

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Ashes to Ashes"**

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[feat. KC]

[Chorus:]

Smoking and ride  
And I ain't trying to hide it  
We will get high tonight  
Cause I am hooked on a feeling (ah ah ah aaaah)  
Yeah I am hooked on a feeling  
It's nothing but the best straw last drop  
Make you feel like you can fly  
Do you do you do you  
Do you wanna fly tonight?

[Verse 1:]

Opa-laka airport talking G6  
It's me baby girl straight G shit  
No disrespect but really you ain't see shit  
To your 40.000 feet with a weekend  
I once got a chance to fuck a stewardess  
Hit her from the back fly over New Orleans  
She was gorgeous name was Dolorous  
Father was a lawyer mother was a florist  
Rose petals turned into YSL  
So, ghetto but she turned me into jama shell  
Bad bitch I am talking up in town  
Couple nigger she always fucked around  
But the bond that we share nothing would compare  
When I bought my first beamer I swear that bitch was  
there  
Side on the line say boy a couple stacks  
Down payment and even all cover the tax

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

It's all or nothing not to kill niggaz  
It's a full time job not to kill niggaz  
My bones so bless all the real niggaz  
So, many houses stress fo' real niggaz  
I was on when my haters turned to ashes  
Dead N gone, with her passion  
Am I wrong? Never kissed no asses

With and one is the reason we run the streets and take  
care of your home  
N niggaz betta put tee's first  
Bad karma layer niggers put me on work  
Fuck harvard N voulenteers that wanna appear first  
Old charges, shorty she want it her titties done  
With a certain doctor  
New apartment in the innercity, smokin out  
I'm gonna atleast gonna atleast smoke an ounce  
I left this shit, niggaz not affraid to tell  
Come and work for the boss, You know I am paying well

[Chorus]

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