

# New Bugatti

[Rick Ross](#)

[Verse 1: Diddy] 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 every day for it

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

Bugatti Boy, one point eight four

I got money, baby I could order eight more

F-ck the Forbes list, let's tell the truth, I ate more

I got a billion, baby, time to get me eight more

Twelve bedrooms, time to get me eight more

Stack all the cases of Ciroc up on the eighth floor

[Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy] Got a hundred mil?

(It's time to get another one)

How this Bugatti feel?

(I may need me another one)

Five bad b! tches

(Just got me another one)

P. Diddy run the city

(Never be another one)

Five mil? cash

(And I need another one)

Rocking a different Rollie

(No, it's not the other one)

Second to none at getting money

(Nigga, number one)

Real niggas run the city

(Never be another one)

[Verse 2: Diddy] These haters speculate

They always watching mine

She know what time it is

Just like my watch line

My clothes line

The cologne, b! tch

I know you smell this money, sitting on this throne, b! tch

I'm strong, b! tch

I own shit

Gave myself a ten-digit bonus

I'm the money man

Money never financed  
Come get this money, baby  
With your fine ass  
If your nigga broke, it's time to get another one  
If your b! tch is tripping, time to get another one  
I'm Puff Daddy, b! tch, there'll never be another one  
Bugatti Boys forever one

[Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy]Got a hundred mil?

(It's time to get another one)

How this Bugatti feel?

(I may need me another one)

Five bad b! tches

(Just got me another one)

P. Diddy run the city

(Never be another one)

Five mil? cash

(And I need another one)

Rocking a different Rollie

(No, it's not the other one)

Second to none at getting money

(Nigga, number one)

Real niggas run the city

(Never be another one)

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]I'm feeling the money

I'm loving the paper

Nigga hating the hood

Took his ho to Jamaica

If I let down the top

Let the breeze in my beard

V.I.P. is the spot

They playing musical chairs

My Colombian the man, all the beam-me-up shorty

Got that money in the bag that can hold a f-cking body in

One point five for this brand new black Bugatti

Jewels like I'm Slick Rick, Bally shoes, la di da di

Feeling myself, b! tch, you do the same

F-ck what I spend at the bar, you should see how I came

My b! tch had a vest, with one foot in the trap

If I bust at your chest, I bet that's a wrap

[Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy]Got a hundred mil?

(It's time to get another one)

How this Bugatti feel?

(I may need me another one)

Five bad b! tches

(Just got me another one)  
P. Diddy run the city  
(Never be another one)  
Five mil? cash  
(And I need another one)  
Rocking a different Rollie  
(No, it?s not the other one)  
Second to none at getting money  
(Nigga, number one)  
Real niggas run the city  
(Never be another one)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>