

Ashes To Ashes

Rick Ross

Smoking and ride
And I ain't trying to hide it
We will get high tonight
Cause I am hooked on a feeling (ah ah ah aaaah)
Yeah I am hooked on a feeling
It's nothing but the best straw last drop
Make you feel like you can fly
Do you do you do you
Do you wanna fly tonight?

Opa-laka airport talking G6
It's me baby girl straight G shit
No disrespect but really you ain't see shit
To your 40.000 feet with a weekend
I once got a chance to fuck a stewardess
Hit her from the back fly over New Orleans
She was gorgeous name was Dolorous
Father was a lawyer mother was a florist
Rose petals turned into YSL
So, ghetto but she turned me into jama shell
Bad bitch I am talking up in town
Couple nigger she always fucked around
But the bond that we share nothing would compare
When I bought my first beamer I swear that bitch was there
Side on the line say boy a couple stacks
Down payment and even all cover the tax

It's all or nothing not to kill niggaz
It's a full time job not to kill niggaz
My bones so bless all the real niggaz
So, many houses stress fo' real niggaz
I was on when my haters turned to ashes
dead N gone, with her passion
Am I wrong? Never kissed no asses
With and one is the reason we run the streets and take care of your home
N niggaz betta put tee's first
Bad karma layer niggers put me on work
Fuck harvard N volunteers that wanna appear first
Old charges, shorty she want it her titties done
With a certain doctor
New apartment in the innercity, smokin out
I'm gonna atleast gonna atleast smoke an ounce
I left this shit, niggaz not affraid to tell
Come and work for the boss, You know I am paying well