

Rick Ross

"Murda Mami"

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Yeah! Pussies don't get pussy
Brooklyn (uh-huh)

Kinda short, dark-skinned, she a fly lil' bitch
Be up in all them clubs spillin Dom P and shit
Know the boy stunt, Jonathan Kelsey clutch
Yves Saint Laurent fronts on her bags to the pumps
D's love her aura, Balenciago fedora
Lame niggaz bore her, struttin like she Kimora
She'll take a kilo and stuff it up in the coochie
Quicker than Ron, stash it between her coochie (ha ha)
Breeze through the hood, niggaz treat her like a O.G.
First bitch in the hood, with the Bentley Coupe GT (yes)
Brooklyn is the team, Alexander McQueen
Bustin down a bird and balance it with a beam
Five five, slanted eyes, bitch walk is mean
Mahushi Ron bracelets and Armani jeans
They're called skinny, my bitch is like a rasta with it
Black car, red bottoms, only mobster in it

It's like damn, bitch, niggaz lovin me now
Oh-nine Bonnie & Clyde doin it now - whoa
Murder murder, these bitches ain't never heard of
Gettin money, gettin hurt up, impatient to leak them
burners

Aiyyo Ross, send them bitches to the boss
The blood claat flyest bad bitch in New York
Y'all hoes better bow the fuck down and pay homage
I'm ten million sold and that's SoundScan knowledge
And all y'all rat bitches sound garbage
While me and Ross like the hood version of bombings
Bars give me style like when you steppin in my
The 38 special in my Chanel sock
Now I got the llama and Ermet's dark
Word to sly swifter fox who above me?
Say hello in pumps, Nickelus Curt with that bomb
So ladies raise your glass to this man song

Money ain't a thing, just look at my pinkie rings
So many numbers in the bank, shit could never be the

same

Tall four Velours, withdrawals by Michael Kors

And I watch a pretty penny I'm talkin hundred or more

My critique for 'leet, not for the cheap

And my money in the street way longer than my receipt

Dealin with the money, no (Monie) all (In The Middle)

I'm dealin with opponents, they gettin riddled

Box niggaz up, on the ropes

Louis sneakers, Louis luggage, the colognes and soaks

Smellin like money, my body tatted with hundreds

Oh-nine Bonnie Clyde, gotta live with it like uh

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