

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Amsterdam"**

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[Intro]

We get ghost, you already know what it is

Money stuffed in my bag

Maybach shit!

[Verse 1]

Bright lights and dark corners as night embark on us

Refugees running wild, Wyclef with a SIG Sauer

Nothing to lose, I was starving from the start

Now the same cat driving Jaguars

Open fire when you see me yell out and make em  
whisper

The club that I'm a member, they'll be gone by

November

Keys to the city got killers who slither with me

Lamborghini, middle of the ghetto, smoke a fat fifty

Billionaire bid, wrists on chill

Standing in the field of dreams, tryna see a hundred  
mil

These boys going blind they just happy being free

In a world of so many I just wanted me a key

Sheesh! I just wanted me a piece

Slice of cheesecake before my niggas all deceased

These boys snort lines, I'm fine just sipping wine

Amsterdam in the air, tomorrow on my mind

[Hook]

I'm Berry Gordy to the streets

With a kilo, so that boy had been a beast

I wanna be there when each one of my kids born

Raw blood, hundred acres each to live on

Real nigga to the day that I'm deceased

Even then I pray I'm living through the beats

Dope boy, you can tell by my sneaks

Burning Amsterdam green where it falls like a leaf

[Verse 2]

Born in the bricks with the short end of the stick

Always running late, quick to show up with your bitch

The Hublot's cool but my Terminator's foolish

All stainless steel, quick to match it with my tool and

Red carpet event, the marijuana be lit

Red or blue, do you, as long as you're getting rich

Crack game, champagne, kilos on the stock exchange

Rolls Royce, new Ghost, that's a nigga pocket change

These niggas acting like they want a war!  
When it come to whacking niggas I done won awards  
Nigga, you a bitch, where yo' Honda Accord?  
I'm riding in some shit only I can afford  
Shouldn't claim the hood til you build a rapport  
Amsterdam state of mind: I just gave you a tour  
I'm laughing at the people who label me poor  
Now I piss on Europeans, you'd think it was porn  
[Hook]  
[Outro]  
I'm speaking on unwritten laws -- the code of the  
streets  
I'm not the type of nigga that you bump into at a 7-11  
and just pull your pistol on him  
And do what the fuck you want to do  
Niggas like me, you gotta get permission homie!  
And that could take a long time!  
In that time, I'mma handle my muthafuckin business..  
Ruugh! Ruugh!  
It's the red light district, nigga this Amsterdam  
Wherever the fuck I'm at  
It's a no go  
We greenlight you bitch niggas  
Rozay!

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