

# Believe It

## Jagal

[Intro: Rick Ross] All I talk about is money  
Cause that's all I know  
[Hook: Rick Ross] I gotta a bad bitch in my Chevy  
Sellin Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo  
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it  
A quarter million hangin' on my collar  
A half a million in my duffle bag (duffle bag)  
Now I'm riding in my Cadillac (Cadillac)  
Hammers and the fucking vogues  
I'm ridin' clean and I'm fuckin hoes (hah)  
[Verse 1: Meek Mill] Okay I woke up this morning, tryna get this money  
Ya'll niggas was yawning and I'd made it by 20  
I got young boys on that corner, I call what you got for me  
He say I done moved the whole thing, couple rocks all I got on me  
I say yeah nigga it's go, he say yeah nigga we on  
I said I be on my way, break a brick down in our zones  
And I got work, I got work  
And I got pills, and I got purp  
And I got goons that's on my team  
And they gon' kill like I got murked  
If I say so, and I say go  
And they go ham, and I lay low  
I drop that work off in that toaster  
I let go of my eggo  
And this for sale nigga  
28 grams on my scale nigga  
Come and get it all  
[Hook][Verse 2: Rick Ross] Hold on wait a minute  
You got the realest and the richest niggas in the building  
Feel me?  
Whole nigga won't knock you off  
Hate the way a nigga love to ball  
  
Art of war, common law  
Straight killer thats mama fault  
Dope boy in my DNA  
Straight chips, Frito Lay  
8 clips, ay Jose  
Hector my amigo straight

Don't want no beef, I may crack your taco  
I'm screaming rest in peace, Griselda Blanco  
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it  
I ate that pussy can you keep a secret  
Benzo on 4's nigga, countin' all my hoes nigga  
That's all I knows nigga, that's all y'all hosed nigga  
[Hook][Verse 3: Meek Mill]I'm ridin' clean, I'm fucking hoes  
I'm fuckin' hoes, I'm ridin' clean  
Niggas sellin' that China white  
Fuck around with that Yao Ming  
Bad bitch and she talk dirty  
Talk dirty, her mouth clean  
I was sellin' that white shit  
Ya'll niggas have boy scout dreams  
Spend eighty-thou on my Rolly  
Young nigga ball like Kobe  
Riding round me and Chino  
And my young nigga Goldie  
??  
Limo thats my Rolly  
Two-eleven on yo bitch  
Turn yo ass she stole it  
My neck look like a light show  
My pocket, they need lipo  
I stand tall, no Eiffel  
And them goons go wherever I go  
Ya'll niggas pussy like dike hoes  
All we know is get paid nigga  
I ball hard like LeBron James  
And Rozay D-wade nigga  
[Hook] Explain

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