it a little different
And my money just different, everything different
Said I don't trust hoes, I don't love hoes, I just fuck the hoes that y'all
lust
Y'all niggas talkin' like y'all about that shit but y'all know y'all don't d
o it like us
Brand new foreign with the cranberry guts (guts) I slide through there like
yuck (yuck!)
Cause the money ain't a thing my nigga (money) shit we blow it like dust (ho
!)
These hoes ain't fuckin' with you; you on Instagram, you liked a million pic
tures
And she shot you down you still tryna get her but I fucked her once and done

forgot her nigga, damn
(Haha!) These Balenciaga, not Prada, nigga
It's Bel-Air in my bottom, nigga; all my niggas get a dollar, nigga

[Chorus]