

Murda Mami (feat. Foxy Brown)

Rick Ross

Yeah! Pussies don't get pussy
Brooklyn (uh-huh)Kinda short, dark-skinned, she a fly lil' bitch
Be up in all them clubs spillin Dom P and shit
Know the boy stunt, Jonathan Kelsey clutch
Yves Saint Laurent fronts on her bags to the pumps
D's love her aura, Balenciago fedora
Lame niggaz bore her, struttin like she Kimora
She'll take a kilo and stuff it up in the coochie
Quicker than Ron, stash it between her coochie (ha ha)
Breeze through the hood, niggaz treat her like a O.G.
First bitch in the hood, with the Bentley Coupe GT (yes)
Brooklyn is the team, Alexander McQueen
Bustin down a bird and balance it with a beam
Five five, slanted eyes, bitch walk is mean
Mahushi Ron bracelets and Armani jeans
They're called skinny, my bitch is like a rasta with it
Black car, red bottoms, only mobster in itIt's like damn, bitch, niggaz lovin me now
Oh-nine Bonnie & Clyde doin it now - whoa
Murder murder, these bitches ain't never heard of
Gettin money, gettin hurt up, impatient to leak them burnersAiyyo Ross, send them bitches to the boss
The blood claat flyest bad bitch in New York
Y'all hoes better bow the fuck down and pay homage
I'm ten million sold and that's SoundScan knowledge
And all y'all rat bitches sound garbage
While me and Ross like the hood version of bombings
Bars give me style like when you steppin in my
The 38 special in my Chanel sock
Now I got the llama and Ermet's dark
Word to sly swifter fox who above me?
Say hello in pumps, Nickelus Curt with that bomb
So ladies raise your glass to this man song

Songwriters

ROBERTS, WILLIAM / MARCHAND, I / BAKER, D.Published by

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