

Rick Ross

"Love Sosa"

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[Intro]

We'll never stop, nigga

Never...

I'm hittin' that hundred-mil mark on these niggas

In the next two years, nigga

Yeah, nigga...

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

I say, I'm ridin' on Forges - call them my skaters

You know them bodies is sticky, you can't get caught
up in capers

Niggas are tricky, you can't be askin' for favors

2-2-3 go to lickin', and make your bitch go into labor

Niggas hate when you winnin', you wanna kill 'em, I
feel ya

Took the top off the car, bitch, I know my face look
familiar

Fuckin' with my lil' gangsters, we makin' a killin'

When you count your first million you never forget the
feelin'

That when my eyes go to twitchin', palms start to
itchin'

Niggas be snitchin', that's when my dogs start
trippin'

Black belly, I bought a bitch, you know my pockets fat

More money to gain, Double-M on my chain

I just redid the deal, another 20 and change

I step where I please, broke nigga freeze

Cartier bracelet, them Swisher Sweets in my jeans

[Hook: Chief Keef]

These bitches love Sosa

O End or no end

Fuckin' with them O Boys

You gon' get fucked over

'Rari's & Rovers

These hoes love Chief Sosa

Hit him with that cobra

Now that boy slumped over

They do it all for Sosa

You boys ain't makin' no noise

Yâ'all know Iâ'm a grown boy
Your clique full of broke boys
God yâ'all some broke boys
God yâ'all some broke boys
We GBE dope boys
We got lots of dough, boy

[Verse 2: Stalley]

Still in all gold just like Mr. T
Rollinâ' up that Swisher Sweet,
Box Chevy with Diamond seats
Ridinâ' to this Diamond D,
Diamonds in my pinky ring
Middle finger to you hatinâ' niggas
That hate to see a nigga do his thing
But Iâ'm doinâ' me, a million last year,
Even after doinâ' that Music Manage tour for free
Now all I hear is â"this year is meâ"
And I told Ross if it ainâ't,
Iâ'mma clique on and run down on you rappers
And your weak rhymes
I lost struggle because I kept grindinâ'
Man, speak honest â- these weak niggas canâ't
compete
Iâ'mma be honest, Iâ'm being modest,
Freshest nigga, come check the closets
World tour and them checks deposit,
New whips with no mileage
New cribs by Cold Harbor
Bury money in my back yard
While you niggas goinâ' back and forth

[Hook]

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