Who You're Around (feat. Mary J. Blige)

Meek Mill

One Night I prayed to God
I asked could he please remove the enemies from my life
And before you know it I started losing friendsSomebody who you're around wants to clip
your wings and shoot you down
But its okay to keep enemies close
As long as you know,
just make sure you know who you're aroundY'all was like my brothers
I considered y'all as folks
And I remember nights sipping liquor making toasts
Talking about the life, trying to get it slinging dope
Niggas say I changed, but you niggas changed first
And fuck all this money nigga, we was fam first
Looking at me ballin, know that instagram hurt
Cuz you was supposed to be that nigga in that damn ghost
I would have rolled for you even in the same herse
Same cemetary, burry me in the same dirt
We had a plan, but I guess it ain't work
"B.H we straight," that was the motto my nigga
I got rich first, you was supposed to follow my nigga
I'm gone
Somebody who you're around wants to clip
your wings and shoot you down
But its okay to keep enemies close
As long as you know,
just make sure you know who you're aroundAnd Dat Nigga Lil
Shit I can't believe you (not you)
That's what that syrup and that weed do?
And when I came home I tried to feed you
And every song I was yellin free you (Free Dat Nigga Lil)
And if you bled I was down to bleed too
Now when I ride by I breeze through
I don't even stop, ain't a need to
And you the one that left nigga, I ain't leave you
Shit got realer, niggas got richer
I said the money train coming, niggas missed it
I even tried to spin back around to come and get you
But niggas wanted more from me then my own sister
Somebody who you're around wants to clip
your wings and shoot you down
But its okay to keep enemies close
As long as you know,
just make sure you know who you're aroundThey want more than my mother

More than Omelly, and that nigga like my brother
Greedy motherfucker
Crazy thing about it, I don't hate em, I still love em
I might have said things, I never said fuck em
But I'm a live my life, get the money, ball hard
Still sending earned money for his calling cards
Rick ain't complaining, he got life behind bars
And he still calling me, bet you he ain't calling y'all
Cuz none of y'all niggas ain't send him shit yet
None of y'all niggas send him pics yet
I'm still writing money orders, sending big checks
And remember when it rains, niggas get wet
GoneSomebody who you're around wants to clip
your wings and shoot you down
But its okay to keep enemies close
As long as you know,
just make sure you know who you're aroundI still love niggas
But its like we just grew apart
If you don't grind, you don't shine
Half my niggas still around, and we all shining hard
Gone
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