

Nobody's Favorite

Rick Ross

Big blunts still burnin' in the black big Benz
Bad bitch suckin' dick 'bout to dent my rim
Duffle bag full of hundreds, let her spend my tens
Khaled told you pussy niggas, "All I Do Is Win" (Another one)
Rolex full of boogaloos my dogs in the pen
I'm fuckin' with a bitch, then she gotta be a ten
Diamonds on her neck (Neck), diamonds on her wrist (Wrist)
I put diamonds in her mouth 'cause there's diamonds on my dick
I got diamonds on my hand (Hand), diamonds on my chest (Chest)
G5 nigga, twenty thousand, I done made a mess
All the feds takin' pictures so I pose for the hoes
Got the Phantom in the front, shooters at the backdoor
All the strippers know the tippers, very big difference
Got a gold chain swingin' in my name eight figures
Time to let your soul glow with a hundred bullet holes
Now you screaming' to the Lord, why them boys do you wrong?
'Fore I paint the picture, better read the scripture
Here come the grim reaper in a pair of black Dickies
Life is such a dirty game as you walkin' through the flame
Stackin' all the bodies as they callin' out ya name
See me at the new arena, best seats at the game
Haters still send subpoenas, but my snipers got a aim
Sell a lot of records not the money that I made
Other bitches that we fucked 'cause we share a lot of names
All the jewelers give me watches 'cause they wanna take a picture
I be movin' all the product, my new house is on the river
(My new house is on the river, my new house is on the river)
(My new house is on the river)
My new house is on the river so I had to buy a boat
Better yet it's called a yacht
I was then labeled a Boss for the yayo that I copped

You know I was raised to be a killer but I grew to be a hustler
Beg your pardon, say you're sorry, I don't argue with the customer
(I don't argue with the customer, I don't argue with the customer)
(I don't argue with the customer, I don't argue with the customer)
And I got two bad bitches and they cryin' for the white
Played the cards in my hand right, they dykin' by the night
Call the plug, bad news, tell his story till it's borin'
Sounded sketchy and he know it, I don't care I need my coin
And that's word to this dud, and I ain't lyin' on my groin anytime
Get in line like a rhyme in a poem, white lines in my foreign
Hit rewind on the porn, that's your main
She my side, couple times paid my bond
Got a thousand eight grams of that glitter, come and get it
Getttin' bands of the yams, fuck the fans on the Twitter
Fuck the 'Gram stop playin' white grams
I get rid of white bitches suckin' dick
I'll leave a class on her sweater
While I mash on the pedal talkin' shit to her
Tell her that I'm mad that I met her
Bitch, don't ever put your head up
Got the smackers on call slidin' bare face and all
No shells, so well done I let 'em take the vault ?
Three C's, two M's, one G up in the Benz
One liter of the lean, ya main squeeze up in my lens
(Ya main squeeze up in my lips, ya main squeeze up in my lips)

Fake liter of the lean, ya main squeeze up in my lips

I was raised to be a hustler but I grew to be a killer
I be movin' all the product, my new house is on the river
(My new house is on the river, my new house is on the river)
(My new house is on the river)
My new house is on the river so I had to buy a boat
Better yet it's called a yacht
I was then labeled a Boss for the yayo that I copped
(Maybach Music)