

# Tears of Joy

Rick Ross

Smoking the best spliff in a brand new Benz no I'd on the track let the story begin. begin...

Lookin in the mirror but I don't see much  
Staring in the streets so I don't sleep much  
Watching the snakes so they don't creep up  
But the way I'm gettin dis money niggaz cant keep up  
U niggaz cant keep up  
Niggaz got beef but it cant be much  
I'm still walking through the crowds like I cant be touched  
Top back all black Gretzky puck  
Ice skater little later might let me fuck  
Damn, she might let me fuck  
Last night I cried tears of joy  
Wat did I do to deserve this  
Vacheron on my wrist a year ago  
I didn't even know that bitches exist  
Quarter milli for the motherfucker  
No insurance on a motherfucker  
Ain't life a bitch, but you gotta keep her wet  
Keys open doors so I gotta keep a set  
Everybody knows I'ma a lot of people's threats  
Biggie smalls in the flesh living life after my death  
Yesterday I read my horoscope  
Tell me lord will I be poor and broke  
Tell me lord will I be dealing dope  
I wanna take my momma to the pocanoes

Goodbye  
To all the loved ones i leave behind  
At least they can't see me cry  
And i ask when someone wants to be me, why?  
Thought having everything would ease my mind  
If you could read my mind  
My god, I'm scared  
I have tattooed tears of joy

Last night I cried tears of joy  
What did I do to deserve this  
Young rich motherfucker still uneducated but dammit a nigga made it  
GOD damn a nigga made it cremated in the church lord knows I'm blessed  
5 different lawyers so you know I'm stressed  
A punch in the face get you 300k  
Ask glad now he back making minimum wage  
Another victim of my criminal ways  
I wanna walk in the image of Christ  
But that bitch vivica nice  
And I'm still swimming in ice  
I'm just living my life  
I'm just living my life  
Lease a Lamborghini for your pussy rate  
Life is just a pussy race  
Snatch a bitch take her back to your place  
Next mourning I can tell you how the pussy taste  
I got expensive taste

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Last night I cried tears of joy  
What did we do to deserve this  
Not to dwell on the the past but to keep it real I gotta represent for Emmit  
Till  
All the dead souls in the field  
Lookin at my rolly its about that time  
White man had a problem wit mine  
And we suppose 2 be shy? (shy, shy)  
The revolution still applies  
Probably still on the rise

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