

Maybach Music Iii

Rick Ross

(T.I.)

My garage is flawless
under a hundred thou aint allowed
Maybach triple white like I'm riding in a cloud
no denim on my seats,
baby you gon' need a towel
ride sexy through the city see me you will be aroused
my bankroll so well endowed
pull b-tches from M.I.A. to A.T.L. in style
and in crowds catch me in town
on the strip in vegas
chillin' fillin b-tches' faces with babies
b-tch bite yo' tongue,
this just ain't a Mercedes,
tell the A.T.F. I'm riding with another 380,
thats my car costs,
y'all thought I would fall off,
that was just a small loss,
we can have a ball off,
fly to N.Y. meet me at the Waldorf,
the story 'n' architecture Victorian,
ridin' in the past like you're drivin' a Delorean,
hard times never heard of those,
in the back, my feet kicked up,
get my d-ck sucked,
with the curtains closed,
and for the record kid,
my final question is,
how yo' b-tch gon' feel in that when you two pull up next to this?

Ahhahaha

MAYBACH MUSIC N-GGA!

(Erykah Badu)[Chorus]

Everybody knows,
how the story goes,
money and the clothes,
they gon' come and go,
but guess who stays the same,
they gon' see the name,
stroll real slow,

where your colors roll,
(Jadakiss)
Yo the piff that I'm blowin' on's f-cking up the ozone,

plus I keep a d-pe line similar to Cold Stone's (uh),
Ice cream (uh), pipe dreams
is what they have when I pull up in that light thing (yeah),
I put a hurtin' on, I got the curtains drawn,
whoever ain't gettin' sh-ted on, I'm squirtin' on,
I'm in that 6 duece' 57's for the health,
chopper in the trunk, 45 for the belt,
bunch of wax dummies all you guys gonna melt,
live for your kids, die for yourself,
bottles in the sky if you ride for the wealth,
p's on the block,
pies on the shelf,
if i ain't in the back of the bach,
I ain't in nothin' else
ahaha I'm somthin' else.

[Chorus](Rick Ross)

Uh,
uhhh,
cigar please,
I came alive like a moff in the Summer time,
Japanese wheel blades all samurai,
shine brighter than them b-tches on the other side,
time to make a blind mother f-cker recognize,
amunition got the competition nonexistent,
had the bubble crack but didn't have a pot to piss in,
I'll double that how dare you try to knock a n-gga,
street scholar graduated, no father figure,
still tote chrome, check my chromisomes,
meet me halfway with things and a mobile home,
money machines yeah they rrring like a mobile phone,
I'm a seven-up but need a coca-cola loan,
I'm in the hood like I'm James Evans,
cashmere hand-made sweater,
me and money got a vendetta,
lookin' back to tell the truth I could'a did betta,
parents never had a good job,
now its Black American Express cards,

uh,

{Maybach Music }

ROZAY!

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