

# Boss

## Rick Ross

Run how you want, boss  
Chill how you want, boss  
Floss how you want, boss  
Do whatcha like  
Go rock your chain, boss  
Pour that champagne, boss  
Keep gettin' paid, boss  
Do whatcha like  
As I'm poppin' my collar, black on black antique Impala  
She ain't gotta speak 'cause my speakers let her know  
That I'm ballin'  
They call me the Boss, I be callin' the shots  
It's Ricky Ross, that boy be ballin' a lot  
That boy be ridin' big, that boy be ridin' rims  
Not the flats but the fish 'cause they just swim  
New York to the West, you a boss if you fresh  
Scuff your shoes, wipe 'em down  
Now get back on your two step  
Stuntin' is boss, shinin' is boss  
Grandaddy kush or the purp, yellow diamonds is boss  
That dime a boss, she fine as a house  
And she drivin' a Porche, she designed for a boss  
Run how you want, boss  
Chill how you want, boss  
Floss how you want, boss  
Do whatcha like  
Go rock your chain, boss  
Pour that champagne, boss  
Keep gettin' paid, boss  
Do whatcha like  
Ross, la la, Ross, la la, Ross, la la  
Do whatcha like  
Ross, la la, Ross, la la, Ross, la la  
Do whatcha like  
I'm ridin' big, I'm hopin' lanes  
My Chevy thang got these chickens all insane  
Look at my stones tap dancin' on the bezzle  
Bad baby at the Rollie, lap dancin' and wanna kiss me  
Oh, no, 'cause of my chain

'Cause of my bling like a peacock standin' on my ring  
'Cause I'm a boss, I'm a spend it, I'm a floss  
I'm a winner, you the loss, all these \*\*\*  
Sprinkle salt 'cause I'm the pepper in the sauce  
Whatcha feel, whatcha like, whatcha want, what's your type?  
I done seen it, done it twice, bought it up the same night  
'Cause I'm a boss, it's Ricky Ross  
If you buy, if you spend it, \*\*\* the cost  
    You's a boss, You a boss  
    Run how you want, boss  
    Chill how you want, boss  
    Floss how you want, boss  
    Do whatcha like  
    Go rock your chain, boss  
    Pour that champagne, boss  
    Keep gettin' paid, boss  
    Do whatcha like  
    Ross, la la, Ross, la la, Ross, la la  
    Do whatcha like  
    Ross, la la, Ross, la la, Ross, la la  
    Do whatcha like  
Before the rock got whipped and they pistol got ripped  
Before you got any chips, you got permission from the boss  
    On a mission for the charts, out-smart my competition  
        Composition so sharp, so dark, so vivid  
        26's on the old school, Pro Tools session  
        Got the old school \*\*\* actin' brand new sweatin'  
        Brand new tennis chain, fancy pockets on my jeans  
Headed for the walk, dude, fore' they win him on the stage  
    Two a day, super pay, stupid \*\*\* from a model  
    Triple C, a hundred deep and everybody got a bottle  
    Got a bottle full of purp, full of work, no leachin'  
    Blew 50 last weekend, if you lookin' for a reason  
        I'm the boss  
        Run how you want, boss  
        Chill how you want, boss  
        Floss how you want, boss  
        Do whatcha like  
        Go rock your chain, boss  
        Pour that champagne, boss  
        Keep gettin' paid, boss  
        Do whatcha like  
    Ross, la la, Ross, la la, Ross, la la  
    Do whatcha like  
    Ross, la la, Ross, la la, Ross, la la

Do whatcha like  
That's all Ross, them boys runnin' in the streets  
See them candy paints, Dade County  
Over town, livin' the city brown  
Carol City, Oba Locka  
The whole thrill five of my yayo, I see ya, Ross  
Do whatcha like

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