This Me

It's ?
Well acquainted with all the ? and all that shit
It's Ricky Ross the rich boss

Wet bars on the boat, wet broad money low Real like Scott Storch all from the coke Maybox were a dream now it's all real It's hard to get sleep layin next to five mil I'm still gettin chips I call 'em the guce bumps Yeah Alexander vision I'm buildin like two Trumps Steppin guce bumps I'm the main event We got a pocket full of game brain it made me ten Six bitches numbers on the same yacht Now that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction You see it these niggas livin of the past I ran a hundred miles but I did it all with class Hands of glass wrist all glass Real on heron how long will the Cristal last Champagne pours celebrate the curse Hover above the laws with the mercy of the lawyers

This me nigga It's me nigga While we do our thang give me six feet nigga Better take a picture this is history nigga I'm busy gettin money you can't miss me nigga This me nigga It's me nigga While we do our thang give me six feet nigga Better take a picture this is history nigga I'm busy gettin money you can't miss me nigga

What's worse the ? from your homey Tables turn fast I told you not to fuck me Tony Started with the dishes ending with the digits I had to cross friendship it's rules to the business All the time with a sister like Gina Beauty salon dream got the keys and the beamer On the way to cheetahs pointing an army Land my spaceship with the spoilers only

Seen the UFOs, FBI, ATF, let 'em know how a nigga ride Fo-fo and fo-five and six fo's Half a pill two dime six hoes I need a slice of the pie fo five six As I throw my dice in the sky Head crack nigga Bread stack nigga Convertible Bert yeah I let my hair back nigga

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Rick Ross

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Lamborghinis and Maseratis for mediocres When the beats over back to the street, soldier Call cold shoulders mike make me bring the heats over When the beefs over might see the peach rover We eats but we try to reach each quota No soda Rolls roller one on her Rodeo eighty gram one coda Louis Vuitton bright sides don't want 'em

They trippin I'm drippin in Tiffany stones Get a mop, Peter prop, I'm livin it homes Chauffeur I blow purp and no skirts Four chains I'm puttin down with more work

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