

Rick Ross**"Gone To The Moon"**

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First class flight to the moon ho
Black Bar Mitzvah
Jewish Mafia nigga
Maybach music
October 13, meet Nelly, dreams and nightmares
I think you all know exactly what the fuck that is
Ha, ha, ha
God forgives, I don't, on the road of platinum
Yeah, Warner Brothers, Death Jam Records
The power circle, Maybach music
Shout out to the entire conglomerate, nigga
Black Bar Mitzvah, all you niggas invited
We well invested like Jews, nigga

I'll be at these awards, I still be living by rules
So when I run into dudes,
You know we're thumping they mood
The parking lot go to pop
Niggas say when they're flopping
Let me get back to my bitches
Cause you bitch niggas ain't nothing
Miami boys in this bitch
I bought all the zones with me
Still buy pussy from strippers
To send them kilos to silly niggas
This real as it gets
Look at the wheels on my whip
Who wanna go to the moon?
I'm screaming scream reload the clip
I bought my bitch from perfections
You know I buy my affection
Ain't no love for me nigga,
And I accept my directions
On my road to perfections, so many hours invested
So many niggas we handle
You know the other profession

I'll go to the moon
I'll go to the moon
I'll go to the moon
Yeah, I'll blow that balloon

I'll go to the moon
I'll go to the moon
I'll go to the moon
Yeah, I'll blow that balloon

We get money

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