

Supreme

Rick Ross

I just left the New United States, embassy
Somewhere in Georgia it's 109 rooms
I saw 30 bitches and 30 rooms and I was on the wrong side of the house⁴

Anytime me and Scott Scorch get together you gotta call this the Illuminati
Whenever you see the G it represents God and geometry
That's what the extensive for
I'm a tell you never be with them
Nah, I'm just fuckin' with you
Aye, Scott, I'm just fuckin' with you, baby
Yo

Speeding in the Ghost on the phone with jewelers
My new bitch out of D.C., call me Ricky the Ruler
Gotta gather my concentration while counting my stacks
I got eight car notes and just lost me a pack
On the beach, I'm up and down, women jocking my ride
300 horses in this bitch, need a jockey inside
False floors for firearms is how you should ride
Tried to murder me while in mine so that's how I survived
My deal with Def Jam just set me for life
Wanted to chapel the BM, man, I'm just rolling the dice
Big numbers, I'm John Wall, I'm balling tonight
Just joking, my sense of humor is like one of a kind
Got them gangstas who on my line that'll blow out your mind
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Tell me it's real
Tell me this is real, baby
How does it feel?
How does it feel?

Liberace on riches and bitch
Charm ciy boys get a whole city of brick
Through the wire we wetting niggas, set the shit on fire
My bitch smiling I wanna bet, now we on fishing isle
Peddle mari- with Tony Jacob, BK's full of paper
Made a killing on Martin Luther, James Earl the shooter
My niggas, we grew apart, they joined the rival gang
Caught them slipping, gave them a pass throwing pistols at surviving gang
Next time boss gotta turn his back on 'em
Letting young boys (brrrrat) on 'em
Facts, never find me with the fake look
Trapping little Davis, bitch, just take me to the cakebook
Black bottles, boy, that's how our case of ace look
You cheating on me, hitting homie, nigga, Facebook
She hitting on me than a motherfucking Facebook

Tell me it's real, I wanna know
How does it feel, yeah, how does it feel?

Clean-made diaper, you filthy as shit
They partitioning for the women, how busy we get
From the scotch, the large mop, bet the linking feel
It's all a dream and never wake me up until it's real

Duffle bags, that's for the homie when he coming home
He never told and he never used the telephone
He on swole and that nigga need a telephone
In a Range Rover and a real nigga got it for him

You wanna know how does it feel
I know, I bet it must feel so real
Tell me it's real, I wanna know
How does it feel to be so real=

You know when hanging with billion dollar niggas
One of the perks is getting to meet all these billion dollar bitches
I just met a bitch who never gets jetlag
I spent 10 thousand dollars on her best bag
You underdig that