

Rick Ross

"Aston Martin Music"

Visit "[Aston Martin Music](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]

Bobbin' to the music
This is how we do it (all night)all night
Breezin' down the freeway
Just me and my baby (in our ride)
Just me and my boss, no worries at all
Listening to the Aston Martin Music Music

[Hook: Drake]

Would have came back for you
I just needed time
To do what I had to do
Caught in the life
I can't let it go
Whether that's right I will never know (uh but here goes
nothin')

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

When I'm alone in my room sometime I stare at the wall
Automatic weapons on the floor but who can you call
My down bitch, one who live by the code
Put this music shit aside get it in on the road
Lot of quiet time, pink bottles of Rose
Exotic red bottoms, so-bodied glittered in gold
Following fundamentals I'm following in the rental
I love a nasty girl who swallow what's on the menu
And money triple up when you get it out of state
Need a new safe cause I'm runnin' out of space
Elroy Jetson I'm somewhere out of space
In my two-seater she the one that I would take

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]

Bobbin' to the music
This is how we do it (all night)
Breezin' down the freeway
Just me and my baby (in our ride)
Just me and my boss no worries at all
Listening to the Aston Martin Music Music

[Hook: Drake]

Would have came back for you
I just needed time

To do what I had to do
Caught in the life
I can't let it go
Whether that's right I will never know (but here goes
nothin)

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Pull up on the block in a drop-top chicken box
Mr. KFC DBS is in the watch
Livin' fast where it's all about that money bag
Never front you take it there it ain't no comin' back
Top down right here is where she want to be
As my goals unfold right in front of me
Everytime we fuck her soul take ahold of me
Addicted like Pookie that pussy be controllin' me
That thang keep callin'
Fuck maintain boy I gotta keep ballin'
Pink bottles keep comin
James Bond coup pop clutch 100

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]

Bobbin' to the music
This is how we do it (all night)
Breezin' down the freeway
Just me and my baby (in our ride)
Just me and my boss no worries at all
Listening to the Aston Martin Music Music

[Hook/Verse: Drake]

Would have came back for you
I just needed time
To do what I had to do
Caught in the life
I can't let it go
Whether that's right I will never know (uh but here goes
nothin)
Hope you forgive me, never meant wrong
Tried to be patient, but waited too long
But I would've came back
But I would've came back for you
Would've came back
Would've came...

I talk slicker than a pimp from Augusta
Who just had his linen suit dry cleaned
Bitches what's up wit' ya'
I hate callin' the women bitches but the bitches love it
I took some sense and made a nickel of it
I'm urgin' all daughters to kiss they mothers
With those lips that all that lipstick covers
You never too grown up to miss and hug her

And girls countin' on me to be there like missin'
rubbers
I'm on some Marvin Gaye shit, a bunch of distant lovers
This ain't the life that I'm used to
Reintroduced people I've been introduced to
Did you forget me, or are you too scared to tell me that
you met me
In fear that I won't remember
I wish you could still accept me for me
I miss Memphis, Tennessee, my cousins, my dad
The simplistic beauty that all of them southerners have
I'm halfway across the world with dozens of bags
I'm feelin' like all four members of Color Me Bad
And one nigga, amazing shit
I got that Courtney Love for ya', that crazy shit
I don't drink every bottle I own, I be agin' shit
And I got them wedding ring flows, that engagin' shit
Which one of y'all got fleets on your keychains?
The seats for these Heat games?
I really think you stare at yourself and you see things
La Familia, I've been inducted and instructed
To stunt on these niggas we don't really fuck wit'
Fuck is up?
Havin' lunch and debatin' Ferrari prices
23 and goin' through a midlife crisis
But trust me, I still deliver like a midwife
And no, I'm not sayin' I'm the nicest, I just live life like it
Uh, it take a certain type of man to teach
To be far from hood, but to understand the streets
I never threw away that paper with my Grammy speech
Because I haven't hit the pinnacles I plan to reach
Yeah, you gotta own it if you want it
Kisses all on her body, she tells me live in the moment
And, baby, I'll never forget none of that
Girl, I told you I was coming back

Visit [Rick Ross](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.