

Rick Ross f/ Kanye West, Lil Wayne, T-Pain

"Maybach Music 2"

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[Chorus: T-Pain] Realest shit I ever wrote, chilling in my Maybach Whatever I send out, homey I'ma make back (back) Can you believe it, you gotta see it Cause I don't plan on going broke, put that on my Maybach Cause I'm in it to win now, niggas can't take that Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music [Kanye West] Martin Louie the King Jr, starting all that stunting is gon' ruin you If B.I. was alive, he'd prolly have the two-tone With the Grey Poupon, anything 'ye poop on Will explode, cause I am the shit and this is my commode Uh-oh there they go, talkin 'bout how your boy clothes extra tight I just remembered that my limelight extra bright I hit the strip club and girls get extra hype You hit the strip club and girls turn extra dike We know who not getting no sex tonight And a lap dance'll prolly be a blessing right So all the shit you talking, dead, coffin Like the weed, coughin, new crib, loft in Where it's at? Austin, Where is that? Texas What's in front? Benzes, What else? Lexus Well who's Maybach is this? Mr. West'es [Chorus: T-Pain] [Rick Ross] Boss Kush burn like petroleum, crib needs custodians Shades in all shades, these made irrodium Used to be the Oldsmo hoes call it oh lo Now I got so many horses bitches call me Polo 57 62* tell me how you wanna move Yea you know I got them both, beat your ass black and blue I was barely getting pretty women now I scoop Emmy winners like kitty litter Any winter Fendi denim like a slender nigga looking in the mirror I can see the real contender Selling reefer even Gregory I'm on my dinner so what the fuck is ya telling me other than your gender I'm a boss and I'm riding like a small vault niggas make your wheels and ride 'til they fall off Yea, Ross [Chorus: T-Pain] [Lil Wayne] Well alright! All black Maybach I'm sitting in the asshole classy as a mother still gutta like a bad bowl Benjamin Franklin on Ex how the cash room that's right the mills do like damn close I eat your meal too we don't feel you and we be strapping up like the Navy Seal do Sweet as banana split everytime I peel through fresher than Will Smith and Uncle Phil too Watching TV in the Maybach in traffic I'm on my feet like *Tough Actin' Tinactin* I'm

running this shit you should try tackling Lil Wayne in
one word, immaculate You see the Big, you see the Jay,
the Tu-pack in him The Kurt Cobain, the Andre Three
Stacks and then I'm back to doing shit like I do's in
Maybach music [Chorus: T-Pain] **57 62 are Maymach
models

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