

I Don't Know

Meek Mill

I don't know what these niggas speaking off
I don't know what these niggas tripping on
Don't touch my niggas I suggest you don't
Boy if you do you must be suicidal
Don't say my name unless you suicidal
Don't get to close unless you suicidal
Don't touch my niggas I suggest you don't
Boy if you do you must be suicidal
Money won't ease us
Man niggas even hated on Jesus
Living life on the road on the chase for the money 'cause the hoes won't please us
Yeezus told us there's blood on the leaves
Ain't no love in the streets
Let her run into me and she wanted to meet, now she fuck with a G
Got your bitch not wanting to speak
Hold up, y'all mahfuckers tried to shit on us
Chain all lit all up
Porsche with the horse like get on up
And my bitch got that shit on her
Rock Balmain 'cause I'm ballin'
I put red bottoms on red models, and no more red bottles
Straight Belarie nigga every bottles
Ricky Rozay we in here
Double M G we've been here
Straight from the north side right by the project how did I get here
Sippin' on lean with a bad ass bitch from the hills probably live there
And get money like me and the pussy so wet I need swimwear
Hold up, hold up, hold up, hold up
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I don't know what these niggas tripping on
Don't touch my niggas I suggest you don't
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Don't say my name unless you suicidal
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Don't touch my niggas I suggest you don't
Boy if you do you must be suicidal
Suicide doors, riding around with a suicide whore
There's no love in the streets and this blood on my sneaks got suicide on them
Going everywhere you are not going
Doing everything you are not doing
And I've been out to get it and you mention my niggas that's suicide on them
Right back to the money my nigga no we don't play
Say my name and that's D.O.A

And all these chains is saying we okay
And we drink champagne and eat Frito Lays

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>