

Foreclosures (CDQ)

[Rick Ross](#)

Learn to walk a tightrope
Ever seen a rich nigga go broke?
They putting liens on a nigga things
Publicize your demise, and by all means
Your family fortune is forever what you stood on
Sold dreams, fantasies that put the hood on
You reap what you sow, and they speaking repossessions
To the culture itself, these are powerful lessons
These niggas always smiled when I came around
They let you know my reputation when you in my town
A real nigga, you gonna know that by the contract
Bottom line blood, show me where them one's at
That paper it get funny when publishing is involved
Mechanicals never mattered because that was your dog
Now you hands-on, but things don't ever seem right
You make a call to give your lawyer the green-light
He look into it then hit you up with the bad news
It's so familiar, he did the same with the last dudes
Mafioso, baby girl, cash rules
Every dollar accounted for, double M the crew
Death Row, fast life
Foreclosed on my past life
The white man call us stupid niggas
We spend it all, nothing for our children
Had it all, now it's repossessed
Can't feed the clique cutting bad checks
Time to learn boy, that cash rules
Success is a precious jewel
Planting poison in a nigga mind
Chilling with your boys when it's time to grind
We both come from those humble beginnings
Still can't believe we never followed each other on Twitter
Funny thing is the animosity money brings
Real niggas out of style we may be one in three
Back against the wall outnumbered by fuckboys
One bullet, one target, one choice
You can take an L or take the shell
It's still double M still making mills
Made niggas respect my hustle on both coasts
I put the word out to see who hit back with the lowest
I need a hit handled, put me in touch with the closest

You still digging through ashtrays killing the roaches
And I never took an L back when Meek fell
Just drove the numbers all the way back up at retail Death Row, fast life
Foreclosed on my past life
The white man call us stupid niggas
We spend it all, nothing for our children
Had it all, now it's repossessed
Can't feed the clique cutting bad checks
Time to learn boy, that cash rules
Success is a precious jewel Can't be writing checks with your eyes closed
While you living out of homes in different time zones
Mind blown finna strip you out your rhinestones
Pistol to your ear, this that level I'm on
I apologize woadie but this all I got
Everybody in this office we could die tonight
I never met an artist who fully recouped
These the deals the deal dealers wanna deal to you
Young niggas, time to act your age
Buying belts you seen on other niggas waists
Hoes fucking for follows, they wanna post online
Whole time, shorty knowing I'm the gold mine
Put it on all he needed was a co sign
Black minks and gloves, nigga, the whole nine
TV on the Rolls, shit, I had to hold mine
You'll foreclose or fold just for soul signs Death Row, fast life
Foreclosed on my past life
The white man call us stupid niggas
We spend it all, nothing for our children
Had it all, now it's repossessed
Can't feed the clique cutting bad checks
Time to learn boy, that cash rules
Success is a precious jewel (Success is a precious jewel)
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Songwriters

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