

## Maybach Music VI

Rick Ross

Oh, gliding through the city to my place (My place)  
It feels like we're floating up in outer space  
(And you can still) You can find me in my Maybach  
Listening to shit from way back (Maybach music)  
Oh, ha, Maybach Music

Flows mind-blowing, these niggas switching the topic  
All dick-riders, your label labeled 'erotic'  
You got a couple dollars, but really it's barely modest  
Couldn't sign me if you niggas was paying homage  
Playing both sides, convicted you with the verdict  
Pay a lil' rider, come hit you up for the murder  
Chains all hollow, I peeped soon as I heard it  
These niggas be talkin' shooter, but quick to send they attorney  
Is it really real? Candy Lady allure  
Money overboard, the kilos washin' ashore  
Pains on the boy, Versace down to the drawers  
Currency come in Crypto, you know they tapin' our calls  
Chariots and lofts, niggas legs crossed  
Talkin' long money, but they conversation's short  
New accolades with women for me to toss  
They call it 'the road to riches', regardless I had to walk  
Now it's too many cars, they say I live in a bubble  
But I make the point, we poppin' all through the summer  
Got the pilots and gunners, receivers, passers and punters  
My pockets playin' for keeps, G's get more than what's common  
I made a few mistakes, I pray I get to repent  
The passion came from the pain, I'm painting you all my sins  
Warhol, Art Basel how it's so soft  
More raw till Hova cut the fro off

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Let's go for a ride, to where your heart desire  
I put your heart in drive, I'll let you borrow mine  
My feet on top the clouds, I walk a thousand miles  
She got them soft pussy lips, call it cotton mouth  
And I'm on auto pilot, got a larger closet  
I'm at target practice, you at Target shopping  
Second hand smoke got her vision falling cloudy  
Her eyes get so watery, them bitches started drowning  
On the ride of a lifetime  
Watch out for the rats, mice, cons and the pythons  
So Triple H, my God, I'm so sky high  
Coming down from the night sky like a lightening rod  
Shine like some ice, nice fives like a kite flying  
No strings attached, we replace it with a lifeline  
Out of body feeling, out our clothes and our right minds  
Baby, ride me like a bumpy road to the high-rise, yeah, yeah

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