

Summer Seventeen (feat. Yo Gotti)

Rick Ross

[Intro]

You scared to die nigga?

Open your eyes wide and I pray you are[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

I'm out on bond so I gotta beat it

All the dope boys say they wanna be me (boss)

I got a lick boy, I got a lick

2017 trust me boy, this one is it

I used to smoke the weed until my fingers burn

Pool of bitches fucking me, I got em' taking turns

My nigga bought the stick but you wanna fade

Made runnin' in the bank a residential thing

All my niggas mad they like fuck the world

Back to standin' on the Ave. with a couple birds

If you a killer well I'm tryna see

Cause calling the police the only thing free

I had to park that purple Lamborghini

And pull that Chevy back out on the cement

I'm from the city where they kill for nothin'

And all Renzel do is push a button[Hook: Rick Ross]

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

(All my niggas! I'm talking all my niggas!)

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen[Verse 2: Yo Gotti]

I had a quarter mil' when I was seventeen

Quarterback and quarter keys, plus I own the team

Rather you than me, rather me than you

Riding in that coupe, hanging out shooting

Glass panoramic top, I don't got no roof

Your bitch wishing on a star

I can see the moon

I can count to a million with my eyes closed, and shoot a pussy with that chopper while I'm blindfolded

Draco, draco, draco (draco), fitted cap a halo (halo)

Activis and Faygo, no pussies on my payroll

It's 'bout to be a cold summer, hot winter

This year in march, I might make it rain 'til September[Hook: Rick Ross]

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen[Verse 3: Rick Ross]
I'm out on bond so I gotta beat it
Half a million to my lawyer cause he undefeated
Shots fired; you short of breathing
Barefoot, cause them kids took your Adidas
I'm keepin' fried fish up in my mama pan
How much y'all detectives call yo' boy the son of Sam
Zaca flesh shake up the block, that's with a hundred grand
Put that voodoo on you niggas so that gun'll jam
You know them niggas killers how they name ring
You know them niggas winners how they chain swing
All the bitches sellin' pussy charge the same thing
Richest nigga in the hood, we call him Rain Man[Hook: Rick Ross]
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
(All my niggas, let's go!)
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen[Outro: Yo Gotti]
Lord! I'm talking all my niggas!
All my niggas!
Every one of em, nigga
Summer seventeen nigga!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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