

Outlawz

Rick Ross

You have the gun, I'll take the wheel
If you say "Go", you know I will
And though this love has its flaws
(You are now listening to AraabMUZIK)
We're forever outlaws
Maybach Music

You messed around but I forgave ya
Why do they still want me to hate you?
'Cause if I'm choosin' to forget it
Why can't they just mind they business?
'Cause I'm stuck, stuck like glue
'Cause I can't, I can't, I can't stop lovin' you

I wanna see my dawgs on the mountain tops
Them niggas only ballin' when they album drop
I got a line of cars wrappin' 'round the block
And livin' better than these rappers rappin' 'round the clock
I built a golf course and a car porch
Since everybody askin' "Where your cars goin'?"
Mozzarella, now its only tall cheddar
Most dope boys been a Paul Bearer
Package the product then you pick it up back in Bahamas
Talkin' them dollars, how I touch it, come off as a profit
You leave ya pistol home then you're own your own
'Cause lil' one when it's on, they gon' do ya wrong
See you noddin' off on that fentanyl
If you're not a boss, boy, don't get involved

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Woah, woah, woah
Life full of VVS diamonds and bad choices (21)
Young nigga dreaming bout TEC-9s and Porches
It's cold, I keep my hoodie on (My hoodie on)
Glock 45, ready to get my boogie on
You pussy niggas panties showin'
My bitch say I talk in my sleep
I start park, drive and put it in reverse with my heat
Pistol talkin' back, I think I heard it cursin' at me (21)
It say "You better not fuck a bitch or write a verse without me" (On God, Go d)
The streets left me scarred (Me, scarred)
Nigga, I'm bleedin', but it's concrete showin' ('Crete showin')
So the karma don't catch up with me, I keep goin' (Keep goin')
Better come and get ya bitch 'cause she going (She on go)
This that straight drop, straight drop
All these other niggas re-rock (21)
Call my 9 Jada, she kissin', nigga, D-block
Know some niggas out on the West, they reppin' Tree Top (On God)
These niggas still talkin' like bitches, I pray that shit stop (21)
I don't wanna hear yo' opinion about what's hip hop (21)

30 hangin' off of my bridges, nigga that's hip-hop (On God)

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Yes, uh
They callin' it pandemic, when it's really life
The only way to separate the men and mice
Until you seem successful, you considered roguish
That's why you seen that nigga pull up in a Lotus
He got the 40 on him, up against his colon
Standin' in the club and know them niggas rollin'
We all got a purpose and my people servin'
All got some work in and I'm speakin' murders
Still be countin' funds until my fingers purple
Prayin' for your mother, but'll still hurt ya
Smokin' on a bag that I got from Berner
The bottles all black and that bitch a earner
Soldiers wavin' flags when they see the colonel
If you see the flash, then it don't concern you
Huh

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