

Rick Ross

"Cry"

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"Cry"

Lord forgive me for my sins,
But may I strike down an get vengeance,
Murder my homeboy, Why you doin like that,
Niggas getting churched up, Time for the get back,
Found him last night, four shots in his back,
no leads to the case, Triple C's will handle that, Just
bought a new swo?
In the streets im sworn,
Its time for the murder ride, all on board,
Give me them sticks, s-k, s-k's, m-11's

When tha hammer fall,
Dats for the trigger pull,
Another maggot falls,
Split down in beu ?
What do witness's witness?,
Plus we handle my biznesss,
Another clip of snitches,
While they looking at bitches,
Feel like im brainwashed,
To finally ?
Caught 8 bodys in four weeks im on fire,
Cuz I want you to cry,
Im killin your gleam,
Im sending your team,
They killin for me,

Just like saddom Hussein,
Just offered your head,
Its on my camera phone,
You cant picture me dead,
Am I christian or muslim,
Or just addicted to husslin,
My daddy don't love me,
Mama fightin an fussin,
Now im choppin the rocks,
Niggas pockets on sow ell,
Man im pimpin them hoes,
Givin the new pistols to hoes,
Graduated from ?

Rappin for waves of people,

Ya I want you to cry , ya look at me cookin that ether,
Rollin down your block, 3 deep , got my pistol in my lap,
See me underneath the sink,
I aint come to die, I aint come to talk , boy I came to see
you cry,
Let me see you off,
Now cry, cry, cry, cry,cry, nigga cry, cry, cry,

So we back in the game,
Back on the dock,
Port of miami, blood hound for the rock
Im getting that money,
Niggas trackin to kill us,
Get on my own killas,
Get my own niggas to killem,
Im spending new money,
So don't bother my bitch,
Im getting jewel money,
You niggas aint nigga rich,

Im in the yacht,
See me im talkin fifty feet,
don't talk cars, bitch I got fifty fleets,
Im in the han ron?
Witnesses takin the fire,
Aint no snitchin my brother,
Its called you takin the dive,
They shootin at me, so im shootin at them,
Im shootin the locus, im shootin to win,

The winner is me, I want you to cry, I want you to
scream , just want you to die,
I want you to fly, I need a prayer, when im satisfied,
just to live another day,

Rollin down your block, 3 deep , got my pistol in my lap,
See me underneath the sink,
I aint come to die, I aint come to talk , boy I came to see
you cry,
Let me see you off,
Now cry, cry, cry, cry,cry, nigga cry, cry, cry,

Im mentioned for killin,
Got your name on my list,
Ya im bumpin your crib, im fuckin your bitch,
I put her to sleep, then I think of myself,
Call in evil things that I can do in my wealth,
Is that a bitch, im getting work, I never spare a bitch,
You getting murdered, in bloody gloves, with bloody

shirt,
Tiger in my eyes, bitch you know who done the dirt,

When I left I had a whole hundred in the magazine,
Now there none in the magazine,
It was a guy so he died at least a hundred time,
Looked him in his eyes right before I made him cry

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