

August "Tears Of Joy"

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[Rick Ross - VERSE 1]

Smoking the best spliff in a brand new Benz no I'd on
the track let the story begin. begin...
Lookin in the mirror but I don't see much
Staring in the streets so I don't sleep much
Watching the snakes so they don't creep up
But the way I'm gettin dis money niggaz can't keep up
U niggaz can't keep up
Niggaz got beef but it can't be much
I'm still walking through the crowds like I can't be
touched
Top back all black Gretzky puck
Ice skater little later might let me fuck
Damn, she might let me fuck
Last night I cried tears of joy
Wat did I do to deserve this
Vacheron on my wrist a year ago
I didn't even know that bitches exist
Quarter milli for the motherfucker
No insurance on a motherfucker
Ain't life a bitch, but you gotta keep her wet
Keys open doors so I gotta keep a set
Everybody knows I'm a lot of people's threats
Biggie smalls in the flesh living life after my death
Yesterday I read my horoscope
Tell me lord will I be poor and broke
Tell me lord will I be dealing dope
I wanna take my momma to the pocanoes

[Chorus:]

Goodbye
To all the loved ones I leave behind
At least they can't see me cry
And I ask when someone wants to be me, why?
Thought having everything would ease my mind
If you could read my mind
My god, I'm scared
I have tattooed tears of joy

[Rick Ross - VERSE 2]

Last night I cried tears of joy
What did I do to deserve this

Young rich motherfucker still uneducated but dammit a
nigga made it
GOD damn a nigga made it cremated in the church
lord knows I'm blessed
5 different lawyers so you know I'm stressed
A punch in the face get you 300k
Ask glad now he back making minimum wage
Another victim of my criminal ways
I wanna walk in the image of Christ
But that bitch vivica nice
And I'm still swimming in ice
I'm just living my life
I'm just living my life
Lease a Lamborghini for your pussy rate
Life is just a pussy race
Snatch a bitch take her back to your place
Next mourning I can tell you how the pussy taste
I got expensive taste

[Chorus]

[Rick Ross - VERSE 3]

Last night I cried tears of joy
What did we do to deserve this
Not to dwell on the the past but to keep it real I gotta
represent for Emmitt Till
All the dead souls in the field
Lookin at my roolly it's about that time
White man had a problem wit mine
And we suppose 2 be shy? (shy, shy)
The revolution still applies
Probably still on the rise

[Chorus]

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