

Mafia Music III

Rick Ross

My corner so polluted, young niggas looting
I studied Kenneth Williams, I'm one hell of a student
 Remarkable hustle, my niggas coming home
 I kept the candle lit, my nigga never rowed
 Niggas caught him slipping, gave him a shit bag
 Five shots to the stomach, 2Pac gift pack
 It's death row, conspiracy theories
 Concealed indictments handed to the grand jury
 Get some money now, you hated by your own kind
 The home invasion done by niggas in your bloodline
 GABOS, game ain't based on sympathy
 So he put a hit on his cousin at 18
 A sweet potato pie, oh me, oh my
 Showing no remorse watching the others cry
 Heroin sales, detectives'll sell
 A lot of yellow tape, where that Obama care?
 This the mob, bitch, silk underwear
 Yeezy concerts, Kim Instagrams
 Niggas hating, though they studied my moves
 I'm like Farrakhan, in view of hundreds of Jews
 Two attempts on my life, they threatened venues
 Can't you see what I am? The hustle continue
 I bought more jewels, I ordered the Wraith
I got a new style of shoes, match the watch in the face
 Bill Belichick, coaching and calling the shots
 Throw a yellow flag, pussy nigga body drops
 Then we celebrate, black bottles pop
 Time to elevate, we re-open shop
 Wale a genius, Meek Mill a superstar
 My new crib in Phoenix, ten car garage
 Petite felite, platinum Audemars
Ain't no tags needed, nigga, I own them cars
 I know them bitches, we met them broads
 Never loved one, fucked them all
 I'm a fucking dog, Ricky fucking Ross
 Nigga Birkin bags just for my runner-ups
 But my main bitch she get the main dish
 Not the old range, that was a lame bitch
 Brazilian weave, she say I came quick

I let her see a hundred ki's, a different St. Nick
Moving bricks like it's Black Friday
She gotta fuck me or call me a fat crybaby
Looking over my shoulder, I can't trust a soul
Bought a spot in Anguilla just for me and my ho
Glock .40, even when I shower
Chrome .22 in my swimming towel
Mob ties and I pray the music set me free
May the powers that be, nigga let me be
We around when the sun goes down
And the real, real killers they mourn for ya
It's gonna be a bloodshed
One month, one day it's gonna be a bloodshed
Bop, gunshot in the head
Payback is a motherfucker
Yes, I feel it when I squeeze the trigger
I feel the air when my enemies die
I feel the strength of ten killas
What is to be, will be
Only God on earth can kill me
'Cause these fucking streets filthy
And I ain't fucking guilty
Gangsta no take no chance, from no guy
Know why? Violate a gangsta and bullets fly
Boy die
Guns go off ah suh me say
Murderings in anyway
Gangsta no take no chance, from no guy
Know why? Violate a gangsta and bullets fly
Boy die
Guns go off ah suh we say
Murderings in anyway
You better not be around, when the sun goes down
And the real real killas, them hunt for you
Ay, it's gonna be a bloodshed
One bust, one dead, it's gonna be a bloodshed
Gun shot in a head
Sizzla Kalonji have de girls dem screaming
Entire country every sweet gyal
Ya already know the meaning but its streaming
Go and clean, ya cant diss me ya must be dreaming
Jamaicans make dem know we can't defeat dem (Mo' fire)

Songwriters

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