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I'm smoking dope, I'm on my cell phone I'm selling dope, straight off the iPhone he wanna quote, he talking 9 zones he bought four, I front him 5 more

9 piece, straight 8 balls MJG bitch I got 8 balls 9 piece, straight 8 balls MJG bitch I got 8 balls

[Rick Ross - Verse 1] Suave house, stil lindependant distribution mexican he still sending no contract, take my word send a hundred packs bitch them my birds shoe box, no shoes in 'em in the two seater, me and two women no Def Jam, went solo took the custy's price so low

[Rick Ross - Chorus]

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[T.I - Verse 2]

Its the king young gunna hotter thana suana in the summer n-gga think I'm playing round if you wanna bring the thunder and the lightening like a sighting if you try me on that Wrren Buffet sh-t that monkey sh-t behind me

you want me square n-gga you know where to find me don't call me on my cell yopu tryna send a pimp to jail if you buying 25 you can get it for the twelve

uncut, rocked up, got hand and pale yeah hey let me send a little message to my enemies you n-gga get to telling have 'em buried 'fore they sentence me come to ATL, hit any trap they remember me billionniare swag witha dope boys energy

[Rick Chorus]

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[Rick Ross - Verse 3]
Soft white, I got that G-mix
I'm going Gold, crumbs to the bricks
I'm on the road, lets buy some new whips
trick a hundred hoes
spend a few chips
9 piece, straight 8 balls
bitch im blowin up like NAPALM
got your bottom bitch going awol
n-gga's looking at ya like you fell off
no sir, not me
I'm double platinum just like my Ferrari
bullet proof, n-gga teflon
why you snorting that
that shit stepped on

[Rick Chorus]

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