John Doe

Rick Ross

Ugh, there he go, that's John Doe
There he go, that's John Doe
There he go, that's John Doe
Balling on you bitches like I'm Rondo
[Chorus]24's, John Doe
All gold, John Doe
Them boys dealing blow, they John Doe
Night work for the load, that's John Doe
I'm still balling like I'm Bo Diddley
Ugh I'm still balling like I'm Bo Diddley
Ugh I parked the Caddy in the living room
Just parked the Caddy in the living room
[Verse 1]I brought a Benz and it's paid for
I brought a bitch that bitch paid for
I brought a stick and its made for
Welfare, yeah stick it in ya a-hole
Aye ho you know I got that A-1
Yayo and I'm quick to slang one
Jumping niggas like a chess piece

Spend a couple hundred dollars on my chest piece
Outta town niggas we call 'em fresh meat
He say he nettin me boy you must refresh me
Better miss me with the convo
Wanna know my name bitch, John Doe
[Chorus][Verse 2]I got a bitch who has a habit
Spending stacks on nice fabrics
That head great, that pussy lavish
I'm peeling collie greens that 30 carrots
Reporting live from my Rolls Royce
I'm ready to die and put that on my old boy
Count 1.5 I holla "Oh Lord"
When I'm on the jet know them choppers on board
Rims taller than a bulldozer
Everybody tucking pistols when we pulled over
Fresh up out the fest, salute my nigga Fanzo
Yea they asked my name but he told 'em John Doe
[Chorus - x2]

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