

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

KIRK ANDRE BENNETT, DAVID CONSTANTINE, ROOSEVELT III HARRELL, WILLIAM LEONARD

II ROBERTS, BOBBY DIXON, MIGEL ORLANDO COLLINS Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected
 by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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