Perfectionist

Rick Ross

[Rick Ross]Hustle out of necessity, father never corrected me
Streets showed me no sympathy, Audemar my accessory, huh
Never accurate, I'm aiming at your Acura, yeah
Heart rate accelerate on other amateurs
[Meek Mill]And I murder anything in my perimeter
If they disrespect us we slide on them like a banister
Dodging fat cameras, balling like f-ck stamina
Block doing numbers, I graduated the mansion
[Rick Ross]Bricks in the Maybach, bricks in the Escalade
Bricks on brickle, we got bricks in the bay
San Fran bricks got bricks in L.A.
Publisher watch the money, I got bricks on this plane
[Meek Mill]And my n-gger brick on his way, just did a dime for a brick of the Yay'
I'm switching up my bricks like my kicks with my lay
Rule number one, never keep them bricks where you stay
[Rick Ross]All my women photogenic they never depreciate
Pop up in ya city, it's strictly about the cake
Quarters to half's on my road to the riches
All real n-ggers just playing different positions
[Meek Mill]Ross can be the quarter back, I'ma run his quarter back
Feds try to intercept a n-gger like a quarter back
Make a n-gger pay a couple birds, get his daughter back
Get the dirty money, clean it all up at the Laundromat
[Rick Ross]
I'm allergic to failure, heroin paraphernalia
Frank Lucas furs at the fight on my cellular
Ball like Mayweather, Don King at the register
I stack chedder, it's etcetera, etcetera
[Meek Mill]I'm addicted to winning, pretty women and spinnin'
Ferragamo on linen, a n-gger starting he finish
D.A. label me menace, mama call me a king
So therefore I'm dropping soon like Tyson was in the ring
[Rick Ross]Coca-cola minx, Canary yellow stones
I'ma stunt if it mean I gotta break a bone
Me and Meek Milly in the hood on chrome
Double-M G and we 20 million strong
[Meek Mill]Doesn't matter if it's chess or checkers cause it's all blocks (bricks)
I'm in this 911 Porsche with a bald spot
No roof, fresh off the car lot

And we don't call cops n-gger, we just call shots
[Rick Ross]F-ck the competition I bury the cockroaches
Think when you see what I pull up out the holster
Can't even breath, remember what yo mama told ya
We the real g's and the well paid soldiers
[Meek Mill]So if you n-gger scared, call the feds up
We taking over I'm just giving n-ggers heads up
We shoot them down, just to let them know we dead up
8 figure n-gger, tell the labels, get our bread up
MMG, bitch, Maybach Music, we just do shit like this for no reason

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