

Rick Ross

"This Me"

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[Intro - Rick Ross]

It's ?

Well acquainted with all the ? and all that shit

It's Ricky Ross the rich boss

[Verse 1 - Rick Ross]

Wet bars on the boat

?

Crib like Scott Storch all from the coke

Maybox were a dream now it's all real

It's hard to get sleep layin next to five mil

I'm still gettin chips I call 'em the guce bumps

Yeah Alexander vision I'm buildin like two Trumps

Steppin guce bumps I'm the main event

We got a pocket full of game brain it made me ten

Six bitches numbers on the same yacht

? that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction

You see it these niggas livin of the past

I ran a hundred miles but I did it all with class

Hands of glass wrist all glass

Mirror on the wall ? with a Cristal ass

Champagne pours celebrate the curse

? above the laws with the mercy of the lords

[Hook - Rick Ross]

This me nigga

It's me nigga

While we do our thang give me six feet nigga

Better take a picture this is history nigga

I'm busy gettin money you can't miss me nigga

This me nigga

It's me nigga

While we do our thang give me six feet nigga

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I'm busy gettin money you can't miss me nigga

[Verse 2 - Rick Ross]

What's worse the ? from your homey

Tables turn fast I told you not to fuck me Tony

Started with the dishes ending with the digits

I had to cross friendship it's rules to the business

? with a sister like Gina

Beauty salon dream got the keys and the beamer
On the way to ? it's disappointment only
Land my spaceship with the spoilers only
? folders
F-B-I's eighty yeah let 'em know how a nigga ride
Fo-fo and fo-five and six fo's
Half a pill two dime six hoes
I need a slice of the pie fo five six
As I throw my dice in the sky
Head crack nigga
Bread stack nigga
Convertible Bert yeah I let my hair back nigga

[Hook - Rick Ross]

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[Verse 3 - Rick Ross]

Lamborghinis and Maseratis ?
When the beats over back to the street, soldier
The cold ? on the mic make me bring the heats over
When the beefs over might see the peach rover
We eats but we try to reach each quota
No soda Rolls roller one on her
Rodeo eighty gram one coda
Louis Vuitton bright sides don't want 'em
They trippin I'm drippin in Tiffany stones
Yeah the mob peel ? I'm livin it homes
Show ? I blow purp in ?
Four chains I'm puttin down with more work

[Hook - Rick Ross]

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