

# Believe It (feat. Rick Ross)

## Meek Mill

Let them niggas have the Grammys, we got the streets  
We rich already and my chick the baddest This Rollie like my trophy, young nigga When they  
needed motivation (What you do?)  
I gave 'em hope  
When my nigga needed money (What you do?)  
I gave him dope Every time we went to war (What we do?) We gave 'em smoke  
Fiends was copping, I was broke  
Fuck that shit, we gave 'em soap  
They forgot we gave 'em hope  
I would spend time on that corner trying to stack me a hundred up  
Strapped with that Glock with on my hip shit the coppers was running up  
I look at these niggas and I can tell they are not one of us  
I ride in the back like a nigga that can't ride the front of the bus  
They had it segregated, bulletproof Caddy, I escalated  
Stepped up in my game like a escalator  
When you shine like I shine, you get extra haters  
Seen 'em ride with the fake and I hesitated  
"Wait, these niggas serious?", or maybe Meek Milly delirious Judge had to sentence a nigga, no  
period  
I'm putting fear in these niggas, ain't sparing these niggas I cut out your head with a hair on the  
trigger  
Try to reach for my chain shit I deal with you niggas  
I end one of you niggas, had the paramedics screaming, "Clear", on you niggas  
Uh, back in the Phil, we gon' get to the money and stack up that dough 'til it way up  
'Member them bitches? They played us back in the day like a Sega  
Now I got paper, young nigga doing so major  
Niggas is hater, look as they faces  
Yeah, we still balling, bitch, it's the Chasers I gave 'em hope  
When my nigga needed money (What you do?)  
I gave him dope  
Every time we went to war (What we do?)  
We gave 'em smoke  
Fiends was copping, I was broke  
Fuck that shit, we gave 'em soap  
They forgot we gave 'em hope Uh, look at the money and stack it up I talk about it, I bag it up  
You popping shit on your Instagram  
Shit that you're popping ain't adding up  
Shit that you're popping ain't making sense I got fifty reasons say you're taking dick  
And it's fifty reasons I should kill, nigga  
But, for real, nigga, I been taking trips with my Philly niggas Got the richest chick, she's from  
your hood  
Niggas hating on me, I ain't really tripping, shit, I'm good

I be in the 40 with the .40 on me like I should  
I be deep in your hood where you never be at  
Be with them guys that you never could dap You could never adapt  
You know the game, if you cosign a rat, you forever a rat  
We were never with that  
You tried to go "Money" May with that paper, but now you in debt cause you never was that  
Fuck is you high? You know better than that  
Mention my name and Berettas with that  
I move for real in these streets, in the world with that piece I'm like Metta with that  
Fuck what you heard, I'm a get mine out the curb  
I'm a just sit back, I'm watching 'em serve  
How niggas, they didn't ride the wave and they surf  
I'm on my surfboard, this what I worked for  
Mention my name, the shit your get murked for  
Shit you get robbed for, shit you get killed for  
Shit you get carried boxes into church for, oh I gave 'em hope  
When my nigga needed money (What you do?)  
I gave him dope  
Every time we went to war (What we do?)  
We gave 'em smoke  
Fiends was copping, I was broke  
Fuck that shit, we gave 'em soap  
They forgot we gave 'em hope

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