

Drug Dealers Dream

[Rick Ross](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Please hold while I locate your information.
Your checking account available balance is \$92,153,183.28.
This reflects the most current information available on your account
This on everything I love
I done came too far to look back
Lord protect my soul, you heard me?
Check
Mighty Muhammad, son of Osama
Son of a bitch, one time for my momma
Tats on my back, tats on my face
Bitch I'm a don, can you relate?
It's never too late, my niggas, relate
Never would say, my niggas is saints
Know I'm a sinner, God give me my sentence
Labelled a hustler, look at my Benz
One time for Black, nigga, one time for Nut, nigga
One time for Gucci, nigga, one time for Cano, nigga
One time for Bizzle, nigga, these my realest niggas
One time for Trav, nigga, and all them dope dealers
Murder, a mothafuckin' murder
No you didn't see it but I know you bitches heard it
Blood on the corner, damn I miss my dawg
I'm just thinkin' 'bout his daughter, in another life he ballin'
Is this a drug dealers dream?
'Cause all I ever see is niggas dyin' from disease
Mansion on the water, home in the hills
Let the Fed tell it, it really isn't his
Photograph our endeavors, plottin' potential set-ups
See me as a promotion, tax charges, etcetera
Confiscated the whips, concentratin' on flips
Contemplatin' the trip, congregatin' for bricks
Lord knows I'm a sinner, it was cold in the winter
Eatin' out of the trash, shit would make you a killer
Lord forgive these bitches, gettin' their money strippin'
Chasin' this fast money, next time we'll do it different
Shoutout to KOD, shoutout to Onyx nigga

Shoutout to MMG, cause we the hottestMurder, a mothafuckin' murder
No you didn't see it but I know you bitches heard it
Blood on the corner, damn I miss my dawg
I'm just thinkin' 'bout his daughter, in another life he ballin'Aggravated with hoes, distracted all of my foes
Niggas want to be friends, we just takin' control
Nigga vision the clearest, I get shooters on clearance
Barely fit in a Lambo but did it for the appearance
I seen a rich nigga go to jail
He put Wi Fi in his cell
Middle of the night, my nigga wanna Skype
I just count money for him, that shit just get him hype
They say it's hard to smile with a double life
In the middle of the night with a bloody knife
Lord give him a chance, every man should be free
He wanted him a degree but got him a ki
Open that door, just hopin' for more
They gave him a bond, I gave him a Porsche
I gave him a name, I gave him a shot
I gave him the game, I gave him a block
Smokin' on that gas, I be thinkin' too fast
Drug dealer's dream, now let's count this cash
Dope boy tatted on my neck
A real dope boy, I never write a checkMurder, a mothafuckin' murder
No you didn't see it but I know you bitches heard it
Blood on the corner, damn I miss my dawg
I'm just thinkin' 'bout his daughter, in another life he ballin'

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