

Rick Ross

"Aston Martin Music RMX"

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Let's pull the 2-seater out baby, it's where ever you
wanna go!
Riding to the music, this is how we do it all night (all
night)
Breezing down the freeway just me and my baby, (in
our ride)
Just me and my boss
Aston Martin Music
[Drake]
Would've came back for you
I just needed time to do what I had to do
Caught in the life I can't it let it go
Whether that's right I will never know
But here goes nothing
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 that live by the code
Put this music shit aside get it in on the road
A lot of quiet time pink bottles of rose
Exotic red bottoms
whole body glittered in gold
Following fundamentals and following in the rental
I love a nasty girl that swallows what's on the menu
That money triple up when ya get it out of state
I need a new safe cause I'm running out of space
Elroy Jetson: I'm somewhere out in space
In my 2-seater she's the one that I would take
Pull up on the block in a drop-top chicken box
Mr. KFC,
VVS's in the watch
Living fast where it's all about that money bag
Never front, you take it there, it ain't no coming back
Top down right here is where she wanna be
As my goals unfold right in front of me
Every time we fuck her soul take a hold of me
Addicted like pookie that pussy be controlling me
That thing keep calling
Fuck maintain boy: I gotta keep ballin!
Pink bottles keep coming
James Bond coupe pop clutch 100
Wouldve 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
Hoping you will forgive me, never meant wrong
Tried to be patient, waited too long
But I would've come back, but I would've come back
Would've come back, would've come back
Would've come -
I talk slicker than a pimp from Augusta
linen suit
dry-cleaned, bitches, what's up witcha?
I hate callin' the women bitches, but the bitches
love it
I took some sense and made a nickel of it
I'm urg'in all daughters to kiss they mothers
With those lips that all that lipstick covers
You're 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 to people I've been introduced to
Did you forget me?
Or are you too scared to tell me that you met me
And 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
Feelin' like all four members of Color Me Badd
In one nigga, amazing shit
I got that Courtney Love for you, 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 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
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
Aston Martin Music, Music
Aston Martin Music, Music

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