**MEEK MILL**

**“OTHERSIDE OF AMERICA”**

[**LISTEN HERE**](https://meekmill.lnk.to/OthersideOfAmerica)

Smoke coming from it

Description automatically generated

**CREDITS:**

*Produced by Butter Beats and Shroom*

**LYRICS:**

(Donald Trump)

What do you have to lose?

You’re living in poverty

Your schools are no good

You have no jobs

58% of your youth is unemployed

What the hell do you have to lose?

(Meek Mill)

Reporting live from the other side of America

Mama let me sip the 40, I was just a shorty

Then I started spittin’ godly, and they said ‘record me’

I feel like this shit was for me, this shit just my story (facts)

Yeah, uh

Jumped off the porch

I got a Porsche, won’t take it back

I’m on the block with the killers and I’m holding my own of course (yeah, check check)

I seen my mom and dad separate, ain’t talking divorce (talkin divorce)

Said daddy was livin’ by the fire, and he die by the torch (check check)

I’m where the AKs is, we like the Bebe’s Kids

Ain’t have a daddy, I listened to suckas the same way that Ray Ray did

I’m totin’ smithens and HKs and I just was a grade A kid

Ain’t have no god and we grew up with hittas and did everything they said

Pullin out the block, we spinnin’ that

Run in the spot, we gettin’ that

Give us some work, we flippin’ that

I’m hitting from jail, they ain’t hittin back

I need a lawyer, money for commissary

And nobody ain’t sendin’ that

I’m in my cell like “when I get out, I’m makin’ a movie, no Cinemax” (who!)

Yeah

Back home and I’m fresh on bail

Phone chirpin’ it was next in tell

Block poppin’ it was extra sales

Big dogs they ain’t showin’ remorse

I was beggin’ just to catch a sale

Same block we was goin’ to war

I was prayin’ I ain’t catch a shell (check)

We was starvin’ for a thousand nights

Livin’ like we tryin’ to die tonight

Gloc 40 sound like dynamite

I was fuckin up my cop money

Sellin’ soap like it’s China white

OG’s said “you fuckin’ the block up”

I was mad I was tryna fight

N\*\*\*\* we hungry

Mama at work, daddy he dead

N\*\*\*\* we lonely

Stomach growlin’ like an AMG, goin’ to bed

We hungry

Uzi on me, all my friends are dead

N\*\*\*\* we lonely

Reporting live from the other side of America

Reporting live from the other side

Same corner where my brothers died

Livin’ like we ain’t got care

Told my mama I ain’t dying here

40 on me I ain’t buying beer

Ain’t have a will, now I’m flying Lear

Bunch of felons on the jet with me

Make a movie like it’s Con Air

Started off in the basement

Now it’s rooftops and LeBron there

Still fighting open cases

Out on bail, n\*\*\*\* but it’s my year

Summertime it get cold out

Heater on me like a Montclair

Closet bigger than my old house

Thinking ‘bout it, I was fine there

Came out the dirt

Dedicated, I was makin’ it work

Medicated I was takin them percs

Devastated when my n\*\*\*\*s got murked

Educated, had to get to it first

I knew trappin’ it would get me in jail

Playin’ with pistols it would get me a Herse

But I ain’t give a fuck, send me to church! (who!)

They gotta kill me in traffic

I ain’t with none of this rap shit

I’ve been tryna run from these caskets

All of this pain that’s in me n\*\*\*\*

You don’t want none of this action

Go get some money and feed the fam

Cause this is a fuckin disaster (check)

We was starvin’ for a thousand nights

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Reporting live from the other side of America

(Meek Mill)

I always dreamed to be on CNN to be able to express myself and speak for the voiceless young men of America. The first step I would say: I grew up in America in a ruthless neighborhood where we are not protected by police, we grew up in ruthless environments, we grew up around murder, you see murder, you see seven people die a week, I think you would probably carry a gun yourself. Would you?

(Michael Smerconish)

Uh, yeah, I probably would.

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