

# Meanwhile (feat. Don Trip & Young Dolph)

## Starlito

Only time will tell  
Offer these niggas too much time they gone tell  
Only grind by myself  
Couple lines of the lean and liter (any my heater)  
Ain't trying to take a L  
Took a loss  
Then I learned  
What I bought bitch I earned  
Fake rap niggas steady lying to themselves (nah)  
Couple nights ago my fifth time making bail  
Took my FN  
Got my nine in my belt  
No GPS help me find myself  
Look inside my heart  
All the kindness then left  
Eyes all dry  
And crying don't help  
Winners won't quit  
That's why I don't fail  
Yea  
And I know all about being fucked up  
Won't nobody give you nothing  
Call it tough love  
No joke  
It'll break a nigga spirits when you broke  
That the shit that taught me how to hustle  
Meanwhile  
The bills still coming  
I ain't got enough money  
I can feel it in my stomach  
I ain't chilling till a nigga get a million every month  
You ain't with it  
Man there ain't nothing  
I can feel it yeah it's coming  
Meanwhile  
The bills still coming  
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My balls and my word  
That's all I have  
I don't trust shit  
You can fault my past  
The money bring temporary friends and hoes  
I've been through them all and it taught my ass  
Dirty as the tires and the rental I'm in  
All that work and I never clocked in  
Can't do nothing but shake my head when I think about all of the money I spent  
2% tint on that black 550  
If a nigga come get me  
He gone have to die with me  
AR15 short enough to ride with me  
I'm too rich to catch the bus  
But too broke to buy a Bentley  
Second thought I could've bought two  
Still getting three or four for a walk through  
I lost money, lost friends, lost love and love ones  
No wonder I got lost screws  
Blowing smoke in the air  
I got P's everywhere  
Woreseome ass bitch won't stay out of my ear  
Woke feeling like the player of the year  
I put the syrup down  
Po'd a glass of Belvedere  
You ever been fucked up (Nigga hell yeah)  
That's why I go so hard on these fuck niggas  
Meanwhile I'm looking for a stash house in Bel Air  
I'm fucked up in the mental  
I don't trust niggas  
My childhood was a wild hood  
Niggas getting murked in our hood  
This life that we living nigga this shit ain't all good  
Four grams of that super cookie in my backwoods  
Jewelry box full of gold but I use to play them up  
Pull up in the hood and all the bitches want hugs  
If she roll the weed good I'll buy the bitch a pair of Uggs  
Still jump out on the block with my niggas smoking blunts

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>