

## Rick Ross

### "Itchin'"

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Iâ€™m excited right now, living life right now  
Black bar mitzvah, shit is a party right now  
Itâ€™s too easy right now, shout out to the conglomerate  
nigga  
October 30, dreams and nightmares, thatâ€™s whatâ€™s  
all about  
Meek millie, over a dozen whips  
Yâ€™all niggas get paper man  
Few of my niggas multimillionaires already, no albums  
out  
We run this shit, death jam records, salute  
Warner brothers, salute, power circle  
Should be blessed to be in our presence

I whip my hair round with milk  
All my boxers be silk  
You pussy niggas chill, we keep the city on tilt  
I put on for my walls, down for my area code  
We here to let you go to prison, gotta bury your dough  
Respect that holly my nigga, yo we out here my niggas  
Youâ€™re so high with my niggasâ€¦my nigga  
I recite only lethal, yeah them label to pour it  
I get high in the cathedral, and I feel so important  
How Iâ€™m popping them bands, your man just wonâ€™t  
stop  
I fucked them friends, came out on top  
Then she wanted to bite and she named the spot  
But me being the spot, I take her straight to wingstop

My fingers, they itchinâ€™, they itchinâ€™ for that paper  
I ride around the city and I got that calculator  
Iâ€™m a motherfucking monster when it come to getting  
that paper, hey!

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