

Faded (feat. Rick Ross)

Red Cafe

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Chorus]
I got a feeling
A real good feeling
Imma be faded
The bar is open
We just bought it
Imma be faded
Let the Champaign p-o-o-o-ur
p-o-o-o-ur, p-o-o-o-ur
Let the Champaign p-o-o-o-ur
p-o-o-o-ur, p-o-o-o-ur[Red Cafe]
Damn I look good, Somebody take a photo
I run my his-house, You can ask Jojo
Yank fitted on, My money on Jeter
My girls all dimes, Lou Vuitton Divas
Im fly like an overnight letter
Shorty sleep with me
Make your overnights wetter
Better Im faded (Im faded)
And tonight Im gonna get wasted
See to everybody listening, if its on Imma get at em
I can say whatever Im a tax paying citizen
Middle finger up, I aint got a conscience
I just go hard like the trio from Yonkers
Head honcho, Kush in the console
Bad boy, now they shook like Cosmos
Im all that, everyday all black
Got Ciroc on deck so Im faded off that[Chorus][Rick Ross]
Two homes on the block
Each one mill and this ring on my finger is an E one deal
Canary yellow stone, cant be faded
Fatigue belt, 45 made for the navy

Young n-ggas ready to grapple down ya buildin
Im living chilling, arms wrapped around a Brazilian
In the presence of a Don, be cautious but calm
Cant be faded, two pills a charm
She licks on my chest, reading tats on my arm
Hit her form the back, same time my mind blown
Speechless so she scream in silence
A real bad boy and all my speeches violent[Chorus][Red Cafe]
Pour for them white girls, them light girls
We just buy all these bottles cause it excites girls
Yeah shorty go on kill a runaway
I knew you would have been a supermodel one day
Im mashing out lighting up on a highway
Shit, Im supposed to be high
Its the highway
Anybody wanna eat? Come saddle up
My team getting money, everybody tatted up
Marquee status, flights no baggage
Dope dicks make these hoes Cafe addicts
And I am the most hated
Bottles to the face, shake it up then spray it[Chorus]

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