

Rich Off Cocaine (Feat. Avery Storm)

Rick Ross

This is mafia music
And a Maybach that is
Had to take it Deeper Than Rap baby
Boss[Avery Storm:]
The last bird flew the coup
I lose the roof
Ain't nothin but the wind in my hair
I'm not bullet proof, I'm fully proof
That you can make it here
All that livin' fast
It ain't got to last
Now I can't slow it down
Because I'm sitting on top of the world and I'm not comin' down[Rick Ross:]
Burnin' butter got it smellin' like it's butterscotch
Every bird boss take it to another notch
Bitch I'm busy baby go and suck another cock
Fuck a hater make me throw away another glock
Money in the mansion, yayo in another spot
Guns in the attic mama help me put 'em up
She'll pull 'em down, tell you quick to hit 'em up
Load a hundred rounds, bring it back she'll fill it up
Like the time when them niggas payed us counterfeit
He count chips but that trick may have got 'em flip
We ain't playing man slang for them dollar bills
Quarter million for the chain help the collar chill[Chorus: Avery Storm]
Miami nights,
I'm livin' the life
Because I'm rich off cocaine
Because I'm rich off cocaine
The last bird flew the coup
I lose the roof
Ain't nothing but the wind in my hair
I'm not bullet proof, I'm fully proof
That you can make it here
All that livin' fast
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Now I can't slow it down
Because I'm sitting on top of the world and I'm not comin' down[Rick Ross]
How you seen a kilo started at a eight ball

First 48 to homicide ain't soft
Comin' from where hoes fuck ya for your paint job
Catch a case and daddy let you know you can't call
Coppin' 20 ki's gotta be finicky
I got a tendency to send 'em up to Tennessee
Black Infinity to condo right on Venice Beach
I watch 'em snort a powder all while I'm chillin' sippin tea
Lemons and honey, millions and money
Gucci, Louis Vuitton, specifically homey
My women imported, I'm never extorted
I'm very important, 20 grand for the mortgage[Chorus][Rick Ross]
Baby mamas I hate 'em
They just want you to pay 'em
I'm in love with my babies
Maybe mad that I'm famous
Don't be raisin' your voice
That's another retainer
Know you missin' a nigga
Know you missin' that anal
Know you missin' that Prada
How we did the regatta
She miss callin' me daddy
Daddy drippin' in dollars
Daddy did it in Vegas
Yeah I gotta connect
I get em ten a piece as long as I keep it correct
Vacation to Haiti
It nearly broke my heart
Seein' kids starve I thought about my Audemar
Selling dope ain't right
I put it on my life
Chickens put me in position to donate the rice[Chorus]

Songwriters

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