

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 scammin
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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