

Rick Ross f/ Fat Joe, The Game, Ja Rule

"Mafia Music"

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[Intro: The Game] Yeah! Maybach Music! Born again
we livin [Verse One: The Game] Who stack cheddar
better than the rat killer That nigga that bust gats
quicker and he throw back liquor The mafia way, toast
it up like Sopranos And when it's snowin, I push it like
pianos Back in the Lambo like I was born with it
Makavelli prophecy shoot up the car I'm goin with it
From the cradle to the grave on these twenty two's
Before I take my last breath I let the semi's loose If
there's heaven for a nigga with a crucifix So much ice
in it, mix the O and Gin and Goose with this B-O- double
S that's my nigga Ross! And I'm his Cali connect, cause
I can get it 'cross Used to put ducks in the bathroom
watch that bitch float Couple years past now it's keys on
the big boat Take a shortcut 'round the Pacific Throw
the acre in Atlantic that's mafia livin [Verse Two: Ja
Rule] Guess who's bizack? Yeah, nigga you guessed
Who shot ya, I spit murder, the music is mafia The
swag's incomp-arable, but that just's comparison
Impossible, like yo' dead-on move And I drip off the
spoon, infectious to hoods And one cold afternoon,
you'll get shot at your home Now +I Smell Pussy+,
pussy got lips But it don't talk to me, that's why you my
bitch And you on my dick (ah-ha!) 'Cause I fucked ya up
once, fucked ya up twice And you still talkin shit
('PREME, NIGGA!!) What must I do to get through to
you? Curly, get off my dick, 'fore that ch-ch-ch-chi-
chopper Get ta pah-pah-pah-pah-poppin off of niggaz
that been mouthin off Read in between the lines when
you hear me talk Go and get out of line - this is Rule
York [Verse Three: Fat Joe] Thug nigga 'till I die, and I
ain't even try See the murder in my eyes, nigga, fuck
the other side I don't give a fuck! I will burn your jheri
curls Yayo is his bottom bitch, Banks is a girlie-girl
Don't worry 'bout Whoo Kid, Macho smacked his face in
Lighty threw the towel and begged Pistol not to drape
him I meant (?), don't let me catch Nelson I done spoke
to God, man, He can't even help him, help him Big up --
to Maybach Music! Got them choppers man, don't
make us use it! Hits out the park, they call me Big Papi
Even if you shot me, you still couldn't stop me Still went

to Africa, still wore the big chain Where you got robbed at? Nigga, on the same stage! I say the shit that you can't say 'Cause I am not a snitch, I ain't bitch-made [Verse Four: Rick Ross] David beat Goliath.. "The meek will inherit the earth.." [Matthew 5:5] Deeper... Triple black Benz, Lord, forgive me for my sins I put hits on all you niggaz, includin some old friends Money come and go, but the trill will remain Bitch, I keep it real like I'm still dealin 'caine Realest shit I wrote and I put this on this quote Befo' I had a flow, I had a kilogram of coke Money on the flo', twenty homies on the books Fat mob boss but I'm runnin wit the crooks No need for a vest, that'll suffocate the flesh I'm Martin on the balcony anticipatin death (death!) Let the rifles sing, 'cause "I have a dream" My Coretta Scott-King in the tub fulla cream Pink champagne seem to take away the pain While the blue hollow points penetratin all the lames (lames) Money ain't a thang - bitch, that's a lie! It only controls every bitch that's alive Money manifests, haters gotta die (die!) Tia never +Told+ you that dat motherfucker rides Niggaz takin sides, crack smokin wives Crackin crabs at the tables, count the cash, crack the wine Snakes gotta feel it, beef never squashed (never) This time I'm embark on my Million Man March I'm unorthodox, name me the victor In the suite wit Shaniqua and that brain off the Richter Marquise knocks, Marquise stop Then I give him +50 Cents+, that's Marquise's pops I put a milli on it, pussy don't want it Show up in his hood wit the wolves by the mornin (Bang 'em!) Nigga, that's a gift, maybe you could live My music is the mob, it is what it is Strapped to a T, it's real as it gets Only boss gettin money wit the Bloods and the Crips Amen... [Outro: Rick Ross] Deeper than muthafuckin Rap, nigga... Once you crossed that line, hah... It ain't 'bout, North or South It's about money and power..riders and punksss... We know how the story goes nigga, contract killerssss... It's not a threat, it's a promissse... Money long as 183rd Street, nigga a/k/a Miami Gardens... Heh, you could make that list too, nigga.. AMEN!... {quoting Psalms 27:1-3} "The Lord is my light and salvation, who shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? My evil [doers] and foes come upon me to eat up my flesh, they shall stumble and fall... Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear... Though war I rise....and this I shall be confident" ...it's deeper than rap, nigga.. {Maybach Music} AHH!!

