

# Made Men

Rick Ross

Two door Bugatti coupe  
I call it Katy Perry  
Wiz Khalifa papers  
Smoking my favorite berry's  
F65 I call it Rihanna  
It got a red top but it's white like Madonna  
Made man, you hear what I said  
Having a slumber party all my bitches counting bread  
Made man, also known as Papi Chulo  
And I'm running straight up in the culo  
My wrist always on frio, call me chilly chill  
Super head and super head, and I really will  
Californication, Motivation in my pocket  
Got on my blue Dickie, shout out my nigga Rocsett  
Still smoking sickie, it ain't no other option  
Not for made niggas and I'm never stopping  
I raised the bar, I set the standards  
My yayo, Usher Raymond, that bitch just keep on dancing

Dollar bills on top of dollar bills  
That's all I'm throwing, if she wont her momma will  
Made niggas, talking a lot of skrilla  
8 digits a nigga tryna live

Made man, you hear what I said  
I got a hundred squares  
If you scared, called the feds  
Made men, I'm screaming dollar bills  
Park the trunk on the Porsche  
There they go, Dollar bills

Riding round the city, plastic cup of Henny  
Find a nigga like me, truth to be told, I don't know many  
I say shout my driver Lauren, that's 62 with curtains  
Cant see shit, I don't know where the fuck I'm at for certain  
When it boils down, I'm just a T.O nigga  
But bitches tell me that I look just like a creole nigga  
New Orleans know it's love, everytime I'm in town  
Shout out my nigga 'Tez, thats my brother my round  
Spending tomorrows money, I call it manana  
Off the rack just aint my style, I call it designer  
One of my baddest women ever, I call her Rihanna  
But that's cause her name is Rihanna!  
I'm in the condo just posting watching Miami kill  
I might just walk to the arena and watch it for real  
Ashes to ashes, me, Rozay and Khaled  
Smoking bull riders, shit moving slow as a ballad  
Tattoo on your ass, it'd be nice if you show me  
I'm buying bitches furs, Mike Tyson, Naomi  
I've got the right to do it, it's only right to do it  
Love me some head, and I love a woman that likes to do it  
Still love my team, ain't no other option  
Not for made niggas and I'm never stopping  
I'm Damon Wayans, just know that homie don't play that  
You know we running my nigga, Young money, Maybach

Black panorama, I call it T-Pain  
I got my autotune, that bitch insane  
Got my revolver too, I call it Ving Rhames  
You still a baby boy, we doing big things  
Street niggas, you hear what I said  
I got some bad news, Jabar back in the feds  
Facing twenty, he just did a dime  
Been out a year, look like he finna ride  
Genocide, these people killing time  
Throw you in a hole, you must be penalised  
Soon as you see success, haters reinvest  
Miami guns drive, half a million nothing less  
Raised the bar, I set the standards  
My yayo Mc Hammer, that bitch just keep on dancing  
Michael Jackson, let it moonwalk  
Set it on the napkin, let it cool off