

Don't Like

[Rick Ross](#)

We came in Anguilla
More money than you ever heard of
Gotta master the art of living young nigga
Ain't never think id get this much nigga
Let man explain it to them
Oh Lord please don't stop baby[Verse 1: Rick Ross]
I seen a homeboy die in cold blood
Eyes rolled in his head wasn't no love
His momma sold pussy daddy was a fiend
He from a place where niggas don't believe in dreams
Niggas snorting powder...(Maybach Music)
I seen a homeboy die in cold blood
Eyes rolled in his head wasn't no love
His momma sold pussy daddy was a fiend
He from a place where niggas don't believe in dreams
Niggas snortin powder get you're head right
Get your dick sucked sittin at the red light
Now you catchin cases
Talkin home invasions
How you get a bond
How the fuck you playin
Can't be playin games on the home field
Open up like a YAGHHHH when that dome peel YAGHHH
We didn't have shit when we went to school
Now it's flatscreens up in every room
Nigga do the math bucket full of crab
Tub full of money candy on the slab
Teflon underneath my fresh tag
Bell Harbor walkin out with 40 bags
I could fuck a model for an autograph
8 cars still make her call a cab
Shoutout to Def Jam
Shoutout to Warner Brothers
Shoutout to Dope Boys
We all need each other
Im in Anguilla, Im smoking killer
We run the game, pussy boy go cry a river

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