

# Championships

## Meek Mill

Yeah, uh All the youngins in my hood  
Popping percs now  
Gettin' high they get by, it's gettin' worse now  
You gotta tell 'em put them  
Guns and the percs down  
Them new jails got ten yards in  
'Em and that's your first down, uh  
And I ain't come here to preach  
I just had to say somethin'  
'Cause I'm the one with the reach  
Youngin' gotta quarter ounce  
He tryna turn into Meech  
Ain't had no daddy  
He's had to learn from the streets  
I used to be a honor roll student, damn  
Then I turned to a beast  
The first time I seen a nigga get  
Some blood on his sneaks  
He had on Air Max 93s but was  
Slumped in the street  
His mama cryin',  
That there's a sign to me, oh Lord  
The shit I'm doin' for my hood  
I won't get an Award  
I used to sell Reggie, damn how'  
I get to the Forbes  
I take a shot if I miss I'm gettin' on boards  
Ain't quittin' no more, like give me some more  
We went Old Navy it felt like Christian Dior  
Was dead broke but rich in soul  
Was we really that poor?  
Was we really that dumb?  
'Cause we carry a gun  
And every nigga in my  
Neighborhood carryin' one  
'Cause we had nightmares of  
Our mamas got to bury her son  
I'm speakin' to you as a prophet  
As rare as they come, uh  
Gunshots sound like music  
Hangin' out the Buick  
Why you wanna be a shooter?

Mama told me not to do it but I did it  
Now I'm locked up in a prison  
Callin' mama like I shouldn't have did it  
Watch my dream shatter in an instant  
I'm on a visit posin' for the picture  
Like I'm going for my prom or somethin'  
Like I ain't facing time or somethin'  
Ride for these niggas like that shit  
Ain't hurt my mom or somethin'  
Only one gon' get me commissary  
Or even buy me somethin'  
When it all fall down  
I can call y'all now  
Even if I hit your phone  
That won't get me home  
Seen so many different times  
These niggas did me wrong  
Shit that's the reason that I did this song  
Shit we was kids used to play on the step  
A couple years later we flirtin'  
With the angel of death  
I was eleven years old  
I got my hands on the Tec  
When I first touched it  
That shit gave me a rush  
My homie's dying I'm like "Maybe we next"  
That just made me a threat  
Knowin' the niggas smoke my  
Daddy it just made me upset  
Made me a man shit I was five  
When God gave me my test  
Go to court with a court appointed  
And he won't say object  
Now it's you against the state  
And you ain't got no cake  
Jail overpopulated they ain't got no space  
I know a youngin' that got murked  
Ain't get to drive no Wraith  
But he in hearse on the way to church  
I know his mom gon' faint  
When she smell like embalmment fluid  
Cologne all on her baby  
Pastor said he sendin' you home, she goin' crazy  
When they drop that casket all in the ground  
Who gon' save me?  
How could you blame me?  
When I'm tryna stay alive and just survive  
And beat them odds  
When niggas die by twenty-five

When I stop fearin' for my life  
When I decide to change my mind  
And stop tokin'  
Tryna smoke the pain away  
They lock us up for smoking  
Put 'em on probation  
Lock you up if you ain't perfect  
Victims of the system  
Like a rain drop in the ocean  
They closin' all the schools and  
All the prisons gettin' open  
Yeah  
See comin' from where I come from  
We had to beat the streets  
Beat the system, beat racism, beat poverty  
And now we made it through  
All that we at the championship  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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