

# White Lines

Rick Ross

You're Rozay  
You got the perico?  
(Maybach Music)  
(Maybach Music)

I hold my head up to the sky while she be snorting white lines  
I just roll a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky while she be snorting white lines  
I just roll a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky, she snorting white lines  
I just hit a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky (To the sky)  
I just roll a blunt of mine

I may pull up in a Porsche (A Porsche)  
Or may ride up on a horse (On a horse)  
That's what you call a fuckin' boss  
I know you see and smell the smoke (Smell the smoke)  
But that's the way I choose to float  
But you could do just what you want  
Silk shirts and gold ropes (Gold ropes)  
But how we move, stay on the low (On the low)  
She wanna hit the Cali slopes, I'm in that old-school bendin' corners  
Police can smell the marijuana (Marijuana)  
But they respectin' my persona

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I just roll a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky while she be snorting white lines  
I just roll a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky  
I just hit a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky, she be snorting white lines

I flew her here to take her shoppin'  
My credit card done got it poppin'  
I put that pussy in my pocket  
Cartier bracelet and locket  
We like to film it, then we watch it  
Tell your friend 'come join the party'  
You a freak and I'm a prophet (A prophet)  
Painted the Chevy doo-doo chocolate  
I drop the top and let 'em watch the living legend out the projects  
The coolest bitches in the party (In the party)  
We got 'em fucking in the lobby

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I hold my head up to the sky while she be snorting white lines  
I just roll a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky  
I just hit a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky (To the sky)  
She be snorting white lines  
(Huh)

Virgil sent me some sneakers suckas never seen (Never seen)

I'm out in Paris spending cream, the Eifel tower's on the list  
Of place the Mrs.' never seen (Never seen)  
For Louis V I'm still a fiend, flip a brick and make a wish (Make a wish)  
The DNA to be a king (Be a king)  
Your favorite rapper facing liens  
Come and get a hit of this (Hit of this)  
My closest homies call it clean (Call it clean)  
And I got your just what you need

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I hold my head up to the sky while she be snorting white lines  
I just roll a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky  
I just hit a blunt of mine  
I hold my head up to the sky (To the sky)  
She be snorting white lines