

Lord Knows (feat. Tory Lanez)

Meek Mill

All I wanted was a new Mercedes
Bending off the corner whipping out the lot I got it
Women love me but the niggas hate it
But how can I lose when I came from the bottom
Lord know, nigga lord knows, nigga lord knows, nigga lord knows
Nigga lord knows, nigga lord knows, nigga lord knows
Nigga lord knows, nigga lord knows, nigga lord knows Lord knows I'm filthy rich
All this ice is like 50 bricks
Rap niggas throwing hissy fits
I give my bitch a stack just for a Christmas gift
And my bitch so bad she one my Christmas list
Remember I prayed I really wished for this
To get the crib with the maid and with the picket fence
I'm with some niggas that remembered we took some risks for this
I'm talking risky business, flick the wrist
Lord knows that I repent for this
But Lord knows that if I get penned for this I prolly won't get home until I'm 56
They said I'm the Messiah, you rappers is liars
They spit my new verse at your wake while your lying
The middle the Church, at your wake, no I'm lying
I just came from jail, ain't do no crime
They put me through hell sharpened my iron
I did my push-ups and rode with the lion
Like hold up
From balling I'm tired
I'm back in this bitch and I'm back on my shit
Man they tell me be humble I'm cocky as hell
Shout my bitches that answered my calls when I called to collect cause it got me through hell
Shout out that judge that denied me my bail
It made me smarter and made me go harder
They locked me up and slowed my album up but I did not give up
Cause I knew I would prevail
Came in the game Philly as shit
Look at these rappers they silly as shit
I do not know why they be gassing these suckers but fuck because I am not feeling their shit
Difference between me and most of these rappers I'm talking about work that I really put in
Talking about pistols I put on my hip
I'm talking about foreigners I really could whip, that I really done drove
Really was froze in my hood and these bitches I really did hit
Really was chose came up from nothing and now they like how he make millions so quick
I'm in the back and it feel like a sofa
I done [?] fucking on over

In my new mansion I feel like I'm Sosa
A brick on the table ain't sniffing no Coca
No way
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nigga lord knows, nigga lord knows
Niggas couldn't see with binoculars on
Back in the Maybach [?] on
And all my niggas keep choppers on
Don't reach round me that's a chopper zone
Every time you be like [?]
250 thou what I dropped it on
See us niggas [?] 'til Fox be on
Seeing then momma picking out boxes for 'em
I want everything got my own boxers
Own headphones to get my popping on
I got my own Pumas that I designed 'em for 'em
Steady moving on these niggas get my boxing on
All I hear from niggas what they prolly doing
But all I ever hear is what I be doing
All black Rottweiler that Givenchy on
Drop top Rolls Royce but the top is off
And the windows down like see y'all later
Mirror tint on that bitch so you could see y'all hating
Champagne caught pop like we all made it
Y'll looking from the sideline we all hate it
Money don't make it real, don't give a fuck if its 80 mil, pussy
And just cause you got a Bently that Bently won't make you [?], pussy
Still hating me from my city I'm thinking its [?] for real, pussie
Cause all I got to say is kill, they'll come in like Navy Seals
That's word to my momma I promise I won't do no block
And shoot at you robbers and kill all you fuck niggas talking
And lately I've been on this money don't run it back up just to put you in a coffin
I heard you say you was running this city I seen you in traffic and you was just walking
Niggas be popping that shit like they with it
When niggas start hitting and you did was talk it you pussy
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