Rick Ross ""swagger Right ""

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[Verse 1: Fabolous]

Rich Girls

Loso

You know

Ugh

Swagger opposite of left

Money opposite of small

Being fly is a crime

Then the cops should get a call

I could Move through a room full of volters... NICE

And I still turn heads pultagice

Rock a cold chain

Neck full of Soulja ice

You young boys should listen to me like adults advice

I can help you get ya swag elevated

My look is copy written

You can tell I made it

It should be celebrated, national holiday

I'm just doing me I flash a few dollars hey

My fashion modern day

My passion probably

Thug life, Henny, with a splash of alize

I be with Rich Girls you niggas pay respect

And yawl ain't eating cause yawl probably couldn't pay

the check

Swagger Right

My Shit come correct

Them boys go hard

My shit stay wet

[Chorus:]

I posted up right here

Go on drop a line on me, on me

DJ playing my song

Better make a move on me, on me

Get Ya swagger right

(If you wanna push up on a girl like me)

Get Ya swagger right

(If you wanna push up on a girl like me)

I'm in it like a centerfold
So fly
Shawty walked by, tried to catch my eye
Had him on his tippy toes won't lie
Richgirl put em on a natural high
Now you wanna play it off
And act hard
It is what is it is, better play your part
See you wanna run a game, on my heart
Heres the opportunity for you to start

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Got ya faded boy, don't fall
Better put ya back up against the wall
Don't be yelling in my ear boy, when you talk
Come a lil closer, or don't holla at all
Heard ya confidence was on 10
Gotta make me feel like you in it to win
Every boy wants a RICHGIRL they can get with
Listen to the song, giving you the blue print

[Chorus]

[Verse 4:]

Don't be a

Heart donor, heart donor, heart donor

Don't turn out to be a love loaner (Love loaner)

Taking her to

Dinner just to get with her

(Just to get with her)

Make me feel like you an Indian giver

Heart donor, heart donor, heart donor

Don't turn out to be a life loaner

Life loaner

Dinner just to get with her

Give that nigga back his ring

Mine a whole lot glitter

Make me feel like you an Indian giver

[Verse 5: Rick Ross]

I'm getting money I could never be the same
New address, but the neighbors know my name
I confess I'm addicted to your fame
It took a RICHGIRL to come and say this shit plain
Pockets full of tokens, is the camera lenses focused
Flier than a fallen star
I see your swagger needs coaching
Follow ya boy
No not twitter

Excuse me Biggier
Biggie
JIGGA
RICKY ROZAY
Now down that liquor
Ring side fights
Late night skypes
Sincerely yours
I'm Mr. Swagger right

[Chorus]

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