

Oil Money Gang (CDQ)

[Rick Ross](#)

Uh, Mastermind
It's going further my nigga
It ain't even about being a dope boy my nigga
We talking oil money, oil money, yeah It's amazing to be alive when niggas wants you to die
Mad at every check you deposit, I see it all in their eyes
I'mma stunt harder, I'mma shop more
Black bell boy, Persian rugs at the door
Giving niggas jobs, living like the mob
A scotch in the soda anastasia.com
People talking 'bout me, say I got a body
Or are they mad at me that the house got a lobby?
Big four-fifths spliffs at the boat split
Tip toin' through the city, Alvin Ailey with a brick
Settin' new milestones, gettin my style on
Down in Coconut Grove where niggas don't smile long
City full of barbarians, wet you like an aquarius
Only beautiful bitches, they tell me the more the merrier
Fascinatin' faces, now it's top jewelers
Pina colada daiquiris Fontainebleau on a Tuesday
Got the Desert Eagle up in Fred Segal
Only fat nigga in vintage Moschino
Attempted murder, I refuse to exile
So it's club LIV til I'm exed out
A gold casket my final request
Bangin' at em like my child they want molest
Therefore I pray I live a hundred years
Be a crutch for my kids all through their wonder years
Oil money fuck up a hundred mill
That's just a yacht and a crib, nigga dying to live
Champagne, spillin' the opulence
Side bitches remain anonymous
Got a condo on Collins, another on Sunny Isle
Makin sure you get around cause these niggas will gun you down
Got my daughter a Fendi purse then I took her to Disney World
All I give her is game, digesting my every word
Tired and chartered a plane, oil money the game
Classics stay on my feet, Double M on my chain
All I think is about oil money
These niggas barely gettin' tour money It's gonna be aight, it's gonna be aight

Don't even worry 'bout nothing
Gon' talk that shit for a minute
Put the dutch out, light a cuban up
Dim the lights if you want, cause we already shinin'
You know? yeah
Tryna get a grip, but you just can't clutch it
When the money is in the circle, the squares can't touch it
Reaping the benefits from the years that we suffered
If they dont know nothin' else they know I'm not to be fucked with
Chillin' on the deck, brainstorming on the check
You don't see the bigger picture, you just see the silhouette
Keep your ho still 'fore I nail her
Money on my mind while I hold still for the tailor
Three man weave, I dump it off to the trailer
If the pack too loud, dump it off with the sealer
We pop bottles, have the shots of the tequila
Might see me in something you can't cop from the dealer
Probably gon' rang, Gareth Pugh and Belstaff
Work coming in, I sit on some and sell half
Made it to the top over night, that's why you fell fast
Best head I got in my life, for a Chanel bag
This is heaven on earth shit, give me my hell pass
Niggas tryna copy my style, but they don't sell swag
Nah, vacationing on in the Maldives
Room service come to you on a boat, child please
Don't get me confused though, cause I'll squeeze
Niggas know I get huge dough and wild k's
I will forever cash in
Oil money mean the wealth's everlasting
What?

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

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