

Another One (feat. P. Diddy)

Rick Ross

Diddy: Ayo, turn out all the lights in the club. Grab your bitch, nigga. We here

Rick Ross: We talking about new money, nigga. What you know about it?

Diddy: Rozay! Turn me up real loud. I want these niggas to hear me. Bugatti Boyz. Puff Daddy. Maybach

Music, this Bad Boy, bitch You niggas paranoid

I party getting money

I know I'm the shit: my janitor be getting money

I got a skyscraper, it's a hell of a view

Got me closer to God, angel wings on my coupe

Pray for me, damn I grind everyday for it

If you see me riding in it, means I paid for it

Bugatti Boyz 1.8 fours

I got money baby I could order 8 more

Fuck the Forbes list lets tell the truth I ate more

I got a billion baby time to get 8 more

12 bedrooms, time to get 8 more

Stack up all the cases of Ciroc up on the 8th floor

Got a hundred million

(its time to get another one)

How this Bugatti feel

(I may need me another one)

5 bad bitches

(just got me another one)

P. Diddy run the city

(never be another one)

5 mill cash

(and I need another one)

Rocking a different Rollie

(no this not the other one)

Stacking a number getting money

(nigga number one)

Real niggas run the city

(never be another one)

These haters speculate

They always watching mine

She know what time it is

Just like my watch line

My clothes line

The cologne bitch

I know you smell this money sitting on this throne bitch

I'm strong bitch
I own shit
Gave myself a ten digit bonus
I'm the money man, never financed
Go get this money baby, with yo fine ass
If ya nigga broke it's time to get another one
If you bitch is tripping time to get another one
I'm Puff Daddy bitch there'll never be another one
Bugatti Boyz forever oneGot a hundred million
(its time to get another one)
How this Bugatti feel
(I may need me another one)
5 bad bitches
(just got me another one)
P. Diddy run the city
(never be another one)
5 mill cash
(and I need another one)
Rocking a different Rollie
(no this not the other one)
Stacking a number getting money
(nigga number one)
Real niggas run the city
(never be another one)I feelin' the money
I'm lovin' the paper
Nigga hate in the 'hood
Took his ho to Jamaica
If I let down the top
Let the breeze in my beard
VIP is the spot, they playing musical chairs
My Columbian the man, holla, "Beam me up shawty"
Got that money in the bag that can hold a fucking body
1.5 for this brand new black Bugatti
Jewels like I'm Slick Rick
Bally shoes ladi-dadi
I'm feeling myself, bitch you do the same
Fuck what I spend at the bar
You should see how I came
Keep my bitch at her best
With one foot in the trap
If I bust at your chest I bet that's a wrap
(take that)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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