

Maybach Music VI (feat. John Legend & Lil Wayne)

Rick Ross

(Justice League)Oh, gliding through the city to my place (My place)

It feels like we're floating up in outer space

(And you can still) You can find me in my Maybach

Listening to shit from way back (Maybach music)

Oh, ha, Maybach Music(Maybach Music)Flows mind-blowing, these niggas switching the topic

All dick-riders, your label labeled 'erotic'

You got a couple dollars, but really it's barely modest

Couldn't sign me if you niggas was paying homage

Playing both sides, convicted you with the verdict

Pay a lil' rider, come hit you up for the murder

Chains all hollow, I peeped soon as I heard it

These niggas be talkin' shooter, but quick to send they attorney

Is it really real? Candy Lady allure

Money overboard, the kilos washin' ashore

Pains on the boy, Versace down to the drawers

Currency come in Crypto, you know they tapin' our calls

Chariots and lofts, niggas legs crossed

Talkin' long money, but they conversation's short

New accolades with women for me to toss

They call it 'the road to riches', regardless I had to walk

Now it's too many cars, they say I live in a bubble

But I make the point, we poppin' all through the summer

Got the pilots and gunners, receivers, passers and punters

My pockets playin' for keeps, G's get more than what's common

I made a few mistakes, I pray I get to repent

The passion came from the pain, I'm painting you all my sins

Warhol, Art Basel how it's so soft

More raw till Hova cut the fro off

Gliding through the city to my place (My place)

It feels like we're floating up in outer space

(And you can still) You can find me in my Maybach

Listening to shit from way back (Maybach music)

Oh, ha, Maybach MusicLet's go for a ride, to where your heart desire

I put your heart in drive, I'll let you borrow mine

My feet on top the clouds, I walk a thousand miles

She got them soft pussy lips, call it cotton mouth

And I'm on auto pilot, got a larger closet

I'm at target practice, you at Target shopping

Second hand smoke got her vision falling cloudy

Her eyes get so watery, them bitches started drowning
On the ride of a lifetime
Watch out for the rats, mice, cons and the pythons
So Triple H, my God, I'm so sky high
Coming down from the night sky like a lightening rod
Shine like some ice, nice fives like a kite flying
No strings attached, we replace it with a lifeline
Out of body feeling, out our clothes and our right minds
Baby, ride me like a bumpy road to the high-rise, yeah, yeah
Gliding through the city to my place (My place)
It feels like we're floating up in outer space
(And you can still) You can find me in my Maybach
Listening to shit from way back (Maybach music)
Oh, ha, Maybach Music Gliding through the city to my place (My place)
It feels like we're floating up in outer space
(And you can still) Oh, Maybach Music

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