

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Unusual Suspects"**

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oooo ah ah ah ahhh (maybach music, its deeper than the verse baby, its deeper than the rap).

(Hook)

Doin a 150 miles and runnin,  
Get up in the way then u know that im gunnin,  
Laff about the doe but really aint nutin funny,  
Gettin rich in a rush, Yeah u know us,  
We the Usual Suspectsss,  
The real definition of success,  
Throwin money cuz i can and i love it,  
From nothin, To somethin..  
You know us we the Usual Suspectss,  
You no the boys on the block wanna take us,  
Cuz we bringin all of the paper, n  
From nothinn, To somethinn,  
You know us we the Usual Suspects.

(Rick Ross)

17 tryna man up,  
Feed the fam boy i put that on these damn goods,  
All i got was diabetes and a damn uggg,  
People talkin down callin me a damn sprug,  
Young niggas all u wana do is roam free,  
On your own feet gotta cook your own beef,  
Im too cool for lame dudes that ridicule,  
I laugh while im doin laps in the swimmin pool,  
I don't owe u niggas nuthin,  
Call me 2 fingers when you see a nigga stuntin,  
Black philip drummin limousines of the hummer,  
Penthouse sweet, pretty beach i call the summer,  
Lotta homies pass,  
See em in the future,  
Moneys so fast, on the gas, never neutral,  
Gotta keep a shooter while Im ridin in the 7,  
Higher than a kite by the time i get to heaven.

(Hook)

Doin a 150 miles and runnin,

Get up in ma way then u know that im gunnin,  
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(Nas)

And still my talent is yet to be challenged,  
Had new jet with my own pilot,  
No blastin off, but flexin, Dj Khaled,  
My mom stressin college,  
But my crude sense of logic, did a lude to my empty  
wallet,  
Try spittiin on a green tinted accord,  
Which could mean a sentence up north,  
Where the homie was, but back then doe was like a  
hoard, it goldie love, it didnt exist,  
And office foley cuffs, was after my wrists,  
Was not beverly hills where we chilled,

Imagine this, the nas n rith,  
Had to get from rags to rich,  
I used to stand on rooftops, with 2 glocks,  
Figurin, how do i turn my timbalands to clocks,  
Now reptiles was left out about a watch,  
What is you thinkin? Murk u, plus the muscle that u  
bringin is nothin to me,  
If you thuggin, a fake and shaked on cuban,  
Shout out my ricans,  
Down with all of u gangstas, to the roughest jamiacans.

(Hook)

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(Rick Ross)

If you ballin physics, nigga money never flow,  
Meanin every day im livin, tryna stay on flow,  
Coming from a BOSS, I can predict a double cross,  
Handlers managin money, they never come across.  
I spend in Africa, Magnamers, numbers involved,  
AK47s, Singin win or by sum or u fall?  
I dealt with brawls, and those willin to sell they soul,  
Over cars and clothes, man am talkin petty hoes,  
Ask ma feddi grow,  
Fuck a feet of spaghetti-o's.  
Im club poppin in cali shout out to ariel,  
Somebody dim the lights,  
Triple black tuts,  
Caz associated and the flesh is tryna catch up,  
I roam with niggas who destined to get a life sentence,  
Get they baby mama a lexus for them nice visits,  
Ma nigga got a dub an love to do the push ups,  
I got a million cash, tryna get the kush up.

(Hook)

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