

# Shine

## Meek Mill

Wasn't for this music, I'll prolly be dead  
Instead I'm on top and I'm countin' this bread  
Sittin' in the mansion, could've been in the feds  
Drop top even with a price on my head, woah  
It's no roof so they can see me shine  
No roof so they can see me shine  
Only a matter of time  
It's dedicated, put it all to the grind  
It's no roof so they can see me shine, woah  
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I was born poor, but Ima die rich  
Ridin' in the 7 like I'm Pac in 96  
Still rockin' with the clique I had to grind with  
Went to war, flip nickels and sold them dimes with  
Yea, I used to sell nicks of reggie nigga  
I get the chills every time that lil' confetti hit us  
North Philly skinny bull but I'm heavy nigga  
They switched sides they was never with us  
And petty niggas wanna mention my name  
To get acknowledged  
Hoppin' that we act like a fool and get in violence  
I'd rather kill 'em all with success and give 'em knowledge  
Then throw it all away for a sucker cause we the hottest  
My momma crib big as a church I'm bein' modest  
No sleep puttin' in work that's how she got it  
Bout it bout it I started grindin' when niggas doubted  
Now I got it I'm drippin' in diamonds a nigga got it that's gangsta  
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It's no roof so they can see me shine, woahOut in Hollywood trying not to get caught up in it  
Struggle was brought up in it, hustle, we gonna get it  
This one is for my youngins going to school with corner niggas  
Don't get caught up in that boxing corner nigga  
Times changed, it's feeling like live niggas versus corny niggas  
They building more jails I'm warning niggas, shots fire  
Momma crying, traumatizing their mourning niggas  
Them cops killing us like it's war with niggas, it's on with niggas  
I did shed so many tears at that corner store  
Man I spent so many years at that corner store  
I see my niggas disappear at that corner store  
When they was sleepin' we was there at that corner store  
Ya and we was eating at the corner store  
Coppers catch us and they beat us at that corner store  
Shit we was toting on them heaters at that corner store  
Cause they was plotting tryna leave us at that corner storeWasn't for this music, I'll prolly be dead  
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Whole city came out just to see me rhyme  
Started off in Impalas now its DB9  
In the Aston like he James Bond  
Who he think he is?  
Diamonds dancing all on me doing the stanky leg  
I hear them whispers niggas talkin' what they think he made  
Think what you want you gon' think I'm paid  
Shit he balling I don't think he saved, shit all I did was [?] and pray  
I got young niggas in the grave  
They got murdered by a nigga that got bitter ways  
They don't give a fuck about us put us in a cage  
Let us out with that parole man this shit a maze  
RIP to Snupe, RIP to Scooter  
RIP to Dex told him I could be his shooter  
I tell Snupe they don't love ya they just want to do ya  
You see that truck that's the feds watchin' not an UberWasn't for this music, I'll prolly be dead  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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