

## **Rick Ross**

### **"911"**

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God forgives... I don't  
In other words, retaliation is a must!

I bow my head, I pray to God  
Survival of the fittest: help me hold my chopper lord!  
If I die today, on the highway to heaven  
Can I let my top down in my 911?  
In my 911?  
In my 911?  
In my 911?  
In my 911?  
Financial fanatic, 40 bricks in my attic  
400K in my baggage, 80 round automatic

You can't stop a bullet, this one for the money  
Secret indictments, Porsche costs me 200

Fuck all these broke niggas cause all I do is ball  
Ain't no more off days, my crib look like a mall  
Fired the stylist, went and bought a big and tall  
Niggas still scheming, we sliding on the mall!  
I remember picking watermelons  
Now the Porsche cost me a quarter million!  
If I die tonight I know I'm coming back nigga  
Reincarnated: big black fat nigga!

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Fuck your investigation, started my elevation  
Cherry red 911 straight to my destination

Mayweather got a fight, make me some reservations  
Knew I flew private nigga, strapped with no hesitations  
Boochie Boochie money long, he got 20 cars  
Graduated from them blocks, now it's stocks and  
bonds  
Hoes wanna know, hoes wanna show  
They know a nigga's name, they know a nigga's strong  
Fuck wit me!

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Fuck your insinuation, work come from Venezuela  
Love me some skinny bitches, fat boy just 'bout his  
paper  
Hustle while niggas gossip, hating, that switch the topic  
Jump in my 911, 2 bricks in my compartment!  
She let me smell her pussy!  
I know you smell the money!  
Still smell the gunpowder  
911: 100 miles and running

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