

Rick Ross

"Mafia Music II"

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[Rick Ross] Kilograms were the key to my success I apologise being so discreet with my connects Lamborghini's were figments of my imagination whoever figured the figures this figure would be making plenty cream my women pose like figurines whips weaving through traffic the triple black centipedes Oplease let a n-gga breath dilated pupils are the seeds of a n-ggas greed with 20 g's in my denim jeans if she fucking me she lucky just to get some chunky cheese I bust my nut and holla lucky me its tatted in my vein I remain sucker free my vocal like an atom bomb in the Avalon black roses for singing the saddest song As Salamu Alaykum to paper Walaikum Salam Im the don inshallah, now pour me my Dom being gangstas a cold job wack a nigga go rejoice with a blow job always wanted Rolls Royce with no job then again all I fear is a dope charge all I fear is a dope charge tell me whats the odds for appeals for a dope boy who shed tears for a dope boy oh what happens to the kids of the dope boy orphans, fucking orphans born defending some n-gga never been on offence now its shrimp, order more shrimp my neighbourhood (?) I practice my importance you know we hustle to the key of life moving weed and white before we learn to read and write so fuck a tutor pay attention to my shooter fucking me today but next she be f-cking Luda we assholes with fast cars and cash flow my last load was gift wrapped by Castro I did it all but the blow was my specialty mental telepathy directly in my recipe ahh, 2 mill on my second home still stepping on a couple bricks of that methadone I got a method for getting money like RZA do resurrected big poppa in the physical reincarnated the realest I'm getting revenue 10 mill borrowed from my peers in the federal and thats several for slinging in Atlanta but the way they dress you never knew thought they seen a better view but the feds had a rap name reginal that put em on a pedestal the conviction was incredible the moral of the story was aint no happy ending for a thug I think of Tupac, I think of Biggie now look how they getting down, I went and bought a 50 Cal we all go when we

gotta go my Glock hole bigger than Nicki Minaj camel
toe so let the panel know we back, the commission
intact teflon don and all black for filling contracts I'm
only here to supersede my successors RIP Paul
Castellano, Myer Lansky, Bumpy Johnson, Al Capone T-
Roger, Tookie Williams, Carlo Gambino and last but not
least John Gotti Teflon Don (Ross, Ross, ross)

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