

Rick Ross

"So Sophisticated"

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[Intro: Rick Ross]

This shit is highly sophisticated I just make it look easy
nigga
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[Rick Ross - Verse 1]

I'm so sophisticated
To get a verse from me, you gotta be initiated
To get a purse from me, she gotta be sophisticated
Purchase a whip from me and never miss a single
payment
I'm from the city where the Muslims even Christians
hate it
Even the black folk hate to see another nigga made it
Tell all them pussies to chill, champagne refrigerated
Just bought a chopper 'cause the last one, got it
confiscated
Counting a hundred mill so many times, I contemplated
You wanna be the hottest but that shit get complicated
I pull your card, I know you're pussy by your
conversation
Show you the safe, you'll have to kill me for that
combination
Made another two milli just off the compilation
I just hit a lick, I'm telling you this shit amazing
Got a white bitch, she fucking me just like she Jamaican
Sippin' purple and that muthafucker concentrated
This for my niggas in them prisons, overpopulated

[Hook]

This the mob so you gotta get initiated
If you a mob, then you gotta make an issue payment
We going hard, run it back just like it's Walter Payton
The game's sweet, gave all my niggas an occupation
(Ugh)
We so sophisticated (Ugh)
Shit so sophisticated (Woop)
Hundred millionaires, guess you made it (Ugh)

[Rick Ross - Verse 2]

I'm so sophisticated
Smoking weed, busting open dolla liquor later

I bust her open then I tell her I'ma lick her later
Pull out the stick and spray that bitch just like it's
activator
Time to lay down these niggas who still be
masquerading
We know you pussies, so you got my niggas
masturbating
Round of applause 'cause them choppers be so
captivating
So sophisticated 'cause them hits be calculated
Put yo dick in the dirt, now you decapitated
I'm getting money so you'll never hear me talking petty
Tatted on my stomach, rich forever, Makaveli
Fifty million, hundred million, it's accumulating
I'm the hottest and these other niggas cooling, ain't it
I got a bitch I'm fucking that you see on BET
My lil' Haiti shooters will have yo ass on TMZ
Breaking news and we still get them for 10 a key
And if he faking, fuck him, tell them niggas "C'est la
vie"

[Hook]

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[Verse 3: Meek Mill]

Shittin' on these haters, ball hard D-Waders
Ever since I got money, e'rybody need favors
That's why I ain't got no homies, and I ain't got no
neighbors
But I be on my grind like I ain't got no paper
But I'm so rich and I got yo bitch
All in my whip and she all on my dick
With a hand on my stick, tryna live in my crib
'Cause I handle my shit like a candle got lit
'Cause I burn shit down, yea I'm in my bag
And these niggas so mad it's my turn now
And I get that cash, my bitch so bad, she know
sophisticated
I'm balling hard, fucking bitches and ain't got shit for
haters
I hang my arm out the window now watch me get the
paper
My neck so frosty, you frauding, yo shit refrigerator
Boy you an imitator

You ain't got no M's in yo account, I never ask my
amount
Treat that bad bitch like a bad check 'cause I cash that
and I bounce
I ain't never had shit but I grab shit and I cashed out on
that ounce
And I flipped that to a bird and bounced back like word

[Hook]

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