

# Don't Like

Rick Ross

Yeah

We came in Anguilla  
More money than you ever heard of  
Gotta master the art of living young nigga  
Ain't never think id get this much nigga  
Let man explain it to them  
Oh Lord please don't stop baby

I seen a home boy die in cold blood  
Eyes rolled in his head weren't no love  
His mamma sold pussy that it was a fiend  
He from a place where niggas don't believe in dreams

Niggas snorting potty get your head right  
Get your dick sucked sitting at the red light  
Now you catching cases, talking home invasions  
How you get upon how the fuck you playing  
Can't be playing games on the home field  
Open up like a God on that dome peel  
We ain't had shit when we went to school  
Now it's flat screens up in every room  
Nigga do the math, got you full of crap  
Tub full of money, candy on the slat  
Teflove underneath my fresh tag  
Bellhobble walking out with 40 bags  
I can fuck a model for an autograph  
8 cars, still make her call a cab

Shout out to Def Jam  
Shout out to Waner Brothers  
Shout out to Dope boy, we all need each other  
I'm in Anguilla, I'm smoking killa  
We run the game, pussy boy go cry a river

A fuck nigga, that's that shit I don't like  
A snitch nigga, that's that shit I don't like  
A bitch nigga, that's that shit I don't like  
Sneak disser, that's that shit I don't like

(This Chicago, nigga!)

They smile in my face is what I don't like  
They steal your whole sound, that's a soundbite  
The media crucify me like they did Christ  
They want to find me not breathing like they found Mike  
A girl'll run her mouth only out of spite  
But I never hit a woman never in my life  
I was in too deep like Mekhi Phifer  
In that pussy so deep I could have drowned twice  
Rose gold Jesus piece with the brown ice  
Eating good, vegetarian with the brown rice  
Girls kissing girls, cause it's hot, right?  
But unless they use a strap-on then they not dykes  
They ain't about that life, they ain't about that life  
We hanging out that window it's about to be a Suge night  
Free Bump J, real nigga for life  
Shoutout to Derrick Rose, man that nigga nice  
Shout out to L-E-P, Jay Boogie right?

Chief Keef, King Louie, this is Chi, right? right?!

(Young Chop on the beat)

Fake Gucci, that's that shit I don't like  
Smoking on this dope, higher than a kite  
This bitch gon' love me now, she gon' let me pipe  
Screaming Sosa, that's that nigga that I like  
I don't want relations, I just want one night  
Cause a thirsty bitch, that's the shit that I don't like  
I got tats up on my arm, cause this shit is life  
And I stunt so much in clothes, cause I'm living life  
I come up on the scene, and I'm stealing light  
Bitch I'm high off life, got me feeling right  
Bitch I'm Chief Keef, fuck who don't like  
And bitch we GBE, we just go on sight

I done sold purple, I done sold white  
Running outta work, that's that shit I don't like  
She never let me hit it, she gave me dome twice  
She blowing up my phone, that's that bitch I don't like  
Nah, jean jacket with the sleeves cut  
Put the pressure on 'em just when they think that I eased up  
Thirty for the Cuban, 'nother 30 for the Jesus  
Believe in ourselves when nobody else believed us, suckas