

Ring Ring (Feat. Future)

Rick Ross

(Ft. Future)

[Intro]

Aye, I'm 'bout to leave the studio bout 2:30 baby
You can just hit me back then, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'mma pick up for you

[Hook: Future]

Lemme be the one you call when it's time to be a freak
Lemme be the one you call when you're tryna hit the sheets
Lemme be the one you call when you're ready to hit the spot
Lemme be the one you call when you tryna turn it up a notch
I'mma let my phone ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring
I'mma let my phone ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Diamonds are forever, she my b! tch forever
Had my back forever, I was in that trap forever
All the lonely nights, I was chasin' cheddar
Now I got her movin' white, now it's like whatever
Put down that bus pass she got her some Porsche keys
Got her a Birkin bag, earrings for 40 G's
Sex keep on getting better, cause she keep getting wetter
Got her that sexy condo, nothing can separate us
When I'm in Chi-Town, I'm just a call away
Or on the West Coast, lost like I'm Marvin Gaye
I put up the Phantom, time to chill in Atlanta
She say I'm her future before she peel off them panties

[Hook: Future]

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[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Diamonds are forever, she my b! tch forever
Crib big as Turner Field so you know we rich forever
Diamonds in a bezel, smokin' on this leather
No my grind couldn't be better, and she thick as ever
I got killers in Decatur, as well as Dade County
She in cribs with elevators, as well as water fountains
How we move can't be debated, the hustle well rounded
Talking square feet, master suite, 12, 000

[Hook: Future]

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Lyrics submitted by Kenneth Ault.

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