

Rick Ross

"Black Man's Dream"

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See I'm black man chillin with my black man stride
See batman, cruisin' in my black man ride
Making white man money
Supplying all the fiends yeah
I guess you say I'm living out the black mans dream
(repeated)

[Rick Ross]

Punish all these n-ggas
F-cking all these bitches
Buying every diamonds, every weapon in existance
Terminator x, I'm a public enemy
Born in the ghetto, Ferrari born in Italy
Head of a family, like a Don, Sicily
Sex, money, murder, I'm investing all my energy
Billionnaire eventually, hustler of the century
Source Cover, man of the year, envy me
One for the money, two for the hoes
Got 3 bricks headed straight for your nose
Smile for your camera while your whole face froze
Stack up all them bodies I'mma whole case load
Middle of December I will melt your f-cking snow
While my price is high, I will get you dealt with for the
low
Black man's World, white man drugs
No discrimination for my Mexican bloods

[Chorus]

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I guess you say I'm living out the black mans dream

(repeated)

[Ludacris - Verse 2]

Check me out, it go one for the money
Two for the hoes
Three to put that sticky green scent up to my nose
N-gga roll it with precision

And f-ck an intervention
I'm the boss muthaf-cker don't need nobody
permission
You can catch me all up in new additions like Michael
Pippens
Girl, face upon my lap, thats a head on collision
We find out who been snitching these n-ggas come up
missing
Yeah the chopper see right through it got x-ray vision
Now my culinary arts, hustlers cooking in the kitchen
Get your money than get out, you better make the right
decision
Or you might be clanking metal maybe swimming with
the fishes
But I guess it's do or die for these black man riches
So I bought myself a Rover and a Bemmer for the mrs
Chrome lips all on the whip and yeah thta bitch be
blowing kisses
Now some n-ggas may not like me cause I never flip
the bird
But these n-ggas gon respect me mark my muthaf-
cking words

[Chorus]

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(repeated)

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