

Finals

Rick Ross

{M-M-M-M-Maybach Music}

We them niggaz at the park, we just wanna ball
Sellin dope to get a car and don't know what it's called
Niggaz foul but the referees don't get involved
It's the finals and my dogs came to take it all
With the her-ron, nigga I'm LeBron
Quarter milli for my car and that's on the Koran
You runnin wit' me nigga or you better run
Two times for you pussies 'cause you KNOW who number one {M-M-M-M-
Maybach Music}
Bitches all on my dick, is it all on my cars?
They say my Audemar sick, just bought a healthy Chopard
This a ten million flip, so nigga fuck what'chu talk
Hundred million off the rip, the definition of boss
She can tell how I'm ballin, that I'm just gettin started (Uh!)
Yeah, I took an advance, put twenty keys in the projects (Uh!)
Had to school my lieutenant, how to make my deposit
Niggaz DIE everytime the chopper come out the closet
And I pride myself, I'm gettin money in the streets (Whoo!)
I ride myself, I'm the one you gotta see
I bring it straight to your do', do you like it Manolo?
When you flashin that money, them people flashin ya photo
Know I'm FUCKIN these broads, 'cause I'm flashy as FUCK
Five live-in maids, my crib nasty as FUCK
F-Five live-in maids, my crib nasty as FUCK
F-F-Five live-in maids, my crib nasty as FUCK

Uh! My money on another level
Uh! My money on another level
Uh! She fuckin ordinary niggaz {M-M-M-M-Maybach Music}
WHOO! Yo' bitch be fuckin ordinary niggaz!!

Hatin with dem bitches, that's a flagrant foul
I'm posted with that China white, the smokers say it's Yao
A nigga play, I want his head, I'm talkin eighty thou'
I tell my shooters go get 'em, they gon' make a cow
Ridin in the Wheels of Fortune, then I made a vow/vowel
I will never let these rapper niggaz take my style
My dogs karate chop them bricks, and then they take a bow
Throw a banana in the AK and I make it smile
R-R-Rah! BLAOW! Blake Griffin on these niggaz
Rookie of the year, this ordinary shittin on these niggaz
And I heard that they be hatin, I ain't trippin on these niggaz
Make it rain on all 'em hoes and have it drippin on these niggaz
Yeah, L-Lou' Vuitton kicks, they my ball sneaks
(WHOO!) Thirty pair of Michael Jordans' what they cost me
(WHOO!) L-Lou' Vuitton kicks, t-they my ball sneaks!
(WHOO!) T-Thirty pair of Michael Jordans' what they cost me!!

My track got umps, jumpin 'til it need a crutch
Got birds flyin 'round like Mr. 23 himself
You wanna eat, I got the food, nigga come and see the chef
We ain't playin by the rules, put the toolie on the refs
Scored a foul line nigga, payin high by the high now
When I get the [?], only three numbers to dial now

Skunk screamin loud, tryna speak a whole sound now (Uh!)
My heart so hard, the cookie need a powerdrive
(WHOO!) I'm triple A: arrogant-ass attitude
(Uh!) I live down south, right down the last avenue
(WHOO!) This the dead end, gotta kill to fit in (BOOM!)
So papi I can move it, if he can bring the shit in
LeBron's 501's white tee, hood rich!
I got cheerleaders too, and er'ryone a hood bitch
And a whip the color YAYO, AND that muh'fucker foreign
Whi-whi-whip the color YAYO, AND that muh'fucker foreign

We gon' call this "The Finals"
'cause I can have yo' ass finalized
UH! We 25 million up nigga, Double M-G untouchable
Fuck boy, fuck boy
Fuck boy, still a fuck boy
We gettin money nigga, we gettin money nigga
I see you runnin nigga, I see you runnin nigga
They don't want it nigga! They don't want it nigga!
They don't want it nigga! They don't want it nigga!
We 100 nigga, we 100 nigga {M-M-M-M-Maybach Music}
100 million... Uh!