

Rick Ross f/ LaTonya Givens**"Valley of Death"**

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[LaTonya Givens] If I could leave this place With a smile on my place I'd give up everythang Just to make you happy But we both know - oh, oh, oh! This ain't how live goes We could build our own world But the streets keep callin' me [Rick Ross - talking over LaTonya] The meek shall inherit the earth That's what The Bible says I need it! [Rick Ross] Walk like a giant, talk like a tyrant Faith of a mustered seed, destined for a triumph David or Goliath, hate me or admire Kush burns slow, as I chase my desire Embrace my empire - Batty Boy, eat fire! Guns like choirs, when they sing, "Keep quiet!" "Will I get to heaven?" Turn to Psalm 27 Lord knows when I see this +Monkey+, I'mma be The Devil Beat him 'cause I'm clever, beat him at whatever You never was a +G+ Nigga, +Unit+ mean together! New York unified, Down South love that When we got to shine - "Muthafuckas, where the love at?" Real niggas +Getting Money+, better log off Think the game's dead now? Now imagine when your dog gone, imagine when the song gone When you phone off, there's only one to call on! [LaTonya Givens] If I could leave this place With a smile on my place I'd give up everythang Just to make you happy But we both know - oh, oh, oh! This ain't how live goes We could build our own world But the streets keep callin' me [Rick Ross - talking over LaTonya Givens] I mean, if I die today I could honestly say Thank you, Lord! Thank you, Lord! Thank you, Lord! [Rick Ross] I'm bigger than a title, bigger than a name You could label we the biggest label in the game Put food on the table, fed the whole city Tell me who be the fool if The Feds come get me? (What?) Fetty isn't better, when you're called a trendsetter When world's so cold, hope you got a little sweater Caught a little case, but he had a little cheddar Played-out to fifteen, poured his life in a letter Very first line, he called Trick Daddy stupid Say he got AIDS, tellin' people that it's lupus Not the one just to jump to conclusions I'm getting money, small talk could be a nuisance Both chains, reminiscing to them nooses Sittin' on deuces, new Land-Cruisers (BOSS!) Who the fuck you callin' losers? You niggas lose it - look like you could use us!

[LaTonya Givens] If I could leave this place With a smile on my place I'd give up everythang Just to make you happy But we both know - oh, oh, oh! This ain't how live goes We could build our own world But the streets keep callin' me [Rick Ross - talking over LaTonya Givens] When I bought my first Run DMC vinyl And my first 2 Live Crew cassette I would've cried if I knew where I'm at today Took me forty minutes to walk that abide [Rick Ross] Call your boy a C.O., but if I really was When all these niggas undercover fuckin' niggas up? Keep it +Trilla+ - nigga, never had a gun and badge! Kept a nice watch, smokin' on a hundred sacks Back in the day, I sold crack for some nice kicks Skippin' school - in summer, friend stabbed with an icepick Young nigga, fifteen with three seeds From that very day, I carried on the three seeds Can't criticize niggas tryin' to get jobs Better get smart - young brother, live yours! Only live once and I got two kids And for me to feed them, I'd get two gigs! I'd shovel shit, I'd C.O. So we can bow our head and pray over the meatloaf I'm looking at the big picture Keep a bitch wit'cha, tryin' to get a bit richer [LaTonya Givens] If I could leave this place With a smile on my place I'd give up everythang Just to make you happy But we both know - oh, oh, oh! This ain't how live goes We could build our own world But the streets keep callin' me [Rick Ross - talking over LaTonya] I remember praying for... For me just to get the... The opportunity... To have a record deal And now I sound earnest Thank you, Lord!

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