

## **Rick Ross**

# **"High Definition"**

Visit "[High Definition](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1]

I can talk about the bodies, I could tell you 'bout the  
killin'

Duct taping niggas in the name of drug dealin'

Big body Benzes while the b!tch niggas starve

Turtleneck Mercedes blowin' smoke up out the top

Time to talk about the money, I can tell you 'bout a  
profit

Ocean front spot moving niggas out the projects

Diamonds on my neck call it the ghetto's guillotine

F-ckin' with them jewelers nigga lit up like a screen, HD

Look at me ballin' I'm talkin' high definition

F-ckin' up six digits, boy that's just my definition

Niggas gotta get murked but I'm just minding my  
business

Bought three Range Rovers dolo, so f-ck Expedition

On the road to the riches until I'm paid in full

And the Lord is my witness, I got AK to pull

These niggas full of shit, my niggas moving bricks

I could front you fifty, but you gotta move 'em quick,  
my moolah thick

[Hook]

Went and got me a choppa to put it right in ya face

Better blow out your brains before you give me a case

Got the forty by my d!ck I keep on pissin' on the  
hammer

When they talkin' slick I double back with that banana

High definition I'm stacking money to the ceilin'

F-ck my whole feelings

Look here, it's time to make a killin'

Got a hundred silent niggas and they feigning for a  
million

High definition b!tches, my life a motion picture

[Verse 2]

I could talk about the b!tches, I could tell you 'bout the  
bricks

Pull up in the Bentley I could pop up in the six

Helicopter rides I can sit it on the club

Sound of the propeller had my young b!tch busting  
nuts

Niggas wanna crack jokes just to get close to me  
Hope you know that I'm strapped like I supposed to be  
Put a number on your helmet like it's Notre Dame  
5 grand'll get you whacked, won't even know your  
name  
Road to the riches until I'm paid in full  
And the Lord is my witness we making major moves  
God forgives and I don't, I got it tatted in my skin  
I'm going straight to hell that's if ballin' is a sin  
Crucifix on my neck I pray it never melt  
Pacquiao purse, boy I took another belt  
Take a seat, I'm undefeated in this art of war  
Rest in peace to the p-ssies, it's time to Scar some  
more

[Hook]

Went and got me a choppa to put it right in ya face  
Better blow out your brains before you give me a case  
Got the forty by my d!ck I keep on pissin' on the  
hammer  
When they talkin' slick I double back with that banana  
High definition I'm stacking money to the ceilin'  
F-ck my whole feelings  
Look here, it's time to make a killin'  
Got a hundred silent niggas and they feigning for a  
million  
High definition b!tches, my life a motion picture

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