

Sixteen

Rick Ross

[Intro: Rick Ross](When 16 ain't enough...)
It's funny because, it's been on my mind lately
Having a dope beat, a dope idea...
16 bars ain't enough!
How the fuck can I squeeze my whole life into a 16 bar verse?
You know, so many different levels, to living your life
Depicting with your wordplay, exactly what life means to you
16 ain't enough
I know y'all gonna feel me on this one
You gotta feel me on this one
[Verse 1: Rick Ross]It's funny how things change, funny how time fly
More than my feet travel, the more that I feel fly
More that I make now, the more that the chicks smile
She call me a local nigga, I opened a Swiss account
Eisenhower status, Etta James on the dash
Smooth as John Coltrane cruising in the Cadillac
Seville - feel my life on the real
We the Last Poets so this is a world premiere
Rolling like Mick Jagger, the women just getting badder
All I see is the money, cream, Eric Clapton
And all I wanted was one, 16 ain't enough
Talking that fast money 15 every month
When your people labelled poor, that motivated me more
Everything I ever wore was once worn before
Roll with the punches now it's box office numbers
Dressed like Sammy Davis, steamin' my marijuana
Double MGs, double M fees
We in every hood, nigga: government cheese
Yachts and Yacht Masters, Old Dirty Bastard
Floor seat for the Heat paper that I'm stackin'
Better put away a penny for the rainy days
Pick and roll, give and go, fuck a fade away
Livin' like Scottie Pippen, dribble riddles for vittles
Started off with a scribble, now I'm flowing a river
She say my heart cold, I'm naming my son December
Whitney died night before the Grammys - damn, what a memory
Trump Tower and I started with a 10 speed
Born broke had to use a nigga's instincts
Now I get a hundred racks for the 16

Waking up to turkey bacon and my thick queen
Niggas hating, I'm just watchin' on the big screen
3 stacks on the beat and the kicks mean
[Interlude: Andre 3000](When 16 ain't enough...)
You know how sometimes you got so much to say but
They on-, they only give you 16, heh...
Man it's like... I mean I got so much to say
The world has said like so much to me, I just wanna give it right back to em
But, I only get 16, that's like a cage you know
I really can't say what I wanna say, you know it's just a glimpse
That's all, just one uh, one little single glimpse
Just a page
But I guess I'm defeating the purpose of doing all this talking
[Verse 2: Andre 3000]Summer '88, or was it '89
Or was it wintertime, ah, never mind

I'm in my room, boomin'
Drawin' LL Cool J album covers with crayolas on construction paper
I'm trying to fuck my neighbor, I'm tryna hook my waves up
I'm tryna pull my grades up, to get them saddle lace ups
Before Le Marc was Jacob, before them girls wore makeup
Before my voice would break up, before we'd tour them shake clubs
Before my mama wake up, before my palms would cake up
Before they tell me they love me and we'll never breakup
Before the time she makes love, to someone that I thought was, my homeboy
But boy, was I wrong, now
I don't budge, don't want much, just a roof and porch
And a Porsche, and a horse and unfor-tunately
But of course an assort-ment of tor-ches that scor-ches the skin, when they enter
Intru-ders, whose tutors did a lousy job
How's he god if he lets Lucifer let loose on us
That noose on us won't loosen up but loose enough to juice us up
Make us think we do so much and do it big
Like they don't let us win, I can't pretend
But I do admit it, it feel good when the hood pseudo-celebrate
Hence why every time we dine we eat until our belly aches
Then go grab the finest wine and drink it like we know which grape and which region it came from
As if we can name em, hint hint, it ain't um Welch's
Hell just fill three thousand more degrees cooler
Y'all can't measure my worth
But when you try, you'll need a ruler made by all the Greek gods
Because the odds have always been stacked against me when back's against the wall
I feel right at home, y'all sitting right at home
All Kelly green with envy while I'm jelly beans descending
Into the palm of a child, looks up at mama and smiles

With such a devilish grin, like "where the hell have you been"
She yelling that selling's a sin, well so is telling young men
That selling is a sin, if you don't offer new ways to win
A dolphin gon' shake his fin, regardless if he gets in
Or out of water, most important thing for him is to swim
And Flipper didn't hold his nose, so why shall I hold my tongue?
(I miss the days of old, when one could hold his girl on his arm)
And not set off these alarms, when cameras snap snap snap snap
Return fire, pa-pa-pa, pa, pa-pa, pa, pa, pa
They'll learn why, near privacy, so essential
They won't make no laws, I break their laws till they see out our window
I take the fall to make them all treat human kind more gentle
Forsake them all, I hate them all, don't like em don't pretend to
Yea something tells me, we ain't in Kansas anymore
All that shit that used to be cool ain't cool anymore
All the women you been pursuing, now they want more
And they deserve it all, don't settle for what ain't yours
[Outro](When 16 ain't enough...)
Does your mama know you see me, does she know you're freaky?
Does she ever wonder if it's 'bout ya I am speaking?
Do you ever ponder where I'm at when you get sleepy?
How the hell I'm gonna tell the youth don't be me?
Yea
Does your daddy think you perfect, does he know for certain?
Does he know how you act when you pull back all them curtains?
Do he think I'm 2Pac cause I'm black and put the works in?
Does he know his daughter might have caught a real merman?
Yea

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