

Rick Ross

"Grab Ya Belt"

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..come to the chain game, this ain't real
I wake up with this every day,
I miss McDonalds man
I wanna rock

I didn't see some things, man can read
I didn't see some chinks that make me in bleed
I didn't see some things that make grown man cry,
a sadness feeling, watch your old man die,
you think is cooler, niggas get the ..
smoking on a back of fools, getting pussy off your
shoes,
then you get a charge well I didn't stole the car,
shit you don't know for another fly on the job,
keep to yourself with that pussy shit the rest,
we speak with killers ain't got muscles in their neck
get crunched in the nose, wake up in the coma
I'll make your ass a woman we ain't wake up in the
tunnel
you're feeling loan getting pressure by the games,
the mother fizzy she can really see you change,
talking slirt ain't no telling what you're sipping
rest fucking up the game, every Saturday we all
watching so train
asking their charge I bet they tell you cocaine,
when it better fast catch a little boss.
asking bills now you my floss,
and paper watch us but we got the watch..
there's a cooking motherf*cking games
smoking weed we ain't bout the paper
bout to put the chains,
I wake up and I look at lanes,
this the kid motherf*cker I didn't bought the lane
And I can keep going lames,
still pissed 'cause I got a charge shouldn't threw away
they should've threw away
Lord knows my charge they should've threw away

Now I gotta go, oh shit

