

Rick Ross

"No Worries"

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God forgives, I don't
Yea yea yea

My bitch so mean, she bite down on my dick
I call her roscoe jet, she be ridin all of my shit
My mind stealin my money, my niggas still on my side
Ain't got no worries nigga, all we do is ride
Don't switch up like pacquaio, still don't put my
stacks down
Half a mill on mayweather, I counted that on my crack
count
So my t-shirt cost 15, my chain rare, 1.3
That's champagne I piss out, crystal, fuck mick
romney
Top down in my 40, double m, we tourin'
Goddamn my ass fat, my bank account enormous

You can look me in my face I ain't got no worries
I ain't got no worries, I ain't got no worries
See them sh-rooms keep me up I ain't got no worries
I ain't got no worries, I ain't got no worries
You see money right there, yeah that's tunechi right
there (turn up)
Yeah that's mack maine right there, and we ain't got no
worries
You see pussy right there redbone mangos right there
See them sh-roomies right there we ain't got no worries

Tunechi in this bitch, e'rybody should be worried
Them pussy niggas be purring, bitches be digging me I
feel buried
And if she make this dick hard, she woke up a sleeping
giant
Man your bitch speak in tongues every time we speak in
private
Hope your barber shop open cause we got hair triggers
Smoke so much that smokey the bear, have to bear
with us
And that jeep with the doors off that means that bitch
sleek
All these bitch think they're the shit, I sent them up shits
creek

You see tunechi right here, give me brain ideas
It's ok if you turn up just don't turn off my light years
All I know is I do it what I'm smoking I grew it
These are blood gang piru, and all rats gotta die even
stewart
On my private jet is my stewardess is your bitch nigga,
bitch nigga
I know gold-diggers and ditch-diggers
You don't get dissed, you get disfigured
She say sorry I didn't shave so that pussy a little furry
I put that pussy in my face: I ain't got no worries
Tunechi

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