

# **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, yeahIt'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 toein' 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 moneyIt'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.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>