

Rick Ross

"Mafia Music"

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I got a feelin' nigga rillin' and my money be the root
Look up at da stars she like, honey where the roof?
Pull up, hear the dogs, canaries dey go on roof
Even once had a job pourin' tar up on the roof

Dat boy had it hard no facade, it's da truth
So now when I menage and get massaged just to proof
Proofs in dat pudding & dat bakin' sodas takin'
Paper dat would make take dem photos naked

Listenin' to niggas like whistlin' at Wiggie Williams
I flip my middle finga I'm chillin' on 20 million
Da room has turned me on I'm masterbatin' at da top
These hoes so excited so dey catchin' every drop

I'm dodgin' the barcols like pot holes in Jamaica
We cut down the weed, bury the paper on the makers
Martin had a dream, Bob got high
I still do both but somehow I got by

Treflo prayed, Mike Vick payed
Bobby Brown stray, Whitney lost weight
Kimbo Slice on da pad when I write
Dat may why they money lookin' funny in the light

But who really cares if you just throw it in the air
Celebratin' wealth pourin' Moet in her hair
Excuse me her weave the blue is her weed
Trunk full of white, car smell like blue cheese

Dat boy get salad beef bow movement
BM dubs on dem big thangs lookin' foolish
Shawty sittin' low big thangs poppin'
Tip on da glock from a crip up in Compton

Shootin' at da cops, fuck 1 time
I gave her to da block, I fucked 1 time
We boys in da hood and nigga you lil trey
So press ya appetite we takin' ya lil tray

Love my handgun but my choppa still da shit
Banned in 1994 but I'm 2 legit 2 quit

99 to 6 kilos was the shit
But dat were batter den roofin' dat shit be bad for ya
skin

Niggas was ruthless and Lord knows dat I've sinned
But I thought about my future in the loops like a pin

Walked out on da gig and I turned to da streets
Kept my name low key I ain't heard from in weeks

I came up wit a strategy to come up mathematically
I did it for da city but now everybody mad at me
Mothafuck 'em all and sweat from my balls
If I drop anotha album I did dat for my dogs

10 Maybachs everybody ridin' big
I just sit back like, look what I did
Den I bow my head and beg for forgiveness
Once I said my prayer everybody back to business

Smokin' on a blunt in my own restaurant
People lookin' from a distance think I'm big daddy cunk
Reincarnated spirit of a G
Beef'll make you dinner take a seat so we could eat

A Farrakhan aura, paws on the port
You eat from da bowl while ya dog need a fork
Niggas ain't loyal, snakes slithered and dey coil
I'm laughin' at u cuz, I kill u niggas when I'm bored

We steppin' on ya crew until you mothafukkas crush
And make da sweet love to every women dat you lust
I love to pay her bills can't wait to pay her rent
Curtis Jackson baby mama I ain't askin' for a cent

Burn the house down, gotta buy another
Don't forget the gas can, jealous stupid muthafuka
To another chapter, paper dat I captured
Caught up in da rapture off of gunshots and laughter

Homicide is zooming and nigga u lookin' funny
Women love to stare cuz dey know dey see da money
I open up my mind about openin' bank accounts
Deposit a 100 stacks break up now take it out

Baby dats a gift, maybe u could live
I knew it wouldn't work but I just like to give
Used to run da street, young nigga bare feet
Now I'm in da suites and I'm eatin' crab meats

Ice so right other rappers envy

Dey callin' all my jewelers up askin' wat he spendin'
Thinkin' 'bout boss, not thinkin' bout dem
Here's a letter to my enemies when I won't sin, amen

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