

Made Men

Drake

[Rick Ross]

Two door Bugatti coupe
I call it Katy Perry
Wiz Khalifa papers
smoking my favourite berrys
S65 I call it Rihanna
It got a red top but its white like Madonna
Made man, you hear what I said
having a slumber party all my bitches counting bread
made man, also known as Papi Chulo
and Im running straight up in the culo
my wrist always on frio, call me chilly chill
super head and super head, and I really will
Californication, Motivation in my pocket
got on my blue Dickie, shout out my n-gga Roccett
still smoking sickie, it aint no other option
not for made n-ggas and Im never stopping
I raised the bar, I set the standards
my yayo, Usher Raymond, that b-tch just keep on dancing dollar bills on top of dollar bills
thats all Im throwing, if she wont her momma will
made n-ggas, talking a lot of skril
8 digits a n-gga tryna live
made man, you hear what I said
I got a hundred squares
if you scared, called the feds
made men, Im screaming dollar bills
park the trunk on the Porsche
there they go, Dollar bills [Drake]
Riding round the city, plastic cup of Henny
find a n-gga like me, truth to be told, I dont know many
I say shout my driver Lauren, thats 62 with curtains
cant see shit, I dont know where the f-ck Im at for certain
when it boils down, Im just a T.O n-gga
but bitches tell me that I look just like a creole n-gga
New Orleans know its love, everytime Im in town
shout out my n-gga Tez, thats my brother my round
spending tomorrows money, I call it maana
off the rack just aint my style, I call it designer
one of my baddest women ever, I call her Rihanna
but thats cause her name is Rihanna!

Im in the condo just posting watching Miami kill
I might just walk to the arena and watch it for real
Ashes to ashes, me, Rozay and Khaled
smoking bull riders, shit moving slow as a ballad
tattoo on your ass, itd be nice if you show me
Im buying bitches furs, Mike Tyson, Naomi
Ive got the right to do it, its only right to do it
love me some head, and I love a woman that likes to do it
still love my team, aint no other option
not for made n-ggas and Im never stopping
Im Damon Wayans, just know that homie dont play that
you know we running my n-gga, Young money, Maybach[Chorus][Rick Ross - Verse 3]
Black panorama, I call it T-Pain
I got my autotune, that bitch insane
got my revolver too, I call it Ving Rhames
you still a baby boy, we doing big things
street n-ggas, you hear what I said
I got some bad news, Jabar back in the feds
facing twenty, he just did a dime
been out a year, look like he finna ride
genocide, these people killing time
throw you in a hole, you must be penalised
soon as you see success, haters reinvest
miami gardens drive, half a million nothing less
raised the bar, I set the standards
my yayo Mc Hammer, that bitch just keep on dancing
Michael Jackson, let it moonwalk
set it on the napkin, let it cool off

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