

# Walkin' On Air (feat. Meek Mill)

[Rick Ross](#)

I pray we all live forever  
I pray I'm a servant to all prophets  
May I be rich forever Money on my head, pussy boy, that ain't enough  
Bullet to your trap strapped in my armored truck  
Your mami house next, tell that bitch to duck  
Ain't no sympathizing in a city streets  
That's all I ever heard from my older G's  
She say she love me, but I know she play for keeps  
Slip a black snake in a nigga's sheets  
Bought a bitch a hundred acres, all red roses  
Half you niggas Judas, I'm the son of Moses  
Illuminated, resurrected as Selassie  
Bob Marley through the trumpets on the day I die  
Rolls Royces on dirt roads, we dope boys (Dope boys) Baptized by the dope boys, ordained by the assholes  
My salvation is the cash flow  
Whoa, oh  
I'm walking on air I'm talking big bitch, I'm talking big  
I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big  
We do it big bitch, we do it big I'm into fashion, nigga, John the Baptist  
My loyalty respected all across the atlas  
I can have you and your team finalized  
All your kids screaming in Mount Sinai  
Holy Ghost, the divine spirit  
My heart pure, he a real nigga  
She let me fuck early so she trustworthy  
Her pussy sacred so she getting all the purses  
In his name I'm Supreme Lord  
The Book of Leviticus is the springboard  
Jesus Christ, look at this nigga's ice  
Better yet, look at this nigga's life  
I'm walking on air You already know, I give and go when I get that dough  
Nigga with that O, I move that shit like tic-tac-toe  
And these be niggas be hating like "Meek Mill, how you get that ho?"  
'Cause I get that dough, and I spit that flow  
Just check my style and look at that Roll'  
On my wrist, on some shit, make a call, "Who is this?"  
Think it's Benjie on the line and he called, tried to flip  
What I do? Make a call, call Papi for a brick  
And papi call JosÃ©, 'cause JosÃ© got fish

Now I'm 30,000 feet up with my feet up, rollin' weed up  
Pussy niggas couldn't bluff us, couldn't beat us  
Throwing curve balls in the field to get your ear like Derek Jeter  
Double M, yeah that's the team, I know they see us, yeah Wait a minute, wait a minute  
Wait a minute, wait a minute  
Wait a minute, wait a minute I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big  
I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big  
We do it big, bitch, we do it big Fuck a tutor, better get a shooter  
Teach your ass a lesson when they runnin' into ya  
Fiends lining up like we having communions  
This my daily bread and you niggas consumers  
All I ever wanted was to make scrilla  
Have a recording session with J Dilla  
Selassie, Exodus  
Corinthians, Leviticus  
I'm on the books, I study well  
Getting money, bitches know me well (Huh) Selassie  
Selassie  
Pray I never die  
I pray I never die

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