

Rick Ross

SpaceMan Zack

Yeah, uh uh
I got the sauce bitch
I'm a young boss

I don't care what it costed
You take the loss
I'ma just rock it
Pockets gettin' fat real fat Rick Ross

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I'm a young boss

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Yeah I got the sauce
I don't got a job
I've been gettin' money
Give a fuck about a boss
Pull up in a floss

Got a girl on a line
I ain't picking up a call
She just want to talk
I ain't worried about that
Pull up in a whip
Put the money in a bank
Come back to the club
With the bottle in the back
Everybody outside trynna party with Zack
Need a rack for a verse
Two for a [?]
Get off my dick
I ain't your motherfuckin' friend
Got a bitch in a black dress comming with a friend
Then they telling me they love me
I don't really beleive that
I don't really beleive that
I don't really beleive that

I don't really beleive that

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