

Rick Ross "Street Life"

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Rick Ross, Loyd, street life

Ain't nothin' but the street life
That's money, cars and hoes
It's the only life I chose
Street life, ain't nothin' but the street life
They love they way I shine
This world is mine, it's all mine

Up early in the morning, got gold in my eye
Got a 4-5 that'll leave a hole in the sky
Sittin' at this table, why, to take a sore for eye
Music and the street life that's a whole 'nother side
(Right)

Hoes used to call me small time
My clothes ain't know what to call mine
No logos or no tags in it
No polos 'til I started bag-gin' it

Way before my first key
My nigga E showed me how to parlay A Z
(Good lookin' nigga)
I know my mama pullin' overtime
Pocket full of dimes so I'm out here pullin' mine

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You can't close shop, not on my block
I'm 24/7 like I hop
Came from the bottom to the sky box
Now a penthouse, you can call me hi-top

Hop up in the 40-40, got 'bout forty on me
Fifty grand in a band, I'ma roll it, homie
Brick layin' cost 'bout another dub
Ten grand for a pound of the bubble bud

Twenty birds in a room down in Atlanta
I caught a bird, but the birds can't buy a camper
Just an example by an ex-trapper
Dress the coupe in the shoes, now that's dapper

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Street life, sellin' dope, fuckin' hoes
Big E, smoke comin' outta nigga nose
Candy paintin' on the corner, sellin' everything
I'm on the move, I ain't called mama in a couple days

This life and nothin' will ever change that
I love the game and we'll never give the game back
We lost a lotta good niggaz in the game
But in the game, all the good niggaz get a name

I got a name, everybody don't die the same
Like all dope don't fly the same
M I Yayo, boy I buy them thangs
It's like the people want me to come fly the plane

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