

## Rick Ross "New Bugatti"

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[Verse 1: Diddy]

You niggas paranoid, I party getting money  
I know I'm in the shit, my janitor be getting money  
I got a skyscraper, it's a hell of a view  
Got me closer to God, angel wings on my coupe  
Pray for me damn, I grind every day for it  
If you see me riding in it, it means I paid for it  
Bugatti Boy, one point eight four  
I got money, baby I could order eight more  
F-ck the Forbes list, let's tell the truth, I ate more  
I got a billion, baby, time to get me eight more  
Twelve bedrooms, time to get me eight more  
Stack all the cases of Ciroc up on the eighth floor

[Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy]

Got a hundred million  
(It's time to get another one)  
How this Bugatti feel?  
(I may need me another one)  
Five bad bitches  
(Just got me another one)  
P. Diddy run the city  
(Never be another one)

Five million cash  
(And I need another one)  
Rocking a different Rollie  
(No, it's not the other one)  
Second to none at getting money  
(Nigga, number one)  
Real niggas run the city  
(Never be another one)

[Verse 2: Diddy]

These haters speculate  
They always watching mine  
She know what time it is  
Just like my watch line  
My clothes line  
The cologne, bitch  
I know you smell this money, sitting on this throne, bitch

lâ€™™ m strong, b! tch  
I own shit  
Gave myself a ten-digit bonus  
lâ€™™ m the money man  
Money never financed  
Come get this money, baby  
With your fine ass

If your nigga broke, itâ€™™ s time to get another one  
If your b! tch is tripping, time to get another one  
lâ€™™ m Puff Daddy, b! tch, thereâ€™™ ll never be another  
one  
Bugatti Boys forever one

[Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy]  
Got a hundred milâ€™™  
(Itâ€™™ s time to get another one)  
How this Bugatti feel?  
(I may need me another one)  
Five bad b! tches  
(Just got me another one)  
P. Diddy run the city  
(Never be another one)

Five milâ€™™ cash  
(And I need another one)  
Rocking a different Rollie  
(No, itâ€™™ s not the other one)  
Second to none at getting money  
(Nigga, number one)  
Real niggas run the city  
(Never be another one)

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]  
lâ€™™ m feeling the money  
lâ€™™ m loving the paper  
Nigga hating the hood  
Took his ho to Jamaica  
If I let down the top  
Let the breeze in my beard  
V.I.P. is the spot  
They playing musical chairs  
My Colombian the man, all the beam-me-up shorty  
Got that money in the bag that can hold a f-cking body  
in  
One point five for this brand new black Bugatti  
Jewels like lâ€™™ m Slick Rick, Bally shoes, la di da di  
Feeling myself, b! tch, you do the same  
F-ck what I spend at the bar, you should see how I came  
My b! tch had a vest, with one foot in the trap  
If I bust at your chest, I bet thatâ€™™ s a wrap

[Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy]  
Got a hundred milâ€™  
(Itâ€™s time to get another one)  
How this Bugatti feel?  
(I may need me another one)  
Five bad b! tches  
(Just got me another one)  
P. Diddy run the city  
(Never be another one)

Five milâ€™ cash  
(And I need another one)  
Rocking a different Rollie  
(No, itâ€™s not the other one)  
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