

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Pandemonium"**

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3 passports, 3 first class tickets to the money  
Straight flights

[Rick Ross]

I live by the cold war  
Drove from round the globe  
All I need is a kilo, a apron, show me the stove  
General electric, perfected, cooking them O's  
No more peanut butter sandwiches, now we looking at  
loaves  
Hoes, I need a condom for my toast, busting in these n-  
ggas  
Standing flat footed, I'm on my toes  
Froze, pandemonium overdose  
Paparazzi in the trees, please curtains closed  
Armadillo cigars, killers who like to play golf  
Preparing with transactions, with russian shots of the  
smirnoff  
Playing for keeps I buss in 'em 'fore she get off  
I run the city just pull up and drop the kid off  
Welcome to organised crime  
Money got me excited, I'm coming four or five times  
The '45 for you n-ggas with 9 lives  
Penthouse on college, money long as Ocean drive  
Black Chevy Tahoe's, Hatians up out the ?  
My place spacious, smoking aces in Lagos  
Feds get involved, I'm slipping off in the synagogue  
Issue you your warrant, informant, bitch I've been a  
boss  
Counting money stacks, your's counter-fitted  
I made my money back, when your accountant didn't  
Went against the odds, its only one Rozay  
My n-gga OKAY

[Chorus]

I got a penny in my pocket  
Million in the trunk  
Started in the back, now we the n-ggas in the front  
Step out on the block all the bitches they still in shock  
Get a piece of p-ssy then take my n-ggas to shop  
Pandemonium, causing pandemonium  
Half a million for the same car we rolling in

Pandemonium, pandemonium  
We the number 1 n-ggas your bitch notice it

[Meek Mill - Verse 2]

Million ways to make this money, you gon get it  
On the grind 24/7 I'm with it  
YSL swagger, wrist wear frigid  
Jumping out the Phantom like a muthaf-cking midget  
Money knocking at the front door I'm like "who is it?"  
It's Benjy, tell my lil n-gga "goin get it"  
Cause I've been counting all this dirty paper for a  
minute  
Lamborghini dreaming thinking how I'm spend it  
I'm like one's for the money, two's for the show of it  
Three's for the bitches that be f-cking for the hoe of it  
Four for my n-ggas that be stacking and then blowing it  
You would think I had a curfew the way I'm going in  
Look at what we rolling in, causing pandemonium  
Papi got them keys in, he like my custodian  
I was tryna bag a brick you was Nickelodian  
I was in them trenches getting down and dirty serving it  
We's part the reason that them Churches got some  
services  
The morgue could afford just cause we was doing  
murdering  
N-gga called my phone talking reckless I aint heard of  
it  
F-ck ya girl, give her back I'm courteous  
I can keep a secret with Vicky have a menage with Nicki  
And be out London with Lauren and telling Megan  
Good morning  
Catch me rolling with Kelly or at the Hilton with Paris  
From Hollywood to the hood, I want a mom and I swear  
that I want em all

Wanna f-ck em all  
Had my n-ggas down so I'm screaming f-ck the law  
Monday night wrestling, I'm so f-cking raw  
She gon wipe me down, I'm gon brush her off

I'm way harder than the concrete  
I say what my mind speak  
Word to the homies Ross I can get that 9 Piece  
For the low that 9 cheap  
Call me if you want it, haters see me  
And I'm staying got 'em sick to they stomach

[Chorus]

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[Wale]

Whole time, see that fly sh-t I've been on  
All the girlfriends fall in line from my spin off  
Thats game b-tch aint sh-t  
Nudies? and some J six  
Where I'm from it's cold  
And n-ggas get at you like handkerchiefs  
God bless you unless you was disrespectful  
Bitches dissappoint you but money won't ever stress  
you  
They say I'm special as Devin Hester on fourth down  
So all that sh-t you n-ggas kicking with worried about  
Catch me at tha carry out, mumbo sauce and half and  
half  
Flyest n-ggas out here, period no maxi-pad  
Bitch I got a right to brag  
Bitch I got a right to boast  
Presidential suite and bitch  
And I never use my right to vote  
My vision enormous, my bitch's is gorgeous  
And I am dead serious, bitch I spit with embalming  
Shout out to lil g, shout out Tre and Mohammad  
That boa shit we get paid with death over dishonor  
I'm known as Obama's don't I know no-one in congress  
These bitches love me all the way, u got sorta's and  
kinda's  
Sort of remind you, why you don't call no vagina  
Lets give em awesome intercourse and ignore there  
inquires  
Quietly becoming a top ten  
You dreamed of getting cream, best believe I'm John  
Deere  
?, earth tones in the winter  
Purp rolled in a rillow  
I am on my John Lithgow  
Out of this 3rd Rock, n-gga it it out  
I am on my Tom Brady y'all n-ggas is Eric Crouch  
What the bloodclot, Tommy Frazier f-ck yourself  
I can see your album coming  
That shits like a sucker punch  
Here for breakfast, f-ck for lunch  
Dinner time she bring a friend  
Write my sh-t so vicious  
Y'all are like snitches you can't see the pen

Always on some new sh-t CNN  
Sh-ttin on these n-ggas like I need a pen

[Chorus]

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