

Florida Boy

Rick Ross

It's all this here for a young Florida boy
Where we play football and sell dope, man
Gold rims and sticks, seven trays, no tops, ya dig, candy paints

Yo
Gold rims, good dope, make a wonderful summer
Heard I was a genius, when it come to the numbers
Do it for the young fathers, still signing the lease
And all the hustlers who got somethin' in common with me
If I got the keys, then it's a car I'ma keep
When I line her up they say I remind 'em of Meech
Shootouts in Miami, can't spend no time on the beach
Do or die, get a plug, I got a hundred ki
Brought her to Florida, she fell in love with lobster
Then I bent the corner with a couple drops
Get your money, let's reward ourselves
Life a test and every day we got so much to fail
Told you the world was yours, now you in a cell
Center of attention, now you by yourself
Always did the shopping, now you're on the shelf
Next time you see your daughter, bet her heart'll melt
Pray for your niggas, if can't do nothin' else
Pray you see the bigger picture, look at momma health
Wake up, nigga, wake up
Let down the top, nigga that's your pay stub
It's hard as hell for this Florida boy
Home of young niggas killin' with no remorse, with no remorse
Home of young niggas killin' with no remorse

Yeah, bitch, I'm a Florida Boy
73s to them AMGs, now we rollin', boys
And my momma raised me, FLA paid me
I beat all of them cases, I'm on
Bitch, I'm a Florida boy
Old school, big-ass rims, sittin' like Tonka Toys
I got a Florida state of mind now, I be on my grind now
Let my niggas shine now, they on

I could've been a student, my mind was polluted
Project unit nigga, I could smell all the raw sewage
Told myself, "Time to go do this"
Sidelines, can't be switching up like I'm Ray Lewis
For the young niggas watching, I'm rocking my jewelry
Turn it into franchises as you maturing
Jonny Dang seen a lot of chains
Substituted for them days I miss my father's face
Wake up, nigga, wake up
All these politicians need they face cut
Beefing with niggas you went to school with
Easter Sunday at church, prayed in the pulpit
I'm rocking Rollies with homies I made some moves with
I'm buying homes for the woadies we toted tools with
Quit acting funny, get money, and fuck some new chicks
Or get buried with niggas you broke the rules with

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I ain't gotta hate no nigga, I just keep on winnin'
(Call me a Florida boy)
My bitch'll pull up in the Chevy, you can't keep up with her
(Call me a Florida boy)
You ain't gon' hit me for no lick, bitch I keep it on me
(Call me a Florida boy)
Top down by myself, but I'm never lonely
(Call me a Florida boy)

See I ain't really finna have remorse for ya
This ain't a Maybach but my Audi A8 seats go way back
They go way back
Studders on the Cutlass
I'm a golden nigga what
Livin' like the OG slime peanut butter
Nigga gotta eat I'm, talkin' to the Last Supper
I'm Jordan in this motherfucker, puttin' math numbers up
Project baby street life when I'm a customer
Yeah that's what I'm accustomed to
Boy a young bull come charging when he running you
We ain't over there public houses like we growin' too
But it's still a struggle so you can't get too comfortable
'Cause niggas see that money coming and they try to come for you
But they don't know that this famous shit mean nothin' to you
Still keep a gun or two and I still dump the truth
Crawl 'fore I walk, started running then I fucking flew
Livin' like The Huxtables, but still eatin' Lunchables
Yeah, and we ain't even leave the porch
We do this shit for Florida, I was rich before touring
Thor, standing on my ten, got it out the floor
Been jumped off the porch
Since 14, I had a lawyer
Hit a lick in a stolen car with no headlights
I'll stop at the Wing Stop, but not the red light
I killed the whole DMV, no star shit
Got it off credit cards, shit, yeah, larceny
It was back in 2015, me and Baby linked
But I'm just a type of young nigga, listen 'fore I speak
I'd be flaw to say Wayne ain't influence me
I don't play both sides, nigga, I keep it too G
I apply rules and shit like the rules to the skreet
Whacking niggas and jacking niggas for hoes snatching jewelry
I'm a Haitian boy, I'm draped up in Cuban link
Haitian but I'm draped up in Cuban link
I swear we ain't even need the hook
They gave my dawg a long sentence, he can't even read a book
Sniper Gang Music 2, yeah Sniper Gang Music 2
The whole Tri county
I love the Tri county, but I hate everybody