

# Amsterdam

Rick Ross

Maybach shit!  
Cameras in the ceiling, Céline on my arm  
We get Ghosts, you already know what it is  
Money stuffed in my bag  
Maybach shit!

Bright lights and dark corners, it's night embark on us  
Refugees running wild Wyclef with a Sig Sauer  
Nothing to lose, I was starving from the start  
Now the same cat drive in Jaguars  
Open fire when you see me yell out and make em whisper  
The club that I'm a member, they'll be gone by November  
Keys to the city got killers who slither with me  
Lamborghini, middle of the ghetto, smoke a fat fifty  
Billionaire bid, wrists on chill  
Standing in the field of dreams tryna see a hundred mil  
These boys going blind, they just happy being free  
In a world of so many I just wanted me a key  
Sheesh! I just wanted me a piece  
Slice of cheesecake before my niggas all deceased  
These boys snort lines I'm fine just sipping wine  
Amsterdam in the air, tomorrow on my mind

I'm Barry Gordy to the streets  
With a kilo set that boy up in the piece I wanna be there when each one of my kids born  
Raw blood, hundred acres each to live on  
Real nigga to the day that I'm deceased  
Even then I pray I'm living through the beats  
Dope boy, you can tell by my sneaks  
Burning Amsterdam green where it falls like a leaf

Born in the bricks with the short end of the stick  
Always running late, quick to show up with your bitch  
The Hublot's cool but my Terminator's foolish  
All stainless steel, quick to match it with my tool and  
Red carpet event, the marijuana be lit  
Red or blue, do you, as long as you're getting rich  
Crack game, champagne, kilos on the stock exchange  
Rolls Royce, new Ghost, that's a nigga pocket change  
These niggas acting like they want a war!  
When it come to whacking niggas I done won awards  
Nigga, you a bitch, where yo Honda Accord?  
I'm riding in some shit only I can afford  
Shouldn't claim the hood til you build a report  
Amsterdam state of mind: I just gave you a tour  
I'm laughing at the people who label me poor  
Now I piss on Europeans, you'd think it was porn

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I'm speaking on unwritten laws - the code of the streets  
I'm not the type of nigga that you bump into at a 7-11 and just pull your pi  
stol on him  
And do what the fuck you want to do  
Niggas like me, you gotta get permission homie!  
And that could take a long time!  
In that time, I'ma handle my muthafuckin' business...  
Ruugh! Ruugh!

It's the Red Light district, nigga this Amsterdam  
Wherever the fuck I'm at  
It's a no go  
We green-light, you bitch niggas  
Rozay!