

## Rick Ross "No Church In The Wild"

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[Rick Ross]

Prime 112 behind the double doors

As I rewind the devils floors

Pass across the courts your life's lost

Patience a virtue? Heard that you' re the boss

Your informer's correct

Now give me enormous respect

Cornered the game, record label on his chain

Right hand on the bible watch the floor catch flames

Margielas on her feet

Now she riding with a lame all jealous in the Jeep

All the lil homies wanna eat

But we never settle beef

So settle your debts before there's any regrets

Gino do the graffitti and Black Evander with the Tec

My girls say that l' m a mess

DJ Khaled say l' m the best

And my city do too

20 in the trunk, that's how city boys move

8.9, now the crib got a view

Mandarin manicure, DEA in pursuit

Champagne and and a Rolex, Rose

No church for a d-boy: let' s pray

## [Hook]

## [Meek Mill]

Ain' t no church in the wild for a nigga like me

In the game so foul in a world full of sin

Where the love flow thin

And the pain run deep

Cause it's blood in the streets

See the stains on the money, No love for the weak

Where it rain, never sunny, just mud on a beach

Where a hater sticks to you like mud on a cleat

Thanksgiving with the birds just drugs for a feast

Youngin only 13 with a snub in his fleece

Even though his heart's cold still got love for the

neat

See the high in his eyes, hear the slugs in his speech

From the bottom of Philly, I emerge from the east

Peace! At the dealer talking Bugatti talk

You never heard it like Illuminati talk Tell em haters that itâ $\in$ <sup>™</sup> s my mamaâ $\in$ <sup>™</sup> s fault Breaking bricks â $\in$ " you would think we talking karate talk

Young niggas with old money

Never trust a nigga that said let me hold something Never trust a b-tch that tell you she  $ain \hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^m$  t blown nothing

The Weathermen never tell me about these cold summers

Tears dripped on my dad casket
Niggas turned me into a bastard
Glock 40 on me is plastic
Get to reaching l' m squeezing on him and clapping
And I ain' t talking about similies
I' m talking head-shots where niggas won' t
remember me
I asked God please remove my enemies

I was surprised when I lost niggas that was friends of me

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