

Rick Ross

"For Da Low"

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Ladies and gentlemen
Ladies you are now tuned into the very best
Sho' Nuff songs, Jazze Phizzle, Rick Ross
Let's go, Daddy

Rick Rizzle, M I Yayo
Jazze Phizzle, M I Yayo
Jazze Phizzle, M I Yayo
Rick Rizzle

Candy all in the paint, rims deep in the dirt
Got a car full of work, nigga pocket full of purp
Choppa on the front seat, sucka, if you want beef
I'm in Dade County, I'm the Mayor, you can come see

Looka here, I'm well known, what you say? I'm well
known
Kush by the elbow, I love when it smell strong
Otherside of the bridge, niggas die just to live
You on the beach, don't sleep, 45 to ya wig

Represent Carol City, Dirty South, ride wit me
M I Yayo on the map, now it's my city
Pullin' out the Seven Trey, every other day
Got 'bout 40 in it, hit ya hoe for 40 minutes

Pull up on them 24's, while I'm leanin' on the doors
And I'm lettin' suckas know that I get it for da low
I get it for da low, I get it for da low
I get it for da low, I get it for da low

Pull up in that white on white, know you wonder what it's
like
Know you wonder what's the price, ain't nothin' to a
boss
I get it for da low, I get it for da low
I get it for da low, I get it for da low

Know how I does, neighborhood full of thugs
Everybody sellin' drugs, Task Force duckin' us
Load up the big guns, got so many which one?
Everybody get to buy a house when the bricks come

Hoes know my whole name, famous for cocaine
Yeah, I'm 'bout to blow game but I'm 'bout to blow, man
Rick Rizzle clockin' dough, inventory gotta go
If a nigga want it hard, cook it like papa dough

Fat boy super cool, got somethin' you can move
When I did what I do. she got like a swimmin' pool
Oh, boy, real wet, so boy, hell, yeah
I'm a millionaire but where I'm goin', I ain't there yet

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Go on, let ya top down, fuck it blow a couple grand
Treat her like an animal, make her do a handstand
Club Rolex, you can stunt yo
I stood on a Rolex smokin' on a blunt hoe

I'm heavy, man, off in this Chevy game
Dip it in the pretty paint, chromed out everythin'
Take it back to the block, triple C across the top
In an old school motor, brand new out the box

Got 'bout a hundred killas runnin' wit a hundred niggas
Tell it there to ya face, don't nobody want it wit us
Niggas dead broke, they better shake it off
Skycap-ass niggas mad that we takin' off

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