

Rick Ross

"B.M.F"

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Featuring: Styles

I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Whippin' work, hallelujah
One nation under God
Real niggas getting money from the fucking start

I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Getting work, hallelujah
One nation under God
Real niggas getting money from the fucking start

My Rolls-Royce triple black, I'm getcha ho
Balling in the club, bottles like I'm Ichiro
RosÃ©, that's my nickname
Cocaine running in my big vein

Self-made, you just affiliated
I built it ground up, you bought it renovated
Talkin' plenty capers, nothing's been authenticated
Funny you claimin' the same bitch that I'm penetratin'

Hold the bottles up, where my comrades?
Where the fucking felons, where my dogs at?
Uh, I got that Archie Bunker
And it's so white I just might charge you double

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These motherfuckers mad that I'm icy
Stunt so hard make 'em come indict me
I think I'm Big Meech, look at my timepiece
It's an Audemar, hundred wrecks at least

Look at yourself now look at me
You can't see a nigga, I'm what you used to be

Look at it this way, you niggas sideways
Always getting money, my nigga, crime pays

So fuck a nigga, I'm self-made
You a sucka nigga, I'm self-paid
This for my broke niggas, this for my rich niggas
Got a hundred on the head of a snitch nigga

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36 holes leave you bleedin' family
Words in them thirty-six o's in the kilogram
Blunt tip, armors like caviar
Wild and out, fish-tailin' Subaru, rally car

Out the passenger, lead in the automatic
For egg or that girl, I knock your mommy and daddy
off
Fuck around and knock the emblem off the Caddy off
Four-shooters buggin' out, blickin' at your Caddy doors

And did I mention? Gun from Red Dead Redemption
Nine mils, fifty clip extensions
Hope it's like a mattress in the hood, I'm flippin' on it
And the money's like a chair, I'm sittin' on it

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