

Rick Ross

"Maybach Music"

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(feat. Jay-Z)

[Girl One (Girl Two)]

What is this? (Maybach music)

I like this Maybach music

[Both Girls]

Sweeeeeeeeeet!

Ha-ha-ha!

[Sample]

Come and take a ride

Come and take a ride

[Rick Ross]

Billionaire

Yayo

JUSTICE LEAGUE

[Rick Ross]

57 years, yes!

Blood for a D-Boy

Hand my mack 11 to the engineer to record

Got the baddest women in the world for me to feed on

Double deck yacht, docked Boss, blowing weed up

Revenue incredible, it put me on a pedestal

Columbia to Mexico, I figure there was a better rule

Look at me, a model now

Models and bottles 'round

A Blood holla', ballin'

But the boys in blue, shot 'em down

Gang-affiliated, colors prosecutors painted

'Cause the niggas I employed, name synonymous with

Mi-Yayo

Instrumental that are mental, Maybach kind of mental

400 off the lot, the block is monumental

Some things money can't buy

Like Heaven in the sky, even a better ride

In the rear, so many instruments I hear

Tucked behind curtain, no signs to fear (ROSS!)

I'm higher than a leer / Aaliyah

This Maybach music, designer shit I wear

May cause you to lose it
Close your eyes and inhale the smoke
It's Maybach music, the realest shit I wrote, nigga!
5 ounces, take a toke
Of this Maybach music, the realest shit I wrote
BOSS!

[Jay-Z]
YOUNG!
F**k it then!

[Jay-Z]
Black Maybach, white seas, black piping
Remind me of Paul McCartney and Mike fighting
You know, The Girl Is Mine
Life's A Bitch+, so The Whole World Is Mine
The six-deuce long, the curtains are drawn
Perfectly like a Picasso, Rembrandts and Rocco's
I'm a major player, 40-40's in Vegas at the Palazzo
They said it was not so
Certain things that money can't buy
Like being this fly
'Til then, I'm just gonna' ride!
I'm like G-Rap with better transportation
On the road to the riches, reach my (Final Destination)

And the lair, closer to a leer / Aaliyah
Say a Prayer, hope I get ta' see her
When I disappear from here - baby, yeah!
But I don't see the ending through these millionaire
lenses
Just the Two M's on the emblem
The partition roof, translucent and Humador
Where refrigerators, where Ace of Spades - two I store!
True story, my closet is like two stories
Cut to the happy ending, 'cause I don't do stories
Shawn Corey, real rap
The Maybach is bananas, peel back!
You feel that?
YOUNG! C'mon!

[Jay-Z]
Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back
Since way back, since way back
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back!
Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back
Since way back, since way back
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back!

[Rick Ross]

BOSS!

Can't be stopped now
We got too much cake

[Rick Ross]

They pinching pennies, while I'm muscling for meals
And the muscle be that muzzle, when I stuff it in your grill
Stuffed shells - thanks to crack, I crack
Crab and lobsters, not all mobsters
Imposters - got cha!
Boy, I got an eagle view, slanted on my balcony
Can only stay a week or two, so many people out for me
I bulletproofed the Maybach
Got a killer's intuition
Holding on that mack 11, Makaveli premonition
Waiting on my Suge Knight
One nation under God, since I chose a thug's life
Guess I gotta' play my part
Never will I die, my name symbolize
The hustle for young killers coming from the other side
Some things your money can't buy
Like Heaven in the sky, even a better ride
I'm large, my black car
Menagin' black broads, massage for frauds
I'm livin' large, sellin' fat rocks
In the Killin' Field of hip-hop
Runnin' up on the car, you get popped, mopped and dropped!
I'm The Boss!

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