

Birdman & Rick Ross**"Justice"**

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feat. Gudda

Sometimes when I'm smoking that shit, right bird
Man you ever just pray my nigga
This for all the hustlers

Sometimes I get so high, I just pray my nigga
We hustling
I be coughing this shit, hustle
And I just be thinking bout
We blast off, god love us, my nigga
Real talk
Sometimes I recite song 27 : the lord is my light and
my salvation
Whom shall I fear?
Not nothing of these fuck
Coming up a nigga had to fight for erything
Now I'm at the fight 3 rows from the ring
Call some don king, 'jay z
Looking at this picture, bitch better say cheese
Who shine like boss, a birdman junior
We still got birds, don't let birdman fool ya
We just so blessed, lexus stretched
Tears in my eyes and I mean
The fam so trill, we just so rich
You could fuck my bitch, let me fuck your bitch
Sacks in the attic, ciroc on the yachts
Knots in the pockets, baleys, no socks
Cash is a heavy, monkey on my back
So I'm riding with my dog, with the chicken on my lap
Fascinated with the shine, get high off the H,
Call you when I come down

Young gutter, been running for 10 summers
Bad bitches lust, you pay for pussy, they front us
Young boss talking, you lil niggas is runners
The deals that I'm aching to turn, my gun is the
stunniest
It's lies that you speak, the truth lies in numbers
The wheels on the new coupe, humongous
Bet that, maybach wet black

Curtains close on the motherfucker when I sit back
Yeah, got the game from the stunner man
Yeah, but I still keep it gutter man
Money wrapped up in a rubber band
Give it to my bitch, tell her blow a lane nothing down
Just a young nigga shitting, dumping
Maybach music in the maybach bumping
Gt vodka got me feeling right
Just a young nigga getting money man I'm living right

Oh you lil fresh lil fly like that nigga, H
Rest in peace to the rest in peace

Come through nigga when I came through shooting
Niggas popping off so I had to shoot him
Shot him up, pop it off, that's how we do it
Got the money moved out and that's how we do it
Ak, I'm in the hallway, you niggas get sprayed
You niggas can't fade, get laid
A nigga get flayed
Fuck a nigga when we land, man we wet
Chop em all then we chopped up
Chopped up, got other niggas chopped up
Upstate nigga came together got bucked
Ain't nothing came so we did it, so we did us
Another night in the new bus
Smoke till we see dust
Another bitch and she on us
Ball till we can't flush

This that H experience
This the volume one, lost tapes
These records was recorded years ago
Bitch we make time this music
Catch up, we hustlers
We winners, we rich, we the greatest
We the best, bitch we the business
We made it, we will never stop
Birdman, ricky rozay,
Miami, new Orleans, every ghetto across the world
Every hood, every project,
You feel the pain in the music,
We out here, H.

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