

## **Rick Ross**

# **"Usual Suspects"**

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Maybach Music, it's deeper than the verse baby  
It's deeper than the rap

Doin' a 150 miles and runnin'  
Get up in the way then you know that I'm gunnin'  
Laugh about the doe but really ain't nutin' funny  
Gettin' rich in a rush

You know us we the usual suspects  
The real definition of success  
Throwin' money 'cause I can and I love it  
From nothin' to somethin'

You know us we the usual suspects  
You know the boys on the block wanna take us  
'Cause we bringin' all of the paper and  
From nothin' to somethin'  
You know us we the usual suspects

Seventeen, tryna man up  
Feed the fam boy, I put that on these damn goods  
All I got was diabetes and a damn ugg  
People talkin' down, callin' me a damn sprug

Young niggas, all you wanna do is roam free  
On your own feet, gotta cook your own beef  
I'm too cool for lame dudes that ridicule  
I laugh while I'm doin' laps in the swimmin' pool

I don't owe you niggas nothin'  
Call me two 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 I'm ridin' in the seven  
Higher than a kite by the time I get to heaven

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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 spittin' 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 didn't 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 two glocks  
Figurin' how do I turn my timbalands to clocks

Now reptiles was left out about a watch  
What is you thinkin'? Murk you  
Plus the muscle that you bringin' is nothin' to me  
If you thuggin, a fake and shaked on Cuban, shout out  
my Ricans  
Down with all of you gangstas to the roughest  
Jamiacans

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If you ballin' physics, nigga money never flow  
Meanin' every day I'm 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 you fall?  
I dealt with brawls and those willin' to sell their soul  
Over cars and clothes, man I'm talkin' petty hoes

Ask ma feddi grow, fuck a feet of spaghetti's  
I'm club poppin' in Cali shout out to Ariel  
Somebody dim the lights, triple black tuts  
'Cause associated and the flesh is tryna catch up

I roam with niggas who destined to get a life sentence  
Get their 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

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