Rick Ross f/ Lloyd "Street Life"

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[Chorus: Lloyd]
Ain't nothin' but the street life
That's money cars and hoes
It's the only life I chose
Street life , nothin' but the street life
They love they way I shine
This world is mine, all mine

[Verse 1: Rick Ross] Up early in the morning, got gold in my eye Got a 4-5 that'll leave a hole in the sky Sittin at this table, why, to take this {?} Music and the street life that's a whole 'nother side (riiiight) Hoes used to call me small time My clothes ain't know what to call mine No logos or no tags in it No polos 'til I started bag-gin' it Way before my first key My nigga E showed me How to parlay a Z (good lookin' nigga) I know my mama pullin' overtime Pocket full of dimes So I'm out here pullin' mine

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]
You can't close shop, not on my block
I'm 24/7 like IHOP
Came from the bottom to the skybox
Now a penthouse, you can call me Hi-Top
Hop up in the 40-40, got 'bout forty on me
Fifty grand in a band, I'ma roll it homie
Brick layin' cost 'bout another dub
Ten grand for a pound of the bubble bud
Twenty birds in a room down in Atlanta
I caught a bird, but the birds can't buy a camper
Just an example, by an ex-trapper
Dress the coupe in the shoes, now that's dapper

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]
Street life, sellin' dope, fuckin' hoes
Big E, smoke comin' outta nigga nose
Candy paintin' on the corner, sellin' everything
I'm on the move, I ain't called mama in a couple days
This life and nothin' will ever change that
I love the game and we'll never give the game back
We lost a lotta good niggaz in the game
But in the game, all the good niggaz get a name
I got a name, everybody don't die the same
Like all dope don't fly the same
M-I-Yayo, boy I buy them thangs
It's like the people want me to come fly the plane

[Chorus] - 3X

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