

# New Bugatti (feat. P. Diddy)

## Rick Ross

We at the condo, let's have pool party  
Ain't no space in the garage, I got a new BugattiI heard a young nigga had to sell his soul  
For a new Bugatti and a ton of gold  
Stepping in the crib, I gotta pat you down  
So old school, still in my cap and gown  
The lawn manicured and it's well lit  
Talking whole sale, each 12 6  
Order crab legs with the heavy butter  
357 perpetrator stumbles  
Shots fired, and I fear the worst  
Gift wrap his ass, December 1st  
Underneath the tree, can a nigga sleep?  
Yea I went and spent a hundred G's on a VOne point five for the transport  
Car got a letter B all on the asshole  
Fuck a Swiss account, I got it all cash  
If it's any problem, you can bring 'em all back  
Know how a hustler move, do what he gotta do  
Fuck the prosecutor, tell him the Bugatti's new  
One point five settle all these civil suits  
Platinum a million time, record in a silver suitThe whole city screaming where that boy Diddy at  
Blue Yankee fitted, boy I brought the city back  
I'm a Harlem nigga, I'm a Ciroc boy  
Fuck a penthouse, I bought the block boy  
Bought a Vacheron in London, costs a million pounds  
Fuck a chick all in the shower like I'm trying to drown  
Turn my back just like a king, I let her wipe me down  
I'm Sean John down to my jeans, how you like me now  
Hating ass niggas not my type of crowd  
Gotta get a fade before I wear the crown  
I hope you brought some money since you talking live  
We sipping Blue Dot and we smoking loud  
I scoop a new broad just to knock her down  
I get a new broad when she not around  
Fuck a phone bill, bitch I'm worth a bill  
She wanna feel the rush, I give her sugar hill

Songwriters

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