

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 Bugatti
I 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 V
One 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 suit
The 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

William Roberts, Sean Combs

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