

Rick Ross

"Sixteen"

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[Intro: Rick Ross]

(When 16 ain't enough...)

It's funny because, it's been on my mind lately

Having a dope beat, a dope idea...

16 bars ain't enough!

How the fuck can I squeeze my whole life into a 16 bar verse?

You know, so many different levels, to living your life

Depicting with your wordplay, exactly what life means to you

16 ain't enough

I know y'all gonna feel me on this one

You gotta feel me on this one

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

It's funny how things change, funny how time fly

More than my feet travel, the more that I feel fly

More that I make now, the more that the chicks smile

She call me a local nigga, I opened a Swiss account

Eisenhower status, Etta James on the dash

Smooth as John Coltrane cruising in the Cadillac

Seville - feel my life on the real

We the Last Poets so this is a world premiere

Rolling like Mick Jagger, the women just getting badder

All I see is the money, cream, Eric Clapton

And all I wanted was one, 16 ain't enough

Talking that fast money 15 every month

When your people labelled poor, that motivated me more

Everything I ever wore was once worn before

Roll with the punches now it's box office numbers

Dressed like Sammy Davis, steamin' my marijuana

Double MGs, double M fees

We in every hood, nigga: government cheese

Yachts and Yacht Masters, Old Dirty Bastard

Floor seat for the Heat paper that I'm stackin'

Better put away a penny for the rainy days

Pick and roll, give and go, fuck a fade away

Livin' like Scottie Pippen, dribble riddles for vittles

Started off with a scribble, now I'm flowing a river

She say my heart cold, I'm naming my son December

Whitney died night before the Grammys - damn, what a memory

Trump Tower and I started with a 10 speed
Born broke had to use a nigga's instincts
Now I get a hundred racks for the 16
Waking up to turkey bacon and my thick queen
Niggas hating, I'm just watchin' on the big screen
3 stacks on the beat and the kicks mean
[Interlude: Andre 3000]
(When 16 ain't enough...)
You know how sometimes you got so much to say but
They on-, they only give you 16, heh...
Man it's like... I mean I got so much to say
The world has said like so much to me, I just wanna
give it right back to em
But, I only get 16, that's like a cage you know
I really can't say what I wanna say, you know it's just a
glimpse
That's all, just one uh, one little single glimpse
Just a page
But I guess I'm defeating the purpose of doing all this
talking
[Verse 2: Andre 3000]
Summer '88, or was it '89
Or was it wintertime, ah, never mind
I'm in my room, boomin'
Drawin' LL Cool J album covers with crayolas on
construction paper
I'm trying to fuck my neighbor, I'm tryna hook my
waves up
I'm tryna pull my grades up, to get them saddle lace
ups
Before Le Marc was Jacob, before them girls wore
makeup
Before my voice would break up, before we'd tour them
shake clubs
Before my mama wake up, before my palms would
cake up
Before they tell me they love me and we'll never
breakup
Before the time she makes love, to someone that I
thought was, my homeboy
But boy, was I wrong, now
I don't budge, don't want much, just a roof and porch
And a Porsche, and a horse and unfor-tunately
But of course an assort-ment of tor-ches that scor-ches
the skin, when they enter
Intru-ders, whose tutors did a lousy job
How's he god if he lets Lucifer let loose on us
That noose on us won't loosen up but loose enough to
juice us up
Make us think we do so much and do it big
Like they don't let us win, I can't pretend

But I do admit it, it feel good when the hood pseudo-
celebrate
Hence why every time we dine we eat until our belly
aches
Then go grab the finest wine and drink it like we know
which grape and which region it came from
As if we can name em, hint hint, it ain't um Welch's
Hell just fill three thousand more degrees cooler
Y'all can't measure my worth
But when you try, you'll need a ruler made by all the
Greek gods
Because the odds have always been stacked against
me when back's against the wall
I feel right at home, y'all sitting right at home
All Kelly green with envy while I'm jelly beans
descending
Into the palm of a child, looks up at mama and smiles
With such a devilish grin, like "where the hell have you
been"
She yelling that selling's a sin, well so is telling young
men
That selling is a sin, if you don't offer new ways to win
A dolphin gon' shake his fin, regardless if he gets in
Or out of water, most important thing for him is to swim
And Flipper didn't hold his nose, so why shall I hold my
tongue?
(I miss the days of old, when one could hold his girl on
his arm)
And not set off these alarms, when cameras snap snap
snap snap
Return fire, pa-pa-pa, pa, pa-pa, pa, pa, pa
They'll learn why, near privacy, so essential
They won't make no laws, I break their laws till they see
out our window
I take the fall to make them all treat human kind more
gentle
Forsake them all, I hate them all, don't like em don't
pretend to
Yea something tells me, we ain't in Kansas anymore
All that shit that used to be cool ain't cool anymore
All the women you been pursuing, now they want more
And they deserve it all, don't settle for what ain't yours
[Outro]
(When 16 ain't enough...)
Does your mama know you see me, does she know
you're freaky?
Does she ever wonder if it's 'bout ya I am speaking?
Do you ever ponder where I'm at when you get sleepy?
How the hell I'm gonna tell the youth don't be me?
Yea
Does your daddy think you perfect, does he know for

certain?

Does he know how you act when you pull back all them
curtains?

Do he think I'm 2Pac cause I'm black and put the works
in?

Does he know his daughter might have caught a real
merman?

Yea

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