

# Maybach music 2

## Rick Ross

Realest shit I ever wrote chilling in my Maybach  
Whatever I send out homie I'ma make back  
Can you believe it, whoa you gotta see it  
I don't plan on going 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 Louis the King Jr.  
Starting, all that stuntin' is gonna ruin ya  
B.I. was alive he probably had a two tone  
With the Grey Poupon  
Anything yay poop on  
Will explode  
Cause I am the shit and this is my commode  
Uh oh there they go  
Talking 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 getting no sex tonight  
And a lap dance will probably be a blessing right.  
So all the shit you talking dead, coffin  
Light the weed coughing, new crib loftin'  
Where it's at? Austin, where's that? Texas  
What's in front? Benz's, what else? Lexus  
Well who's Maybach is this? Mr. West's Realest shit I ever wrote chilling in my Maybach  
Whatever I send out homie I'ma make back  
Can you believe it, whoa you gotta see it  
I don't plan on going 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 Boss!  
Kush burn like petroleum  
Crib need custodians  
Shades in all shades  
These made erodium  
Use to be the Oldsmo  
Hoes call it oh low  
Now I got so many horses  
Bitches call me Polo  
5762 tell me how ya wanna move  
Yea you know I got them both,

Beat your ass black and blue  
 I was barely getting pretty women  
 Now I scoop Emmy winners like kitty litter  
 Any winter Fendi denim like a slender nigga  
 Looking in the mirror I can see the real contender  
 Celery for even Gregory I'm on my dinner  
 So what the fuck is ya telling me other than your gender  
 I'm a boss and I'm riding like a small fault,  
 Niggas make your wheels and ride 'til they fall off yea Ross! Realest shit I ever wrote chilling in my Maybach  
 Whatever I send out homie I'ma make back  
 Can you believe it, whoa you gotta see it  
 I don't plan on going 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 sitting in the asshole  
 Classy as a mother still gutter like a bad bowl  
 Benjamin Franklin on x how the cash row  
 That's right them mill due like damn clothes  
 I eat ya mill too  
 We don't feel you  
 And we be strapping up like the navy seal do  
 Sweet as banana split every time I peel through,  
 Fresher than will smith and uncle Phil too  
 Watching T-V in the Maybach in traffic,  
 I'm on my feet like tough acting Tinactin  
 I'm running this shit  
 You should try tackling,  
 Lil Wayne in one word immaculate,  
 You see the Biggie, you see the Jay, the Tupac in him,  
 The Kurt Cobain, the Andre three stacks  
 And then I'm back to doing shit like I do sing Maybach music Realest shit I ever wrote chilling in my Maybach  
 Whatever I send out homie I'ma make back  
 Can you believe it, whoa you gotta see it  
 I don't plan on going 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

#### Songwriters

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