

One of Us (feat. Nas)

[Rick Ross](#)

You could die young out here
Mess around and die before twenty one out here
Mamas stressing, seen them ratchets
In the dresser, she not asking questions
She seen the vests and seen other kids in the casket resting
Weed so loud they got surround sound
Smoking good shit 'cause they tryna take me back to some hood shit
Any club, any fly fair
If they start shooting all they remember is Nas was there
Some homies of yours bangin' affiliation on their personal time
Conflict with business can hurt down the line
It's something that you ain't have nothing to do with
Your man conversation end up getting you hit
Learn how to draw the line from when we hang with the shooters
Strippers, dealers and killers, leaches and opportunists
Where I come from it's ruthless, air you out from the Ubers
Tutored by coke movers, put holes through ya'
You wouldn't get that from me yo, you'd overlook me
Looking like I just get to that money and stay in some pussy
Got a pretty real dope life
Fly nigga from the other side
Hecklers, PKs, nines and four-fives, seven point six twos
Deer-hunting rifle shells, life is hell
Pussy sweeter than wine tasting
But we won't self-indict ourselves
Be our own prosecutor, won't twenty five-to-life ourselves
We bout that moolah, rich shooters You getting money, got a body then you one of us
Trust
You getting money, got a body then you one of us Calculating, touching money, these niggas masturbating
Tailored clothes, fashion magazines, they fascinated
Double-M umbrella, the feds call it tax shelter
Hit a million, they conspire to send the rats at you
Cha-cha-cha-cha, slide, catch me on that other side
Foreign cars, private jets, high rate of homicide
Marc Jacobs chocolate diamonds, they for my white bitch
Atheist, but her pussy could be so righteous
Follow the rules, never let a man take your jewels
And if he do, double back make sure he make the news
It ain't arrest, they ain't a pussy til it's time to bust

You gettin' money, got a body then you one of us
Trust

You gettin' money, got a body then you one of us
Dice game, head crackers, time to get it back

Only one in the studio that could get a pack

Raw deal, rob a nigga like it's on my appeal

Closest friends do us best, regardless how I feel

Went to the line and got 'em bitches on the same day

Straight to the jeweler, and did the watches the same way

Young sav on face time, talking cake time

Next crib I build got to cross state lines

Niggas hate how I wear my heart on my sleeve

And half the team, got the choppers with the shoulder slings

It ain't a rust, stay in the trap til you a hundred up

You gettin' money, got a body then you one of us
You gettin' money, got a body then you one of us

You gettin' money, got a body then you one of us
(You gettin' money, got a body then you one of us)

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