

Quintessential

Rick Ross

My paint wet, my bitch bad
Straight mastermind, yo' rich ass
My cup full, full of that pink shit
So shut your fuckin' mouth, fuck all that weak shit
This MMG shit, MMG shit
She fuck my whole squad, she MMG bitch
Just got that G-Wagon, I'm just so innovative
We came for the money bags, so fuck your invitations
This calls for a celebration, Bel-Air celebration
60 hoes in the basement, nigga covered all the bases
Jabbar gave me a quarter, I sold it on the 1st
I took it to my mama, "here go get what you deserve"
Mob ties, Genovese
Money trains, centerpiece
We started at the bottom, until I got a bird
I pull that pussy card, that was all ya heard
Haan, haan, haan

My whole life been based on that pimp shit
Haan
No movie, just money, real pimp shit
Haan
More cities, more bitches, real slick shit
Haan
My Maybach it matches my outfit
That pimp shit

Keeping my tool, this shit so cool
Rule number one, ain't no rule
Swallow my lines, follow my grind
Rich white bitch with a bottle of whine
Word to the wise, word to mine
Bird a fly, certified, murder eye, dirty die
Never had black but she heard of my
D O Dub, I done it all, 20 years I bang a ball
91 I had a Lexus nigga
Ate seafood for breakfast nigga
Caught a few cases in Texas nigga
Do kushups 'til my chest get bigger
I press a nigga 'til I get it all
Real shit bitch I really do ball
I am the west to y'all
Taught y'all how to invest in ball
Best of all, took it on a chest for y'all
That's why I get more than the rest of y'all
It's bad enough I entertain
Add it up, gangbang
Gat 'em up, slang cane
Bag it up, same thang

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Titty one, titty two

Haan

See these are essentials, essentially speaking quintessentials

Haan

I bang it all, I dust it all, I smoke with all my dawgs

I bang it all, I dust it all, I smoke with all my dawgs

My paint wet, my feet chrome

Fuck boys hey, but they sing along

The real niggas admire

Success makes you inspire

Nigga came from the jets, I just hired a pilot

Bitches feeding me fruit