

# Inkredible

## Rick Ross

[Verse 1 - Trae]Tha Truth back, lets get to bidness

It's something unfamiliar

Call it a foreign image

Paint heavily leaking

I guess it wasn't finished

Riding with something freaky

They tell me she the business

The chain clear, stones never cloudy

Sixty 'rats or better, nigga ask about me

Certified gangsta, please don't ever doubt me

Welcome to the streets

You can't get in without me

I'm presidential, Obama painted the Vogues black

Topping in the Chevy, top rolling back

My life a motion picture, bitch I ain't gotta act

I send 'em to your section, nigga hold that

It's raining scattered bullets

Too late to run for cover, I drain 'em like Kobe

Then I evacuate to the gutter

On something that's pokey with looks

And a trunk they'd like to stutter

I rank as the king of the city

It ain't gon' be another

[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]I'm sending shots, it's happy hour

I shoot from close range, I'ma need a shower

Brains in the sink, body on the counter

Women and the kids, leave 'em how I found 'em

I'm a real nigga, stand still nigga

I cut ya face, have ya looking like Seal nigga

Then I pull ya card, then I deal wit'cha

Gamble wit'cha life, is this your lucky night?

My bitch so fucking right, every night I fuck her twice

Big boy money bitch, pockets on Charlie Wise

Tatted up, I'm scarred for life

Tell the cops I know all my rights

Got choppas I don't mean Harley bikes

Drop 'em like a bag of ice

Shades dark, flag bright

Wallet chain, chrome horse  
Hair to the fucking back, call that shit Rosa Parks  
Dr. Carter man I gave hip-hop open heart  
Young Money baby aka Noah's Ark  
Ahaha  
And I'm Noah!  
YOUNG MOULA BABY  
[Verse 3 - Rick Ross]My money long, my temper short  
My car's foreign, my dick a boss  
The guns new, the beef old  
It's time to come through, like never before  
Liquid C4, look at me hoe  
Look into my eyes, do you see a C.O.?  
I'm talking kilos, time to reload  
Map fout ou deyo - "Shut the fuck up" in Creole  
Bitch I'm paid up, get ya weight up  
Pillow top back, realest shade up  
I got them automatics so you know I'm automatic  
All my auto's automatic, you know that's automatic  
What you niggas wanna see?  
Don't get caught in the street  
I got G's that'll wait for a quarter ki', nigga  
I'm living nigga  
Fuck the critics nigga (Fuck 'em)  
Shit is serious nigga  
You hear the lyrics nigga (Yep!)  
Its Ricky nigga

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