

# Supreme

## Rick Ross

I just left the New United States, embassy  
Somewhere in Georgia, it's 109 rooms  
I saw 30 bitches and 30 rooms and I was on the wrong side of the house  
Anytime me and Scott Storch get together you gotta call us the Illuminati  
Whenever you see the G it represents God and geometry  
That's what the stencil for  
I'mma tell you be with them  
Nah, I'm just fuckin' with you  
Aye, Scott, I'm just fuckin' with you, baby  
YoSpeeding in the Ghost on the phone with jewelers  
My new bitch out of D.C., call me Ricky the Ruler  
Gotta gather my concentration while counting my stacks  
I got eight car notes and just lost me a pack  
On the beach, I'm up and down, women jocking my ride  
300 horses in this bitch, need a jockey inside  
False floors for firearms is how you should ride  
Tried to murder me while in mine so that's how I survived  
My new deal with Def Jam just set me for life  
Want to chapel the BM, man, I'm just rolling the dice  
Big numbers, I'm John Wall, I'm balling tonight  
Just joking, my sense of humor is like one of a kind  
Got them gangstas who on my line that'll blow out your mind  
Got them gangstas who on my line that'll blow out your mind  
Got them gangstas who on my line that'll blow out your mind  
Got them gangstas who on my line that'll blow out your mind  
Tell me it's real  
Tell me this is real, baby  
How does it feel?  
How does it feel?Vici Liberace, I'm rich as a bitch  
Charm city boys get a whole city of brick  
Through the wire we wetting niggas, set the shit on fire  
My bitch smiling I wanna bet, now we on Fisher Isle  
Panamera with Tony Dribble, BK's full of paper  
Made a killing on Martin Luther James every shooter  
My niggas, we grew apart, they joined the rival gang  
Caught them slipping, gave them a pass throwing pistols at surviving gang  
Next time boss gotta turn his back on 'em  
Letting young boys bratt on 'em  
Facts, never find me with the fake look  
Trapping little Davis, bitch, just take me to the cakebook

Black bottles, boy, that's how our case of ace look  
Your chick, homie, hit homie on the Facebook  
Damn, she hit homie on the motherfucking Facebook Tell me it's real, I wanna know  
How does it feel, yeah, how does it feel? Clean Maybach, but it's filthy as shit  
They partitioning for the women, how busy we get  
From the scotch, the large mop, bet the linking feel  
It's all a dream and never wake me up until it's real  
Duffle bags, that's for the homie when he coming home  
He never told and he never used the telephone  
He on swole and that nigga need a telephone  
In a Range Rover and a real nigga got it for him You wanna know how does it feel  
I know, I bet it feel so real  
Tell me it's real, I wanna know  
How does it feel, to be supreme You know when hanging with billion dollar niggas  
One of the perks is getting to meet all these billion dollar bitches  
I just met a bitch who never gets jetlag  
And spent 10 thousand dollars on not her best bag  
You underdig that

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