Ten Jesus Pieces

Rick Ross

[Intro]{J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League} {*echoes*}
God forgives
He's so honorable {Maybach Music!}
But living amongst thieves
and niggaz like myself
You will not have that luxury
[Rick Ross]I wake up excited, I made it through the night
Things I did in the dark, will it ever see the light?
My nerves should be a wreck, I got a bad chick
She keeps me erect, she loves my ad-libs
I think I'm a genius hundred grand a fuckin feature
I do at least three a week, roll up the fuckin reefer
Went from Benihana to Bimini in Bahamas
Ten chains, no luggage, I'm a big timer
Niggaz claim that they thuggin when they dickridin
My niggaz rather walk, do they own brick climbin
On the block in my all white sneakers
Lord knows in my ten Jesus pieces
Pray for me cause you know a nigga doingwrong
My homey in the cell, so I had to write a poem
Count mills for the times that we had it hard
Asking for a hundred mill' as I pray to God
[Chorus]I do this for my niggaz facin hard times
Can't be on them corners if you hustle part time
Ten chains on, Eric B. with mob ties
Rakim flows, coming from the Pharcyde
Blood diamonds and my piece is from apartheid
Quick to quote a prayer, pull it from the archives
I pray for every soul that this music reaches
Bury me a G - ten Jesus pieces
[Rick Ross]Young nigga comin up they wanna gun you down
Drinkin vodka in the memory of my nigga, damn (I miss you Peanut)
Ridin real slow on them all golds (we had them nigga)
Shoppin for them O's when the mall close
Reppin for your homies when they all gone
Get in power then you put your dawg on (real shit)
All black tees, ten gold chains
At the Super Bowl, but we in the dope game {*laughing*}
Ten years strong in the same trap

Ugh~! Ten years blowin on that strong pack
Lord knows that I wanna live right (right)

But Lord knows what that Club Liv like (right)
Forty dollar tab meanin forty grand
Lil' wodie got it rolled up in a rubber band
Holdin on the forty in his other hand
Ten chains on, smokin in the motherland
[Chorus][Rick Ross]I'm his poltergeist, niggaz know I'm more than nice
All these jewels on, all boys tonight
I could see it in the sparkle cause they lackluster
Black card maxed out, damn black brother
White collar, black-minded
Chrome Smith & Wesson, back pocket
Eight shot, bitch I'm a top shotta
Screamin your affiliations, but that don't matter
I'm flyin first class as the snakes slither
Never blackmail a motherfuckin killer
On trial and they wanna execute me
It's really sad, just the fact they never knew me
True G to the core, feel my texture
A true G keeps it raw in his lecture
Keep it simple, white tee, new sneakers
Dope boy style, ten Jesus pieces
[Chorus][Stalley]Versace shirt, Jesus layin on the chest
Man I swear Big did it the best, I mean
Nas did it fresh and, Jay did it fresh, I mean
'Ye did it fresh, but man Big did it the best
And I was so impressed that I went and got ten
Now I'm stunting on these niggaz cause I couldn't back in
Rose gold, yellow gold, a couple platinum
And I wear 'em all at once, I ain't tryin to match them
I remember bumping Mack 10 and that deuce in the corner
Scrapin up for a sandwich and a soda
Now my strength is up and I'm danglin chains off my shoulders
But no Jesus piece on mine, cause at times I feel ashamed
for the reason that I rhyme; and they say
cause I'm Muslim I shouldn't think about the shine or even put it in a rhyme
It's better things I could talk about or put my money towards
But for now I'ma wear these ten chains and floss
[Chorus][Rick Ross]{Maybach Music}
We untouchable

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