

Rick Ross

"MC Hammer"

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Boss
Ricky Ross
It's Triple-C
Color cut clarity

My gun dirty, my brick clean
I'm ridding dirty, my dick clean
She talk dirty but her mouth clean
Bitch, I'm MC Hammer, I'm about cream

I got thirty cars, whole lot of dancers
I take 'em everywhere, I'm MC Hammer
Started selling dope, I'm too legit to quit
When it's Hammer time, I'm pulling out the stick

I'm at the car lot, I'm going broke
I pay for 5, they front a couple more
I take them home like I do my ho's
I dress 'em up, I buy 'em clothes

Glass slippers, I gas ho's
Now she's acting brand new on you assholes
Limousines, I did that
Two-door coupes, boy, I lived that

My top back, I'm circumcised
I pull it back, just to go inside
She thinking Felic, I'm thinking wanksta
Feenin' lemon pepper, I got my thing cocked

Black Bat Mobile, it's only new Ferrari
It's called Scaglietti, one button like an Atari
I'm just advising, my profit's rising
Niggas buying stocks in a nigga like I'm Verizon

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I got the Porsche, I was so ecstatic
Hundred grand a day my operation so elaborate
Credit card schemes, that was for the faggots
Motherfuck window shopping, boy, I gotta have it

Now my shit be booming all across the atlas
Gucci poochi money long, now we call him Alex
Had to move from Davey 'cause that shit was loco
Pick up the mansion and I sat that bitch back down in
Boca

My badest bitch is Latin but they call me loco
'Til I fuck them in the ass out in Acapulco
I'm thinkin' money every moment thinkin' money
I bust a nut then I'm back to thinkin' money

My wrist froze, my mind blown
I'm off slow, my eyes closed
You gotta judge a man by his principles
Teflon Don, I am invincible

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Hammers movin' on my chest when I hammer dance
Seventy grand make my gin the same like some
hammer bad
Ambulance, ambulance, 911, 911
It's Gucci Mane, yeah, that's my name, I'm goin' thug,
I'm goin' thug

Blowin' up, blowin' up, blowin' up, blowin' up
I'm like MC Hammer, I put that on my Grandma
I ride through East Atlanta in my new Ferrari
It's up for fifty-eight if you don't have a salary

I let you borrow mine, I think I'm MC Hammer
I never borrowed jewelry, I'll take a naked dancer
It's an occasion, a celebration, at Central Station
With Haitian ho's and Jamaicans, I'm tryin' to make it

Old school, want to race it, we can test it
I'm flexin', I leave a sucka egged up for breakfast
Throwin' spit, throwin' up respect, and I'm well
connected
I'm MC Hammer, hundred-fifty on the kitchen, 's Gucci

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Maybach Music

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