

# So Sophisticated

## RICK ROSS, MEEK MILL

This shit is highly sophisticated I just make it look easy nigga  
Follow me

I'm so sophisticated  
To get a verse from me, you gotta be initiated  
To get a purse from me, she gotta be sophisticated  
Purchase a whip from me and never miss a single payment  
I'm from the city where the Muslims even Christians hate it  
Even the black folk hate to see another nigga made it  
Tell all them pussies to chill, champagne refrigerated  
Just bought a chopper 'cause the last one, got it confiscated  
Counting a hundred mill so many times, I contemplated  
You wanna be the hottest but that shit get complicated  
I pull your card, I know you're pussy by your conversation  
Show you the safe, you'll have to kill me for that combination  
Made another two milli just off the compilation  
I just hit a lick, I'm telling you this shit amazing  
Got a white bitch, she fucking me just like she Jamaican  
Sippin' purple and that muthafucker concentrated  
This for my niggas in them prisons, overpopulated

### [Chorus]

This the mob so you gotta get initiated  
If you a mob, then you gotta make an issue payment  
We going hard, run it back just like it's Walter Payton  
The game's sweet, gave all my niggas an occupation (Ugh)  
We so sophisticated (Ugh)  
Shit so sophisticated (Woop)  
Hundred millionaires, guess you made it (Ugh)

I'm so sophisticated  
Smoking weed, busting open dolla liquor later  
I bust her open then I tell her I'ma lick her later  
Pull out the stick and spray that bitch just like it's activator  
Time to lay down these niggas who still be masquerading  
We know you pussies, so you got my niggas masturbating  
Round of applause 'cause them choppers be so captivating  
So sophisticated 'cause them hits be calculated  
Put yo dick in the dirt, now you decapitated

I'm getting money so you'll never hear me talking petty  
Tatted on my stomach, rich forever, Makaveli  
Fifty million, hundred million, it's accumulating  
I'm the hottest and these other niggas cooling, ain't it  
I got a bitch I'm fucking that you see on BET  
My lil' Haiti shooters will have yo ass on TMZ  
Breaking news and we still get them for 10 a key  
And if he faking, fuck him, tell them niggas "C'est la vie"

[Chorus]

Shittin' on these haters, ball hard D-Waders  
Ever since I got money, e'rybody need favors  
That's why I ain't got no homies, and I ain't got no neighbors  
But I be on my grind like I ain't got no paper  
But I'm so rich and I got yo bitch  
All in my whip and she all on my dick  
With a hand on my stick, tryna live in my crib  
'Cause I handle my shit like a candle got lit  
'Cause I burn shit down, yea I'm in my bag  
And these nigg\*\* so mad it's my turn now  
And I get that cash, my bitch so bad, she know sophisticated  
I'm balling hard, fucking bitches and ain't got shit for haters  
I hang my arm out the window now watch me get the paper  
My neck so frosty, you frauding, yo shit refrigerator  
Boy you an imitator  
You ain't got no M's in yo account, I never ask my amount  
Treat that bad bitch like a bad check 'cause I cash that and I bounce  
I ain't never had shit but I grab shit and I cashed out on that ounce  
And I flipped that to a bird and bounced back like word

[Chorus]

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