

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Made Men"**

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[Rick Ross]

Two door Bugatti coupe  
I call it Katy Perry  
Wiz Khalifa papers  
Smoking my favourite berry's  
F65 I call it Rihanna  
It got a red top but it's white like Madonna  
Made man, you hear what I said  
Having a slumber party all my bitches counting bread  
Made man, also known as Papi Chulo  
And I'm running straight up in the culo  
My wrist always on frio, call me chilly chill  
Super head and super head, and I really will  
Californication, Motivation in my pocket  
Got on my blue Dickie, shout out my n-gga Rocky  
Still smoking sickie, it aint no other option  
Not for made n-ggas and I'm never stopping  
I raised the bar, I set the standards  
My yayo, Usher Raymond, that b-tch just keep on  
dancing

Dollar bills on top of dollar bills  
Thats all I'm throwing, if she wont her momma will  
Made n-ggas, talking a lot of skril  
8 digits a n-gga tryna live

Made man, you hear what I said  
I got a hundred squares  
If you scared, called the feds  
Made men, I'm screaming dollar bills  
Park the trunk on the Porsche  
There they go, Dollar bills

[Drake]

Riding round the city, plastic cup of Henny  
Find a n-gga like me, truth to be told, I don't know  
many  
I say shout my driver Lauren, thats 62 with curtains  
Cant see shit, I don't know where the f-ck I'm at for  
certain  
When it boils down, I'm just a T.O n-gga  
But bitches tell me that I just look like a creole n-gga

New Orleans know it's love, everytime I'm in town  
Shout out my n-gga tens, thats my brother my round

Spending tomorrows money, I call it maÃ±ana  
Off the rack just aint my style, I call it designer  
One of my baddest women ever, I call her Rihanna  
But thats cause her name is Rihanna!  
I'm in the condo just posting watching Miami kill  
I might just walk to the arena and watch it for real  
Ashes to ashes, me, Rozay and Khaled  
Smoking bull riders, shit moving slow as a ballad  
Tattoo on your ass, it'd be nice if you show me  
I'm buying bitches furs, Mike Tyson, Naomi  
I've got the right to do it, it's only right to do it  
Love me some head, and I love a woman that likes to  
do it  
Still love my team, aint no other option  
Not for made n-ggas and I'm never stopping  
I'm Damon Wayans, just know that homie don't play  
that  
You know we running my n-gga, Young money,  
Maybach

[Chorus]

[Rick Ross - Verse 3]

Black panorama, I call it T-Pain  
I got my autotune, that bitch insane  
Got my revolver too, I call it Ving Rhames  
You still a baby boy, we doing big things  
Street n-ggas, you hear what I said  
I got some bad news, Jabar back in the feds  
Facing twenty, he just did a dime  
Been out a year, look like he finna ride  
Genocide, these people killing time  
Throw you in a hole, you must be penalised  
Soon as you see success, haters reinvest  
Miami guns drive, half a million nothing less  
Raised the bar, I set the standards  
My yayo Mc Hammer, that bitch just keep on dancing  
Michael Jackson, let it moonwalk  
Set it on the napkin, let it cool off

[Chorus]

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