

Mafia Music

Rick Ross

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I got a feeling nigga really that my money be the root
Look up at the stars she like honey where the roof?
Pull up hear the dogs canaries they goin roof
Even once had a job pouring tar up on a roof
That boy had it hard no facade its the truth
So now when I Menage and get massaged its the proof
Proofs in the pudding and that baking sodas taking
Paper that I'm making got her taking photos naked
Listening to niggas like whistling at Wendy Williams
I flip my middle finger I'm chilling on 20 million
The rumors turn me on I'm masturbating at the top
These hoes so excited they catching every drop
I'm dodging the debacles like pot holes in Jamaica
We cut down the weed bury the paper on them acres
Martin had a dream bob got high I still do both but somehow I got by Creflo pray Mike Vick payed bobby brown
stray Whitney lost weight
Kimbo Slice on the pad when I write
That Mayweather money looking funny in the light
But who really cares we just throw it in the air
Celebrating wealth pouring moet in her hair
Excuse me her weave the blue is a weave
Trunk full of white car smell like blue cheese
That boy get salad beef bout movements
BM dubs on them big things looking foolish
Shawty sitting low big things popping
Tip on the glock from a crip up in Compton shooting at the cops
Fuck one time I gave her to the block
I fucked 1 time we boys in the hood and nigga you lil' trey
Suppress ya appetite we taking ya lil' tray
Love my handgun but my chopper still the shit
Banned in 1994 but I'm to legit to quit
1996 kilos was the shit but that be better then roofing that shit be bad for ya skin

Niggas was ruthless and lord knows that I've sinned
But I thought about my future in the loops I could pin
Walked out on a gig and I turned to the streets
Kept my name low key I ain't heard from in weeks
I came up wit a strategy to come up mathematically
I did it for the city but now everybody mad at me
Motherfuck em all they sweat from my balls
If I drop another album I did that for my dogs
10 Maybach's everybody riding big
I just sit back like look what I did
Then I bow my head and beg for forgiveness
Once I said my prayer everybody back to business
Smoking on a blunt in my own restaurant people looking
from a distance think I'm big daddy kunk
Reincarnated spirit of a g beef ill make u dinner take a seat so we could eat
A Farrakhan aura paws on the pork you eat from the bowl while ya dog need a fork
Niggas ain't loyal snakes slithered in they coil im laughing at you
Cause kill you niggas when I'm bored
We stepping on ya crew until you motherfuckers crush
And making sweet love to every women that you lust
I love to pay her bills can't wait to pay her rent Curtis Jackson baby mama
I ain't asking for a cent
Burn the house down gotta buy another
Don't forget the gas can jealous stupid motherfucker
To another chapter paper that I captured
Caught up in the rapture off of gunshots and laughter
Homicide is humor and nigga you looking funny
Women love to stare cause they know they see the money
I open up my mind by opening bank accounts deposit a 100 stacks
Break up wont take it out baby that's a gift maybe you could live
I knew it wouldn't work but I just like to give used to run the street
Young nigga bare feet now I'm in the suites and I'm eating crab meats
Ice so right other rappers envy they calling all my jewelers up asking what he spending
Thinking bout BOSS not thinking bout them here's a letter to my enemies one I won't send amen

Lyrics provided by

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