

Imperial High

Rick Ross

The imperial
You know?
(Maybach Music)
Ugh

Money through the roof, it got it falling through the sky
Got me counting money on a Percocet high
Perpetuate petty niggas awaiting my demise
Noose around my neck, you think a young nigga kind
Lookin' deep into my eyes, you wanna see me rise
Who was born commitin' sins? You better watch the signs
King of all kings, black Rothschilds
One nigga from the South a get you crossed out
So fuck where you from and fuck what you sold
Watch how you come or watch how it go
I diss who you fear 'cause I knew they'd fold
And now I'm richer than them niggas, I could do the most
Money through the roof, it's falling from the sky
Counting money on a Percocet high
I watch how you speak, I listen to your tone
The watches that you wear, this different time zones
Crispy calamari, tears for the foes
Murder undercover strip from your clothes
Coupes for the curbs, suicide doors
Suits to be served for the drug lords
Clubs full of haters, tips for the waiters
Body count, AK-47's made us
Bal Harbour shops, ninety in a knot
In Design District, boy, you see me at the top
Collins Ave, get the coco from the coast guard
Coast clear, let's reward the ones who cook raw
Dolce & Gabbana buttoned to the neck
Still hoping that Your Honor let the jury rest
It's buttoned to the neck
Praying that Your Honor let the jury rest
All I wanna do is watch the ship float
As the sunset, I'm talking big dope
Money through the roof, it's falling through the sky
Spent two hundred for the coupe, they wanna shoot inside
Fuck wearing vests, I knew they wouldn't fit
I'm too slow to run, that'd get me flipped
They want me broke but a nigga rich
I'm talking real money, and not just nigga rich
Rap beefs'll get you niggas buried back east
At least, bitch niggas better act easy
I bought the restaurant, she sold your metaphors
I held my niggas down, you hit the panic doors
I'm not impressed by the paintings on these niggas walls
But will he really draw when in amidst the war?
I do it for my homies up against the ropes
Twenty years in this, talking to a ghost
Money through the roof, it's falling through the sky
My homie in the pen' until the day he die
I put it on his books and give it to his wife
He told me not to visit and to live my life
Money through the roof, it's falling through the sky
All these broke niggas gotta run inside

Goyard luggage, I just wanna fly
I pray my niggas get to see that other side
Hundred bricks a boy out in St. Croix
For the big belly ass rude boy

Wah'Gwan, Double M-M-G, man
(Maybach Music)
Chaa, brrt
(Hahaha)