

Rick Ross

"Finals"

Visit "[Finals](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rick Ross]

We them niggas at the park, we just wanna ball
Sellin dope, we get a car and don't know what its called
Nniggas foul, but the referees dont get involved
Its the finals, and my dogs came to take it all
With the her-ion , nigga im Lebron (HUH)
Quarter millie for my car, and thats on the Quran
You running with me nigga, or you better run two
Ties for you pussies cause you know who number one
These bitches all on my dick, is it all of my cars,
They say my Audemar sick, just bought a ?
This a ten million flip, so nigga fuck what you talk
100 million off the rip, the definition of boss
She can tell how I'm ballin, dat I'm just gettin started
Yea I took an advance, put 20 keys in the projects
Had to scoop my lieutenant, had to make my deposits
Niggas DIEE everyday the time choppa comes out the
closet
And I pride myself, I'm gettin money in the street
I ride myself, I'm the one you gotta see
I bring it straight to your door, do you like it Manolo
When you flashin that money, them people flashin your
photo
Kno I'm fuckin these broads, cause I'm flashy as fuck
Five live-in maids, my crib nasty as fuck
Fi-Five live-in maids, my crib nasty as fuck
Fi-Five live-in maids, my crib nasty as fuck
Huh

My money on a another level (HUH)
My money on a another level (HUH)
She fucking ordinary niggas
Your bitch be fucking ordinary niggas

[Meek Mill]

Hatin wid dem bitches, dats a flagrant foul
I'm posted with that china white, the smokers say its
Yao
A nigga play, I want his head im talkin 80 thou
I tell my shooters go get em, they go make a cow
Ridin in a wiz a fortune, then I made a vow
I will never let these rapper niggas take a stow

My dogs karate chop them bricks, then they take a bow
Throw a banana in the air ak then I make a smile
Blake Griffin on these niggas, rookie of the year,
This ordinary shittin on these niggas
And I heard that they be hating, I aint trippin on these
niggas
Make it rain all these hoes, havin it drippin on these
niggas
Ya

Lou-Louie Vutton kicks , they my ball sneaks
30 pair Michael Jordans, is what they cost me
Lou-Louie Vutton kicks, they my boss sneaks
30 pair Michael Jordans, is what they cost me

My money on a another level

My Money on a another level
She fuckin ordinary niggas
your bitch be fucking ordinary niggas

[Gunplay]

My track got umps, jumpin until it needs a crutch
Got birds flyin around, like mr 23 himself
You want to eat, I got the food
Nigga come and see the chef,
We aint playing by the rules, put the toolie on the reps
Scored a foul line nigga, payin high by the high now
When I get the Gucci, only 3note is the dial now
Skunk screamin loud, tryna speak a whole sound now
My heart so hard, the cookie need a powerdrive
I'm triple a arrogant ass attitude
100 down south, right down the last avenue
This the dead end, gotta kill to fit in
So pop your act and move it, if he can bring the shit in
Lebon 5.0â€²s white tee, hood rich
I got cheerleaders too, and everyone a hood bitch
And a whip the color the yayo, n that mutha fucka
foreign
Whi-whi-whip the color yayo, n that mutha fucka foreign

[Rick Ross]

My money on a another level
My money on a another Level
She fucking ordinary niggas
Your bitch be fucking ordinary niggas

My money on a another level
My money on a another level
She fucking ordinary niggas
Your bitch be fucking ordinary niggas

We gon call this the finals,
Cause I can have your ass finalized
HUH
We 25 million up nigga, Double M G the untouchable

Fuck boy, Fuck boy, Fuck boy
Still a fuck boy
We gettin money nigga
we gettin money nigga
I see you runnin nigga
I see you runnin nigga
They dnt want it nigga
They dnt want it nigga
They dnt want it nigga
They dont want it nigga
We 1 hundred nigga
We 1 hundred nigga
100 million

Visit [Rick Ross](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.