

Birdman & Rick Ross**"Why"**

Visit "[Why](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Fresh, rollin in my caddy nigga, got my smith and wess
Feeling so nice, bubbly so right
Burning on the kush, do it all night
Money is a must, fucking with them hoes

Duffle bag full, platinum rock gold
Got to get the full, got to get the dough
Sitting all high, riding on the low
Get money, baby

I feel it, feeling how I gotta feel
I'm so high, I got the hard knock from the feel
For real nigga, ride around with the still
That's how I live, nothing changed, how I bill
How I was built, the life of s struggler
Got the game nigga, so the money was that hustle
I see moms want new shoes
Moms gotta give everything she want to

Don't make me a villain, is it aching as sinning
Bathing naked in the winter
Tryina taste me a million
Me and bird had a vision, tryina stay out of prison
Gun charge, I don't bug, gotta make a decision
Flooded the audemar, I bought another car
I had to celebrate, blew a hunned large
I'm looking at a yacht, they wishing it was stuck
When I was at the bottom, staring at the top
It was easy then, they didn't see me then
Now they see me selling dvd's for these dividends
The bricks built wallstreet, looking for that H, I'm
straight
Just call me the boss

[Hook]

Fresh, rollin in my caddy nigga, got my smith and wess
Feeling so nice, bubbly so right
Burning on the kush, do it all night
Money is a must, fucking with them hoes
Duffle bag full, platinum rock gold

Got to get the full, got to get the dough
Sitting all high, riding on the low
Get money, baby

Nigga I'm in the caddie out the hela chopper
2 choppers nigga and it won't stop us
I hear em popping off at the mouth
But money, money pops at the mouth
We keep the work in the trash can
Keep the garbage bag full with the cash man
Keep the tool nigga just to rule
5 star g break em down nigga don't do
And stay up like a high jet
So high, so high nigga, what's next
So we're feeling when we come down
Shit down nigga represent uptown
Uptown flashing my shit, red bandana for the dead
and another clip
Split nigga never change that, hunned stacks in the
cash bag nigga like that
Duffle bag full, come through nigga
Bitches know the game so they want too nigga
Floss my shit nigga clip another bitch
Up in the morning nigga hustle for the licks

[Hook]

Fresh, rollin in my caddy nigga, got my smith and wess
Feeling so nice, bubbly so right
Burning on the kush, do it all night
Money is a must, fucking with them hoes
Duffle bag full, platinum rock gold
Got to get the full, got to get the dough
Sitting all high, riding on the low
Get money, baby.

Visit [Birdman & Rick Ross](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.