

## **Rick Ross f/ Dre**

### **"Boss"**

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[Chorus]

Run how you want, boss  
Chill how you want, boss  
Floss how you want, boss  
Do whatcha like  
Go rock your chain, boss  
Pour that champagne, boss  
Keep getting paid, boss  
Do Whatcha like  
Ross, la la, la la, la la  
Do Whatcha like  
Ross, la la, la la, la la  
Do Whatcha like

[Verse 1]

As I'm poppin' my collar, black on black antique impala  
She ain't gotta speak cause my speakers let her know  
that I'm ballin  
They call me the boss, I be calling the shots  
It's Ricky Ross, that boy be ballin alot  
That boy be ridin' big, that boy be ridin' rim's  
Not the flats but the fish cause they just swim  
New York to the west, you a boss if you fresh  
Scuff your shoes, wipe 'em down  
Now get back on your two step  
Stunting is boss  
Shining is boss  
Grand daddy kush, or the purt, yellow diamonds is  
boss  
That dime a boss, She fine as a house  
And she driving a porche, She designed for a boss

[Chorus]

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Do Whatcha like

Ross, la la, la la, la la  
Do Whatcha like  
Ross, la la, la la, la la  
Do Whatcha like

[Verse 2]

I'm ridin' big, I'm hoping lanes  
My chevy thang, Got this chickens all insane  
Look at my stones tap dancing on the bezzle  
Bad baby at the rollie, lap dancing and wanna kiss me  
Oh no, cause of my chain  
Cause of my bling like a peacock standing on my ring  
Cause I'm a boss, I'm a spend it  
I'm a floss, I'm a winner  
You the loss, all these niggaz  
Sprinkle soft cause I'm the pepper and the salt  
Whatcha feel, whatcha like  
Whatcha want, what's your type  
I done seen it, done it twice, bought it up the same  
night  
Cause I'm a boss, its Ricky Ross  
If you buy, if you spend it, fuck the cost  
You's a boss, You a boss

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Before the block got whipped  
And they Pistol got ripped  
Before you got any chips  
You got permission from the boss  
On a mission for the charts, out-smart my competition  
Composition so sharp, so dark ,so vivid  
26's on the old school  
Pro tools session  
Got the old school ho's  
Acting brand new sweating  
Brand new tennis chain, fancy pockets on my jeans  
Headed for the walk dude, fore' they win him on the

stage  
Two a day, super pay  
Stupid brain from a model  
Triple c a hundred deep  
And everybody got a bottle  
Got a bottle full of purp  
Full of work, no leachin'  
Blew 50 last weekend, if you looking for a reason  
I'm the boss

[Chorus]  
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