

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Ten Jesus Pieces"**

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[Intro: Rick Ross]

God forgives, he's so honorable  
But living amongst thieves and niggas like myself  
You will not have that luxury

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

I wake up excited, I made it through the night  
Things I did in the dark, will it ever see the light?  
My nurse should be a wreck, I got a bad chick  
She keeps me erect, she loves my ad-libs  
I think I'm a genius, hundred grand a fucking feature  
I need at least three a week, roll up the fucking reefer  
Went from Benihana to Bimini in Bahamas  
Ten chains, no luggage, I'm a big timer  
Niggas claim that they thugging when they dick-riding  
My niggas rather walk, do they own brick climbing  
On the block in my all white sneakers  
Lord knows that my ten Jesus pieces  
Pray for me cause you know a nigga doing wrong  
My homie in the cell, so I had to write a poem  
Count mills for the times that we had it hard  
Asking for a hundred mill as I pray to God

[Hook: Rick Ross]

I do this for my niggas facing hard times  
Empty on them corners if you hustling part time  
Ten chains on, Eric B with mob ties  
Rakim flows, coming from the far side  
Blood diamonds and my pieces from apartheid  
Quick, quote a prayer, pull it from the archives  
I pray for every soul that this music reaches  
Bury me a G, ten Jesus pieces

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Young nigga coming up, they wanna gun you down  
Drinking vodka in the memory of my nigga, damn (I miss you Peanut)  
Riding real slow on them all golds (we had them nigga)  
Shopping for them Os when the mall close  
Repping for your homies when they all gone  
Get empowered then you put your dog on (Real shit)  
All black tees, ten gold chains

At the Super Bowl, but we in the dope game  
Ten years strong in the same trap  
Ten years blowing on that strong pack  
Lord knows that I wanna live right  
But Lord knows what that Club Liv like (right)  
Forty dollar tab meaning forty grand  
Lord? got it rolled up in a rubber band  
Holding on the forty in his other hand  
Ten chains on, smoking in the motherland

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]

I'm his poltergeist, niggas know I'm more than nice  
All these jewels on, all?  
I could see it in the sparkle cause it lackluster  
Black card maxed out, damn black brother  
White collar, black minded  
Chrome Smith and Wesson, back pocket  
Eight shot, bitch I'm a top shotta  
Screaming your affiliations, but that don't matter  
I'm flyin' first class as the snakes slither  
Never blackmail them, motherfucking killer  
On trial and they wanna execute me  
It's really sad, just the fact they never knew me  
True G to the core, feel my texture  
A true G keeps it raw in his lecture  
Keep it simple, white tee, new sneakers  
Dope boy style, ten Jesus pieces

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Stalley]

Versace shirt, Jesus laying on the chest  
Man I swear Big did it the best, I mean  
Nas did it fresh, Jay did it fresh, I mean  
Ye did it fresh, but man Big did it the best  
And I was so impressed that I went and got ten  
Now I'm stunting on these niggas cause I couldn't back  
in  
Rose gold, yellow gold, a couple platinum  
And I wear them all at once, I ain't trying to match them  
I remember bumping Mac 10 and that deuce in the  
corner  
Scraping up for a sandwich and a soda  
Now my strength is up and I'm dangling chains off my  
shoulders  
But no Jesus piece on mine, cause at times I feel  
ashamed  
For the reason that I rhyme  
And they say, because I'm Muslim I shouldn't think

about the shine  
Or even put it in a rhyme  
It's better things I could talk about or put my money  
towards  
But for now, I'mma wear these ten chains and floss

[Hook]

[Outro]  
We untouchable

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