Rick Ross "Billionaire"

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Trilla, boss, yeah, Trilla, feels good, baby Boss, I done took over the game, nigga Hoppin' out the blue gotti with my bellys on No underwear nigga, my jeans tight fitted, too nigga Jay-Z, wuddup nigg? Yeah, let me fuck with 'em right now

Niggas want to kidnap, leave me in the trunk Walk away with big stacks They jealous of the fortune Glitz and the fame, my cocaine mortgage

In the game like Tony Parker Snow white range and my partner pocket I'm back on them thangs that's my only problem Homie, I put that on my only mamma

Still rollin' with the 4, 5th, now that I'm rich Got these broke niggas so sick And my daughters college pre-paid, she straight Say thanks to the D game

In that phantom on that Tupac
Ridin' through the ghetto like I'm lookin' for a new spot
Naw, but I'm well established
I fuck with heroin 'cause it sells the fastest

I'ma ride 'bout mine and I wouldn't tell a lie Take it out of town go and get my money right And if it ain't 'bout cash, I don't really care I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire

I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire If it ain't 'bout cash, I don't really care I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire

A bitch try to stick me
'Cause you fuck me don't mean you can kiss me
Naw, I only fuck with the OG's
The ones that won't turn you in to the police

On the run, I'm thru' wit nigga four keys ID's, passports, it was so sweet Front yard still a car show, blue gotti to gotti, I'm a rocko I won't let the roof up, kingdom come, princess Amunda

To be loved, to be loved, oh, what a feeling for me to be loved

Haters want to murder me and I can smell a hit So it's music to my ears every time I feel a clip I'm a card shark up in a hard rock Twenty grand a hand, baby, jamin' the ipod

I'ma ride 'bout mine and I wouldn't tell a lie

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I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire If it ain't 'bout cash, I don't really care I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire

Boss, hit a hundred grand in a day damn
Whip that white girl just like K-Fed
Got me a white girl, I fuck till her face red
Yeah, her food tastes bad, but she givin' great head

Please, let me say that, I really love her fat ass
[Incomprehensible] to the dealership, and she can, she can get that
My heart in the ghetto, I'm married to the projects
I ride with AR, in case a nigga start shit

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Triple C, when y'all stoppin' me Told you all niggas in '95, I was worth two million Now it's a way and I got ten in the bank nigga What else y'all got from Nick? I wanna see I need yours to own, God, niggas gettin' washed out

And that's alright, I've been lettin' it be slightly Like that they will prob'ly like Tryna make some kinda moves, man

Yes, I got a Vuitton, four shades, nigga I gotta all new look, alright, you know Ever since I got my W2 bracket, fear me I got plans for you niggas, man

Murder's not a problem
I'm the boss, still comin' down, 183rd, nigga
They gave you up on the 305, 47 A6, it's all the same
game
Posted up in front of Papa's
And the Maybach [Incomprehensible] scenes
Triple C's like, boss, church

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