

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Presidential"**

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Get Money! Get Money!

Girl I think you're special  
Strictly presidential

You know the crib on the water now  
The Maybach stay watered down  
Project niggas giving orders now  
The gold presidential just to sport around  
I'm from the era of fitted caps and rental cars  
Dope pushers with ambition and pretty broads  
Walking on Jewish marble, hand painted the ceiling  
Happy Hanukkah nigga, it's a wonderful feeling  
Got my seats on the wood, playas giving me gap  
Lyor like how I move, want her right in my lap  
I made a few mils, ain't mentioning Meek  
Went and bought a new crib the weekend Wale  
released  
Bitches, they keep coming  
Bilie Jean thumping  
I need to hear the trumpets, meaning machine gunning  
I ain't missing nothing, got her sipping something  
I could ship her something, you know that December  
coming

Cause that green is all you need  
When you're a star baby, a star babe  
We all dream of royalty  
But that's who we are baby  
All I ever need is girls and green

They see me leaning in some new shit  
Now it's gold presidentials for the cruise ship  
Threesomes, weed crumbs on the cruise ship  
I'm a boss have you ass on a news clip  
She a dime but she gotta be a cool bitch  
Pony tail, red nails, still in school bitch  
Needed some cash so she asked me could she move  
shit  
Not a chance, whips got her talking foolish  
I was skipping them classes, but I got me a master  
I was gifted at math, always counted the fastest

Fishscale made me major profit margins  
I'm a profit stuffing my pockets, you niggas starving  
Lord forgive me for my sins, I'm with this pretty bitch  
80 grand, rubber band for some silly shit  
She on that Alexander Wang  
Gold presidential Venus when I change the game

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She wanna roll with a winner now  
So I let her roll with the windows down  
My nigga's up the road come and get it now  
60-40 know we split it up the middle now  
Shawty's said the word, I was talking that talk  
Maybe link up in New York, that's awesome as fuck  
I never been in love until I heard a beat  
She never met a G until she heard of me  
3rd floor projects, feel my point of view  
Everything is number 2, that's when it come to you  
Isabel Marant sneakers 'til the summer through  
Fuck you on a yacht is what I wanna do  
Baby girl got that wet wet  
I repeat: wet wet  
I'm the boss and I'm on that  
White T, gold Rolex

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Her shoe game remarkable  
I feel solely responsible  
I feel solely responsible

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