

Pirates (Prod. Kenoe)

[Rick Ross](#)

I guess there ain't no nice way to
tell you niggas it's game over, huh?
Pray for meHallucination of money, while nigga's stomach just rumble
Had to fuck with the Haitians and break a kilo to crumbles
Nigga living in rubble, within him labelled the rebel
Any nigga wan' rumble, somebody hand me a shovel
Gotta silence the lambs, get on my Buffalo Bill
Stepping off the Sonoma with the black duffle bag filled
Got a cute bitch with me, Favor come on, for real
Got Meek Mill on the celly, that nigga worth a few mil
I multiply what I manage, I manage to multiply
Witness real niggas fail, and watch you fuck niggas strive
Witness bitch niggas pale, Tripheart just got twenty-five
At this point in my life, I'm just trying to survive
Homicide stay on my mind, Christopher Wallace of my time
R.I.P. to the legend, 2Pac Shakur with a nine
Makaveli returns it's God forgives, and I don't
Resurrection of the real, time to get the richer than TrumpI'm rolling the dice, four, five, six
Young nigga, nineteen, four or five bricks
Praying on you niggas, sinners full of hate
God forgives and I don't, only hustlers relateTrying to keep my head above water, nigga
We pirates out here, nigga, just trying to stay afloat
And I ride for my niggasFascination with fortune afford me mansion and Porsches
Panamera abortions, marijuana imported
Dreams of getting cream and never to be extorted
Seen so many things, be preposterous not to record it
Product is in demand, profit not far behind
Got on my mother pearl, she fucking up father time
Babies be having babies, I'm talking 'bout how I grind
Niggas thinking its voodoo the way bricks be multiplying
Affiliated with wealth, associated with death
Self-made millionaire, snatch a triple beam off the shelf
Straight Grim Reaper, Air Jordans walking the streets
Blackberry boss one call, ya put to sleepI'm rolling the dice, four, five, six
Young nigga, nineteen, forty five bricks
Praying on you niggas, sinners full of hate
God forgives and I don't, only hustlers relateThe Lord is my light and my salvation
But I see none of you fuck niggas
Fuck what you heard, nigga

I need to feel it
I need to smell it
I need to see it

Songwriters

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ROBERTS

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