

# Murder Mami

Rick Ross

Yeah, pussies don't get pussy  
Brooklyn

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 fonts on her bags to the pumps  
D's love her aura, Balenciaga fedora  
Lame niggas bore her, struttin' like she Kimora  
She'll take a kilo and stuff it up in the Gucci  
Brick of that raw, stash it between her coochie  
Niggas treat her like a O.G  
First bitch in the hood with the Bentley Coupe GT  
Brooklyn is the team, Alexander McQueen  
Bustin' down a bird and balance it with a beam  
5'5", slanted eyes, bitch walk is mean  
Boucheron 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 niggas lovin' me now  
'09 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  
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Ayo Ross, send them bitches to the boss  
The bloodclat 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 rap bitches sound garbage  
While me and Ross like the hood version of bombings  
The bars keep me stylin' from Giuseppe to my Blahniks  
The .38 special in my Chanel stockings  
Now that I got the llama in the Hermes duffel  
Word to fly silver-fox Kieselstein-Cord buckle  
The Dries van Noten pumps, Nicholas Kirkwood platforms  
So ladies raise your glass to this mad song

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Money ain't a thing, just look at my pinkie rings  
So many numbers in the bank, shit could never be the same  
Tom Ford Velours, my drawls by Michael Kors  
And my watch a pretty penny, I'm talkin' hundred or more  
My Patek Philippe, 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 who owe me, opponents, they gettin' riddled  
Box niggas up, on the ropes  
Louis sneakers, Louis luggage, the colognes and soaks  
Smellin' like money, my body tatted with hundreds  
Oh-nine Bonnie & Clyde, gotta live with it like uh

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