

# Nobody (feat. French Montana)

[Rick Ross](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You wanted to fuckin' walk around these roaches  
These niggas is roaches  
These niggas is mere motherfuckin' mortals  
I'm tryna push you to supreme bein'  
You don't wanna motherfuckin'  
You don't wanna embrace your destiny  
You wanna get by  
You don't wanna go into the motherfuckin' dark  
Where it's lonely  
You can't handle the motherfuckin', the pain  
Of the motherfuckin' not knowin' when the shit is gonna stop  
Mama's tryna save me  
But she don't know I'm tryna save her  
Man, them niggas tried to play me  
Man, 'til I got this paper  
You're nobody 'til somebody kills you  
"Blast for me" the last words from my nigga  
On the pavement, born killers, body shivers  
Drug money, dollar figures  
Hustlers moving out of rentals, art of war is mental  
Having sushi down in Nobu  
Strapped like an Afghan soldier, nowhere to go to  
So it's bang, no survivors  
Only riders on my rider, murder rate rises  
Stalkin' niggas on their IG's, never; I be  
Still solo, Under Armour still Polo  
No wire, on fire  
My desire for fine things made me a liar, a shooter  
Gettin' high feeling like it's voodoo  
Nine lives, SK with the cooler  
Makaveli in the 'Rari, still B-I double G, I, E  
I pray you smoke with me  
Go to bed with a kilo like Casino  
Janet Reno, we all we got the creed to Nino

Pretty cars in the driveway  
If you cut it then you sideways, double up, crime paysMama's tryna save me  
But she don't know I'm tryna save her  
Man, them niggas tried to play me  
Man, 'til I got this paper  
You're nobody 'til somebody kills youYou fuckin' wanna walk around with these niggas?  
What the fuck is their culture?  
Where the fuck is their souls at?  
What defines you?  
These niggas with these fuckin' silly looks on their faces  
You wanna walk around with them or you wanna walk with God, nigga!  
Make up your got damn mind!I'm from where the streets test you  
Niggas mix business and pleasure where the cocaine measure  
The narcotics is our product  
The by-product, you walk up on me, I cock it  
New Mercedes as it peels off  
Nothing penetrates the steel doors, gang signs, see 'em all  
I said my prayer as I'm countin' sheep  
Never really athletic, but I play for keeps, do you feel me?  
The mortician, the morgue fillin' with more snitches  
We kill 'em and taking their bitches, R.I.P  
Chinchillas on a winter night  
Black bottles when I'm feelin' like, you wanna know what winners like  
And I'm never on that tour bus  
Just a decoy for niggas, the PJ's for two of us  
Ciroc boys down to die for Diddy  
My niggas ride for less, keep it real, homie, made me filthy  
Touch mine until it's even keel  
Like I'm knowing every heathen will, closed the deal with Steven Hill  
We Magic City of the networks  
Cut a nigga cast off, how my nigga net worthsMama's tryna save me  
But she don't know I'm tryna save her  
Man, them niggas tried to play me  
Man, 'til I got this paper  
You're nobody 'til somebody kills youFuck you wanna talk about?  
Fuckin' jewelries and Bentley's and Hublot's  
And fuckin' art that niggas ain't got on their fuckin' walls  
And fuckin' mansions niggas ain't got  
Niggas can't even pay the IRS, let alone their fuckin' staff, nigga  
You gotta tell the truth, man  
The truth'll set you free, son  
The truth will set you free

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