

# I Swear To God

[Rick Ross](#)

Watch the real niggas celebrate  
All the real niggas selling weight  
Watch the real niggas celebrate I swear to God, that's on my kids  
Every day that I'm alive, I gotta live  
For every gangster ever died or did a bid  
Where I'm from, when niggas ride, they killin' quick  
Flipping bricks, counting money -- so repetitious  
Highly decorated gangster, so keep a distance  
Swear to God, that's on my kids, better mind your business  
Five grand'll get you killed, what's a life sentence?  
Life sentence, huh! I'm paranoid cause I'm in the Porsche  
In the projects, sitting on a brick of boy  
I swear to God, this dick could change your life  
So grab your bags, it's time to catch a flight  
I levitate on all these pussy niggas  
I never hate on all these pussy niggas  
My tax bracket on some other shit  
I could put you on that mothership I swear to God, that's on my kids  
Every day that I'm alive, I gotta live  
For every gangster ever died or did a bid  
Where I'm from, when niggas ride, they killin' quick  
Flipping bricks, counting money -- so repetitious  
Highly decorated gangster, so keep a distance  
Swear to God, that's on my kids, better mind your business  
Five grand'll get you killed, what's a life sentence?  
Life sentence, huh! Start winning, niggas wanna whisper in the dark  
Spray the driver's side window when the Lincoln park  
I think these niggas out here reading lips  
Salty, we the only niggas eating chips  
Gotta separate from all these pussy niggas  
You could never hesitate and you's a pussy, nigga  
We started off dead broke  
Now I got forty million in a fucking yoke  
I got four million in my boat  
All jokes aside, a few million in my ho  
Double M, know the G's, nigga  
Or Colombians, sipping mojitos with leaves, nigga I swear to God, that's on my kids  
Every day that I'm alive, I gotta live  
For every gangster ever died or did a bid

Where I'm from, when niggas ride, they killin' quick  
Flipping bricks, counting money -- so repetitious  
Highly decorated gangster, so keep a distance  
Swear to God, that's on my kids, better mind your business  
Five grand'll get you killed, what's a life sentence?  
Life sentence, huh! Rose-gold Jesus, rose-gold watch  
All-black Ghost, all-black Glock  
Three new flows, that's off top  
All white squares, the city on lock  
I swear to God, I need a hundred m's  
'Til the day I die, I plan to represent  
Hold your heads high, we had a nice run  
Let the bankers know we have just begun  
I broke the mold; my total assets  
Will get you assholes left in the past tense  
I broke the mold in every aspect  
I'll get you assholes left in the past tense I swear to God, that's on my kids  
Every day that I'm alive, I gotta live  
For every gangster ever died or did a bid  
Where I'm from, when niggas ride, they killin' quick  
Flipping bricks, counting money -- so repetitious  
Highly decorated gangster, so keep a distance  
Swear to God, that's on my kids, better mind your business  
Five grand'll get you killed, what's a life sentence?  
Life sentence, huh!

Songwriters

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