

Wins & Losses

Meek Mill

You have to eat the dream
You have to sleep the dream
You have to dream the dream
You gotta touch
You have to see it when nobody else sees it
You have to feel it when it's not tangible
You have to believe it when you cannot see it
You gotta be possessed with the dream Yeah, any weapon formed against us shall not prosper
Young nigga started with oodles and noodles, now we eating lobster
As I walk through the valley with my ladder in flex
I'm the realest nigga in it, I just happen to rap
When they all thought we was finished, they was laughing at that
So I went and bought me a Dawn and flipped that hat to the back
Fuck 'em
New jewelry, new whips on the way now
Brr, brr, that's yo bitch on the way now
Mama told me if you fall, never stay down
Stand up nigga, I can never lay down
Wins and the losses, it come with being bosses
Shoot a pussy nigga in his head if he cross us
Take that shit to trial if the feds making offers
Five hundred thou', Louis said we lookin' awesome
Swap that Patek for them cuffs, take them off us
Lil' bitch, call me lil' fish
Niggas tryna turn my lights out, it's still lit
Streets calling and they said they was some real shit
Young bull looking like he hit a real lick
I got too many foreigners, man this shit getting borin'
Half a milli' last week, you would've thought I was touring
Niggas tried to count me out, I guess they thought I was normal
They ain't know I was different, I'm like "Lord be my witness"
'Cause we was fucking up them dishes in my grandmama kitchen
Killed a pigeon thought the vision, break it down on my niggas
Fuck they opinions why would I listen, they ain't see the vision
When I had a foreign I ain't see them bitches so I'ma ball on 'em
Magic City, let it fall on 'em
And all my niggas stayed down with me
Know I be there if they call on me
Yeah, my nigga back from the [?], he made it home in a week
Even my momma know how I'm rocking, I go on them streets
Glock .40, keep it on me, we rolling 32 deep
Bulletproof everything, just let me know if it's beef, we bring the war

I just wanna shine like my rollie
Put in all this time that they owe me
Made it to a nine and we litty
Dropping 62s like we Kobe, oh
Pushing the foreigners, drive through the trenches
Top of the food chain, head of commission
We breaking niggas without permission
Never was personal, it was business
Brrr, settle down, let it settle down
Couldn't tell me shit when I was broke, fuck they gon' tell me now?
I'm running round, got a gun that hold a hundred rounds
If it was "Fuck them niggas" then it's fuck them niggas now, fuck 'em!
Never change on my roll dawgs
'Bout that Cain bang them thangs like we O-Dog
Walk up in a dealer and I pull that rolls off
These niggas said I wouldn't make it like I told y'all, ahh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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