

# Maybach Music 2

## Rick Ross

Realist shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach  
Whatever I send out, homie, I'ma make back  
Can you believe that? Woah you gotta see it  
I don't plan on goin' broke, put that on my Maybach  
'Cause I'm in it to win now, niggas, can't take that  
Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music  
Martin Luetta King. Jr, startin'  
All that stuntin' is gonna ruin ya  
B I was a lie, he probably had a two tone  
With the gray poupon, anything yay poupon  
We'll explode 'cause I'm am the shit  
And this is my commode, uh, oh, there they go  
Talkin' about how ya, boy, clothes extra tight  
I just remember that my limelight extra bright  
I hit the strip club and girls get extra hype  
You hit the strip club and girls turn extra dyke  
We know who not gettin' no sex tonight  
And a lap dance will probably be a blessing right  
So all the shit you talking dead, coffin, light the weed coughin'  
New crib loughtin'  
Where it's at, Austin? Where's that, Texas?  
What's in front, Benzes? What else, Lexus?  
Well, who's Maybach is this, Mr. Westses  
Realist shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach  
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Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music  
Boss, Kush, my light controlium, grim mean custodians  
Shades or no shades, these made erotium  
Use to be the oldsmo, hoes call it oh lo  
Now I got so many horses bitches call me polo  
5762, tell me how ya wanna move  
Yeah, you know I got them both  
Beat your ass black and blue  
I was barely gettin' pretty women  
Now I scoop Emmy winners like kitty litter  
Any winter, Fendi denim like a slender, nigga

Lookin' in the mirror, I can see the real contender  
Sellin' reefer even Gregory, I'm on my dinner  
So what the fuck is ya tellin' me other than your gender?  
I'm a boss and I'm ridin' like a small fault  
Niggas, make your wheels and ride till they fall off  
Yeah, Ross  
Realist shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach  
Whatever I send out, homie, I'ma make back  
Can you believe that? Woah, you gotta see it  
I don't plan on goin' broke, put that on my Maybach  
'Cause I'm in it to win now, niggas, can't take that  
Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music  
Well, alright  
All black Maybach, I'm sittin' in the asshole  
Classy as a mother still gutta like a bad bowl  
Benjamin Franklin, no X in the cash row  
That's right, the mills do like damn close  
I eat ya mill too, we don't feel you  
And we be strappin' up like the navy seal do  
Sweet as banana split, every time I peel through  
Fresher than Will Smith and uncle Phil too  
Watchin' TV in the Maybach, in traffic  
I'm on my feet like tough actin' tinactin'  
I'm run in this shit, you should try tacklin'  
Lil Wayne in one word immaculin'  
You see the Big, you see the Jay  
The Tupac in him, the Kurt Cobain  
The Andre three stacks and then I'm back to doin' shit  
Like I do say Maybach music  
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