

## 2 Shots

Rick Ross

Baby we can get lifted any time of day  
(Cause the drugs baby)  
Cause the drugs get me feeling some kinda way (oh yeah)  
Oh hell, here we go again, we did this last night  
Two shots, pour Belaire or the Blue Dot  
Two bad bitches blowing smoke on my blue top, yeah  
Damn you just completely reminded me (reminded me)  
When you're leaving they feeling some kinda way  
Oh hell, here we go again, I'm just tryna stay alive  
Two shots, floor niggas shooting through your rooftop  
Who got popped, young nigga tone two Glocks, yeah

I just wanna hold your had, sip me some Champagne, love, that's it, you heard?

Suckers for love, yes, I've heard it before  
Show them my hustle which is such an incredible source  
Stumble through the boutiques, always watching my step  
Credit Cards in my name, she swipe them, I sign them myself  
Trust is a must, never letting you down  
Got her selfies with Beyonce, this is Destiny Child  
Won't answer my calls after I gave you my all  
Before I shed a tear, I thought I'd just write you a song  
Rewrite all my wrongs, or recite you a poem  
Knowing you're leaving but the question is, "Where are you going?"

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Shawty was a dancer, hustle was her answer  
Get in where I fit in, mid-town Atlanta  
Bags and boots, baby girl wanted those big things  
Parking lot in magic City, said she was sixteen  
Don't let them stop you baby, they can't knock you baby  
When you winning is when they wanna say she not a lady  
Hold your bag in the sky, all those bitches respect it  
Now run home to your nigga, make sure that head is perfected  
Never seeking acceptance, reaping my blessings  
Fat mob figure, black Bob Dylan  
If the pussy good it's hard to stay and on Twitter  
If you want it, she ain't got it, get on your job nigga

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Your opinion, I don't care  
And my niggas we show up and it ain't fair  
Killing these niggas for real  
Shades on but my vision's so clear

And I do this for my niggas that ain't here  
Tell me 'bout I got two bad bitches to myself, oh  
And I can't wait to get alone  
She playing games with you, probably cause she with me nigga  
It ain't 'bout the fame dog, it's about the figures niggas

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