

God Did Freestyle-Meek Mill Lyrics

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“God Did”

[Intro]

I don't even know why these niggas even be tryna count me (Brr, brr, brr)
I'm too unpredictable, haha, shit too easy
Yeah

[Verse]

When the teacher asked me who had raised me, said, "Them streets did"
(The streets)

They underrated me, never paid me, but them streets did (Them streets)
Who brought the billionaires to the hood? Gon' tell you Meek did (That's
me)

Who bringin' real niggas home for good? Gon' tell you Meek is (Know that)
Yeah, that's 'cause my mama taught me different

I got people prayin' for me from all religions

Never turned my back on Jigga, and every time he talk, I listen

But I got so much murder on my mind that it be hard to listen

Billionaires on all my vision (Billi'), PTSD startin' to kick in (Really)

It was a blessin', I invested, my tats is out the kitchen

Told my niggas how to catch it, flipped and gave 'em opposition

Still be out in Philly, where they drillin', and I'll call them niggas

'Cause I come from the dark side, I don't make it, cops gon' slaughter
niggas (They will)

Now I gotta feed my family, bring my sons and all our daughters with us

I don't even need no Grammy, I'll put a check printer on the corner with us
(On the what?)

My first song I ever dropped, I'm still performin' nigga (Shit I dropped)

On the tenth year, Banshee, Fifth Ave', I'm in fifth gear

Bitch bad, ask for twenty racks, I'm like, "Bitch, where?"

You the type get around them rich folks, start to get weird

I'm the type get around them rich folks, I'm tryna split chairs (Split em)

I'm so sincere, I do not live in fear (I can't)

Give me a Glickie with a switchie and we in there (We out)

It cost twelve-fifty to hit your city, I had it lit there

I was fuckin' with the street niggas, I had hit the baddest bitch there (Facts)

And I'm humble when I meet niggas, I don't ever lie, 'cause I've been there

(Facts)

Killed my homie at seventeen, I don't ever lack, I know ain't shit fair (Facts)

I was down bad, I had to sit there (Sit back), and just wait it out

Nobody in my hood ain't go this far, I had to pay this out

You pussies really think I came this far to let y'all hit me out?

I'm slidin' through the trenches, bulletproof car, they can't even take me out

Woah, sittin' at the bank, like I was stakin' out

Teller think I'm trippin', I need ten milli' cash, tryna take it out right now, miss

(Right now, miss)

AP sittin' pretty on my brown wrist (My brown wrist)

Okay, pray my fam' forgive me, I had lost it and found it, I lost it and found it

Once I seen it, got around, they counted me out, but they miscounted, king

They counted us out, I start findin' about

Bitches slime in the South, niggas lyin' about, mmm (Facts)

Like, what you slidin' about?

Don't stand for nothin' then what you dyin' about

Just seen my man died on the Gram, like, what is you cryin' about?

Why get this famous when you know that MJ died in his house?

Off them yerky's, I ain't perfect, but I ain't let nobody hurt me

And I'm from Philly, I do the servin', no, I ain't let nobody serve me

You wanna cook somethin'?

Youngin tryna go, I told him "Show me somethin'"

He'll take your plate if he know you ain't standin' over nothin' (Brr)

Floss had the Rollie, I thought I'd wait until I go or somethin'
Invest in twenty million, I ain't even waitin' on no show or nothin'
I'm still maxin', real shooters with me like the real Maxey (Bling)
I was at the game, I let Tierra hold my real Patek
Had it in my pocket, I let her rock it, 'cause her hair match it
She know how we rockin', we been live since Lauren's Air Maxes
My hood like fear factor
Switchie ripped his face off and left his head damaged (Brr)
Preacher preachin' at the view, he be givin' out weird answers
Talkin' about, "God Did," and niggas want revenge after
I'm talkin' 'bout throwin' spins at them
I come from the bottom, take your loss and get your wins after
And on mine, no grind, and I take a squad and get my Benz after
Make a hundred million dollars and still go get my friends after
And that don't go for everybody, just the only ones that bend backwards for
me
I will never sell my soul for money like I'm Kanye
It's crazy I used to bring you on my cell house on lock day
Famous bitches got my idols lookin' at me sideways
I don't need no verses from you niggas, I did it my way
