

# I'm a G (Featuring Brisco & Lil Wayne)

[Rick Ross](#)

Beat Nova Cane I wear the \*\*\* like a girdle  
Bulletproof car got me feelin' like a turtle, s\*\*\*  
These n\*\*\* ain't satisfied 'til they get \*\*\*, you hear me?  
Yeah and I'ma G, you don't know a muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
I tell you one muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
\*\*\* I got so much money on me I'm lookin' thug in a Bentley  
I got a few slugs, don't temp me  
Khaled put me up on the firm mats  
I'ma million dollar \*\*\*, let's confirm that I rep Carol City out in Vegas  
And the matchin' hundred thousand dollar bracelet  
Mo' \*\*\* then The Matrix  
Neo, reload, get your face twist Cartel \*\*\* by the cases  
Cartel, mo' cars then the races  
\*\*\* on a Lear Jet  
Rick Ross, I'ma real threat I wear the \*\*\* like a girdle  
Bulletproof car got me feelin' like a turtle, s\*\*\*  
These n\*\*\* ain't satisfied 'til they get \*\*\*, you hear me?  
Yeah and I'ma G, you don't know a muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
I tell you one muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
\*\*\* I got so much money on me Standin' in da blue house \*\*\* in my right hand  
Stomach growlin', the Bris gotta feed the fam  
I gotta meet the man, the man wit dem kilograms  
He 'bouta get jammed by the Open Locker goon I found a needle in da hay stack  
Put a boy in the flood, snoop's'll they got my weight back  
Now I'm known around Dade as the Young Don  
Ain't no \*\*\* made \*\*\* where I come from Na, ain't no \*\*\*, ain't stoppin' s\*\*\*  
8 pound on da pinky, a bird fat on the wrist  
So far, so hood  
When da rounds hit his \*\*\*, it ain't look so good Now he leavin' in a black bag  
He the roach, the Bris be da black flag  
And don't leave your dope 'round me  
Straight gutta, fo' real, ask ya homie 'bout me, I'm a GI wear the \*\*\* like a girdle  
Bulletproof car got me feelin' like a turtle, s\*\*\*  
These n\*\*\* ain't satisfied 'til they get \*\*\*, you hear me?  
Yeah and I'ma G, you don't know a muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
I tell you one muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
\*\*\* I got so much money on me Fat paper bag, brown paper bag  
Rubberband, green paper cash, yep  
\*\*\* wit 'em, get the laser tag

Y'all n\*\*\* betta wave a flag, it is oval walk wit a hand gun, ride wit a punk  
It must been the coop or somethin'  
Since I love her, I'ma put some candy on that \*\*\*  
I go topless, no panties on that \*\*\* See, y'all n\*\*\* think it's sweet  
Sweet tooth n\*\*\* get shot in the teeth like that, boy  
I got \*\*\* where \*\*\* ain't suppose to be  
You need to get a full dose of me, I'm crack, yeah I wear the \*\*\* like a girdle  
Bulletproof car got me feelin' like a turtle, s\*\*\*  
These n\*\*\* ain't satisfied 'til they get \*\*\*, you hear me?  
Yeah and I'ma G, you don't know a muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
I tell you one muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
\*\*\* I got so much money on me\*\*\* know I'm illatic , know who you dealin' wit  
\*\*\* ya pretty whip, you n\*\*\* ain't killin' s\*\*\*  
Every bird I whip, \*\*\* every bird I'm wit  
I'm ya Makaveli, sucka, where dat \*\*\* hit Y'all n\*\*\* ain't trill, y'all \*\*\* know the deal  
Y'all \*\*\* wanna deal  
What you talkin' is irrelevant  
This \*\*\* leave a hole in a elephant So if I got it, then I'm sellin' it  
Need cheese cake like Frederick  
You hear the rhetoric, \*\*\* you not a predakic  
Rick in a 7 6, six shot metal kit, Ross I wear the \*\*\* like a girdle  
Bulletproof car got me feelin' like a turtle, s\*\*\*  
These n\*\*\* ain't satisfied 'til they get \*\*\*, you hear me?  
Yeah and I'ma G, you don't know a muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
I tell you one muthaf\*\*\* thang 'bout me  
\*\*\* I got so much money on me, Ross

Songwriters

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