

# This Is the Life (feat. Trey Songz)

## Rick Ross

[Intro - Rick Ross]

Billionaire yeah you feel me

I have your bitch lacin up my shoes homey

Rollin them L's up haha

Gettin Money[Hook - Trey Songz]

This is the life, this is the life

Ain't no stoppin it's champagne for poppin the drought from droppin

This is the life, this is the life

Keep shit poppin these hoes they stay bobbin no stoppin us every night

This is the life, ain't no stoppin

? boppers serve it up for a hell of a price

This is the life, this is the life

This is the, this is the life[Verse 1 - Rick Ross]

Uh I'm the man you wanna stand near

Damn near a hundred gram in jewels in my stand smith

Snitches stand clear can't no snitches stand here

This reserve for them trill I'm red carpet every year

Take a picture canary stones so photogenic

No I didn't grow up with it so I had to go and get it

Started with a biscuit now I got a loaf

Hoes wanna slice I wanna tell her no

But I can't I get a rush blowin dough

I'm gettin bank I'm in a rush to blow the dough

This is the life I'm in a race to get money

This is the life I need a bad bitch to blow it for meCHORUSverse 2 - Rick Ross]

Not that I'm arrogant I'm just extravagant

I'm a boss player check my ?

I got hoes in Memphis hoes in Maryland

White girl in Carolina let's call her Karoline

She love ballplayers hate the dope boys

'Cuz we fight dogs call me Jeff Goerges

Yea this the Superbowl of the street shit

It's all fast food my niggaz eat quick

When I seen a million it fucked up my life

Brand new twenty cars party for twenty nights

Fucked plenty wives crushed many lives

I wouldn't it change for the world

This is the lifeChorus[Verse 3 - Rick Ross]

I'm campin in the Hamptons

Chillin in a playstation  
'Cuz I'm playin with them chips that you ain't makin  
I ain't fakin trap ain't vacant  
California razors keep me feelin Jamaican  
The block backin the blunt burnin  
I'm in Trump Towers amongst earners  
Find Escorts for the G.F.E  
Fine lip servers for the Triple C  
Words rhymin best  
Can't spell well but I define success  
I sell well so I make a toast  
The fallen comrades hold the bottles up  
We standin tall fam  
Chorus

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>