

Rick Ross

"Southern Gangsters"

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He's a hustler, unbound by law
A self-made millionaire
With a reckless disregard for the haters
Ludacris on Southern Gangsta

A true entrepre-negro
CEO of Disturbing Tha Peace Records
He expanded his empire
Into multiple profitable businesses

Includin' his Thai food restaurant, Straits
Internet sites,
And my favorite,
The MVP of this rap shit

Luda, I'm a hustler, baller, gangsta, cap peeler
I stay strapped like your neighborhood trap dealer
I got rifles that blow ya below ya bible belt
And Mac-11's that leave you wetter than Michael Phelps

But you'll be swimmin' with the fishes
Softer than bitches washin' dishes
Fool, what's the business?
I'm already rich, so talk mo' figures
Spit thirty large for cigars of you hoe niggaz

I got gangstas that'll rearrange ya whole face
And put your casket on ice, now that's a cold case
Never forget where you come or that block'll bang you
I keep my ear to the streets like a cocker spaniel

I cock and blast you into outer space
Break every bone in ya, you so out of place
Boom without a trace, you a bluff to block
I got some red beams, let's play connect the dots

He's the biggest boss, comin' outta the MIYayo
Straight from the port of Miami
To keepin' it trilla
Involved in many heated acts of violence

This goes deeper than rap shit
He's worth eight figures
So young niggaz, boss up
I present to you, Rick Ross, the boss

I got a letter from the government the other day
I opened and read it, it said we want hustlers
Had a Lexus at eighteen, picture that
Got a Chevy with pictures on it from pitchin' crack

Bitch I know Haitians, we speakin' Creole
Bitch I'm a D-boy, still slingin' kilos
I got twenty cars, why exaggerate?
It cost me five grand just to fill the gas tanks

Love the marble floors, got the Greek pillows
Frontin' at awards, real street niggaz
I used to serve shake, now I serve steaks
Three squares on the road, call it third bass

Big ass face, chop you in your laugh face
Shoot his ass, aim defense is the last case
Keep Jewish friends, the newest Benz
You in a pool of blood, let me see you swim

Hailin' from College Park, Georgia
Authorities figured they must have been some sort of
mob
Or illegal organization
According to authorities, they made a quarter mil' a
week
Sellin' [Incomprehensible]

They were some high rollin' hustlers
Tity Boi and Dolla Boy
Playaz Circle aka the Duffel Bag Boys

Uh, I'm so sick I wrote this verse in a hospital
It's an election year, I support struggle
We roll like bicycles, icicle flow
White liquor, my nigga stay on line with the blow

I'm on time with the flow, not a minute nor second late
Ain't no such thing as second place
And every day I live heavyweight, you niggaz
featherweight
Fairytale tellin' niggaz really need to take a break

And the estate got a lake for a backyard
The pool room product put it all on my sacks card
For real? Yeah, for real

I'm ill, I deal, I did, I will

I got dogs like Cujo, me and Tity two chains ridin' in a
two do'

Bitches catch kudos, you know

Yeah, we move weight like sumos

And kicks it with them bitches like judo southside

Playaz Circle, Rick Ross, Ludacris

This has been another episode of Southern Gangsta

Thanks for tunin' in, what's next for Luda?

Well, anything's possible in the Theater of the Mind

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