

# Murda Mami

Rick Ross

Yeah! Pussies don't get pussy  
Brooklyn (uh-huh)

Kinda short, dark-skinned, she a fly lil' bitch  
Be up in all them clubs spillin Dom P and shit  
Know the boy stunt, Jonathan Kelsey clutch  
Yves Saint Laurent fronts on her bags to the pumps  
D's love her aura, Balenciago fedora  
Lame niggaz bore her, struttin like she Kimora  
She'll take a kilo and stuff it up in the coochie  
Quicker than Ron, stash it between her coochie (ha ha)  
Breeze through the hood, niggaz treat her like a O.G.  
First bitch in the hood, with the Bentley Coupe GT (yes)  
Brooklyn is the team, Alexander McQueen  
Bustin down a bird and balance it with a beam  
Five five, slanted eyes, bitch walk is mean  
Mahushi Ron bracelets and Armani jeans  
They're called skinny, my bitch is like a rasta with it  
Black car, red bottoms, only mobster in it

It's like damn, bitch, niggaz lovin me now  
Oh-nine Bonnie & Clyde doin it now - whoa  
Murder murder, these bitches ain't never heard of  
Gettin money, gettin hurt up, impatient to leak them burners

Aiyyo Ross, send them bitches to the boss  
The blood claat flyest bad bitch in New York  
Y'all hoes better bow the fuck down and pay homage  
I'm ten million sold and that's SoundScan knowledge  
And all y'all rat bitches sound garbage  
While me and Ross like the hood version of bombings  
Bars give me style like when you steppin in my  
The 38 special in my Chanel sock  
Now I got the llama and Ermet's dark  
Word to sly swifter fox who above me?  
Say hello in pumps, Nickelus Curt with that bomb  
So ladies raise your glass to this man song

Money ain't a thing, just look at my pinkie rings  
So many numbers in the bank, shit could never be the same  
Tall four Velours, withdrawals by Michael Kors  
And I watch a pretty penny I'm talkin hundred or more  
My critique for 'leet, not for the cheap  
And my money in the street way longer than my receipt  
Dealin with the money, no (Monie) all (In The Middle)  
I'm dealin with opponents, they gettin riddled  
Box niggaz up, on the ropes  
Louis sneakers, Louis luggage, the colognes and soaks  
Smellin like money, my body tattled with hundreds  
Oh-nine Bonnie Clyde, gotta live with it like uh