

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Luxery Tax"**

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I think we got a problem, 'Justice League', yeah

Big money in this bitch if you didn't know  
Big business minus the business suit  
Even I look in the mirror like is it you  
And I say I must be the hottest if it isn't you

Stay fresh from my top to my tennis shoes  
New coop, no top, big tennis shoes  
Never slipped, not even on the side of a swimming pool  
We don't get rid of Q, we get rid of fools

They said, I couldn't play football, I was too small  
They say, I couldn't play basketball, I wasn't tall  
They say, I couldn't play baseball at all  
And now every day of my life I ball

And they say it ain't raining until someone  
assassinated  
And I feel like M L K, yeah  
Yeah, I have a dream to be your worst nightmare  
And now meet the boss of the cartel

I'm a seven-nine Satan, sitting on Lorenz's  
And I seem really patient, picture the equation  
People taking pictures and they really getting flagrant  
Flagging down my spaceship, sergeant sniffing for a  
fragrance

Yayo, yayo, he wanna sniff the yayo, flying saucer on  
the hasa  
In the casa just to lay-low  
Make more money, man, that's the model for the mob  
Need a blowjob, my model, get a model for the job

Go hard, no job, hustler, no prob, poster  
Nigga what finger fuck your whole squad  
Forty around spending doe, flipping for my kid flo'  
Luxury tax on them packs if you didn't know

Bought a new crib, niggas feeling like I hid  
3.2 but I just did it for the kids

More guns than a pawn shop, got my whole arm rocked  
Keep the 760 double parked in the wrong spot  
Still hustling, boss

Yeah, you gotta pay for this  
I remember when I used to pray for this, this, this is  
classic  
Some shit you might not see again

And we taxin', you don't want it nigga, leave it then  
And we taxin', you don't want it nigga, leave it then  
And we ain't trying to see the pen  
Like a needle in a hay stack, we ain't trying to see the  
pen  
This is a luxury tax

Yeah, imagine this, no imagine that  
Gave me my sack like, good luck gettin' back, yeah  
I'm like to fuck, I'm gonna get outta there  
And if I'm not careful, be the same place they find him  
there

And I'm a winner if I make it 'cross the finish line  
Putting food on the table like it's dinner time  
And this is what you call stereotyping about?  
Can you tell me my your dog keep sniffing my car?

Got the audacity to call me a liar  
So what you got in your trunk? Oh, just a spare tire  
You niggas talked blow while I sold mine  
Like a bad crape, it's locking up in no time

More time in the kitchen then I spent in the studio  
Case paradise and I ain't talking about Coolio  
Can't lie, still addicted to the odor  
Got a ice cold Pepsi but still thinking Coca Cola

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I'm up early in the morning and I'm dressed in black  
Hold on, every morning I get dressed in black

While your half ass, nigga, my pants sag  
I'm getting money and my swaging, black flagging  
Million dollar status, fully automatic

Heavy on the Henny, even harder on the women  
If it wasn't for reverend  
I probably would pimpin' and shit  
Pops, my papa, has already hear me

Tied trapping, shit sent me to prison  
Got mad and went to snapping so homicide came to  
visit  
I smell gun powder  
So you got one hour to come up with every damn dollar  
Or your dun-dolla, it cost a ball dogg

Especially, when the players on your team  
Consider you as the ball hog  
You treat me like Shaq  
And you Kobe but I didn't say you owe me nigga  
But act like you know me

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