

Rick Ross f/ Nas

"Usual Suspects"

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[Rick Ross] Maybach music It's deeper than the verse,
baby It's deeper than the rap [Kevin Cossom] Doing a
150 miles and running Get up in my way, then you
know that I'm gunning Laugh about the dough but
really ain't nothing funny Getting rich in a rush, yeah
you know us We're the usual suspects, the real
definition of success Blowing money 'cause I can and I
love it From nothing to something You know us, we're
the usual suspects You know the boys on the block
trying to take us in Because we bringing all of that
paper in From nothing to something You know us, we're
the usual suspects [Rick Ross] 17, time to man up Feed
the fam boy, I put that on these canned goods All I got
was Diabetes and a damn ug People talking down,
calling me a damn scrub Young niggas, all you want to
do is roam free On your own feet, got to cook your own
beef I'm too cool for lame dudes that ridicule I laugh
while I'm doing laps in the swimming pool I don't owe
you niggas nothing Throw me two fingers when you
see a nigga stuntin' Black Philip Drummond, limousines
are the Hummer Penthouse suite, pretty beach, I call
her Summer Lot of homies passed, see them in the
future Running so fast, on the gas, never neutral Got to
keep a shooter while I'm riding in the 7 Higher than a
kite by the time I get to heaven [Kevin Cossom] Doing a
150 miles and running Get up in my way, then you
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trying to take us in Because we bringing all of that
paper in From nothing to something You know us, we're
the usual suspects [Nas] And still my talent is yet to be
challenged Had no jet with my own pilot, no blasting off
With Flex or DJ Khaled, my mom stressing college But
my crude sense of logic did allude to my empty wallet
Try spitting on a green tinted Accord Which could
mean a sentence up north where the homie was But
back then dough was like a whore that Goldie love, it

didn't exist And Officer Foley Cuffs was after my wrists
Was not Beverly Hills where we chilled Imagine this, the
Nazareth had to get from rags to rich I used to stand
on rooftops, with 2 glocks Figuring, how do I turn my
Timberlands to Crocs? Now reptiles was left out, I'm
'bout a watch, what is you thinking? Murk you, plus the
muscle that u bringing is nothing to me If you thugging
or fake and shanked on Cuban, shout out my Ricans
Dealt with all of you gangstas, to the roughest
Jamiacans and Haitians [Kevin Cossom] Doing a 150
miles and running Get up in my way, then you know
that I'm gunning Laugh about the dough but really ain't
nothing funny Getting rich in a rush, yeah you know us
We're the usual suspects, the real definition of success
Blowing money 'cause I can and I love it From nothing
to something You know us, we're the usual suspects
You know the boys on the block trying to take us in
Because we bringing all of that paper in From nothing
to something You know us, we're the usual suspects
[Rick Ross] If you follow physics nigga, money never
flow Meaning every day im living, try to stay afloat
Coming from a boss, I can predict a double cross
Handlers managing money they never come across
Aspen to Africa, magnamers numbers involved AK47s
singing winter, by summer you fall I dealt with broads
and those willing to sell they soul Over cars and
clothes, man I'm talking petty hos As my fetti grow,
fuck a feet of SpaghettiOs I'm club hopping in Cali,
shout out to Ariel Somebody dim the lights, triple black
tux Keyser SÃlze in the flesh, it's time to catch up I run
with niggas who destined to get a life sentence Get
they baby mama a Lexus for them nice visits My nigga
got a dub an love to do the push ups I got a million
cash, tryna get the kush up [Kevin Cossom] Doing a
150 miles and running Get up in my way, then you
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