

# My Man (feat. Meek Mill & Rockie Fresh)

## Rick Ross

[Intro: Rick Ross]

Creepin through the block, Im looking for my man

Niggas wanna do me, they heard Im the man

Niggas selling work, thats for them benefits

Early worm, Im talking shrimp and grits[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

On the corner, drinking out a jug of lemonade

Im not a rapper pussy nigga, Is a renegade

I put the slider in the backseat of them rental plates

We throwin money in the club like we the NBA

I got some hos and them bitches down to shoot a fade

I got some Zos and them niggas movin two-a-day[Hook]

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Early worm, Im talking shrimp and grits[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Im switchin cars with my nigga, do that twice a day

We livin large, knowing one day we may ride away

My nigga started having seizures when he caught his case

Then he caught his bitch cheatin, right on fathers day

Its a dirty game and sometimes nigga wash your face

Haters eatin all they got to see

Bang Bang, where he lay at bitches, where he stay

It make no difference if you call them people right away

Creepin through the block, Im looking for my man

Tryin to show you how they do your head for twenty grand

Youre throwin signs that where Im from that shits irrelevant

For them presidents a bitch will get[Hook][Verse 3: Meek Mill]

I say creepin through the block Im looking for my man

He just came home, he did a dime, and he didnt take the stand

on my nigga, give him fifty grand

Fresh off the jet, straight to my hood, and put it in his hand, word up

These niggas aint bout that life

stones when I rock that ice

Baking soda when I rock that white

Im counting racks when that pie hit ice

Got the low, I cant top that price  
But I bet they tell you that rock hit right  
No rap or hip hop tonight, just white boy and her rock tonight  
    Rollie all my niggas rollin  
If I heard him telling, when I see him I expose him  
    Richest nigga round here  
    When they speak they say Im chosen  
Mac-11, fully loaded, knock a nigga out whoa![Hook][Verse 4: Rockie Fresh]  
    Rockie in this bitch, thats some great news  
    Yeah I made you a lot but I dont rock truce  
    I give a bitch dope dick and some dope shoes  
She know if she fuckin with the team, then she cant lose  
    Double MG do it for the family  
    Drivin through the Chi, top back like its Miami  
    I need a billion dollars and about 9 Grammys  
And my flow heating up, I make these bitches think they tanin  
    Yeah I know the hustle, so, who you think you scammmin  
    And if a nigga would, then my team going campin  
    Yeah we heat em up, then we burn aloud  
Got these niggas hatin, but I bet my momma proud  
    Fuck em[Hook]

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