

911

Rick Ross

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

God forgives I don't
In other words, retaliation is a must! I bow my head, I pray to God
Survival of the fittest help me hold my chopper lord!
If I die today, on the highway to heaven
Can I let my top down in my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
Financial fanatic, 40 bricks in my attic
400K in my baggage, 80 round automatic
You can't stop a bullet, this one for the money
Secret indictments, Porsche costs me 200 Fuck all these broke niggas cause all I do is ball
Ain't no more off days, my crib look like a mall
Fired the stylist, went and bought a big and tall
Niggas still scheming, we sliding on the mall!
I remember picking watermelons
Now the Porsche cost me a quarter million!
If I die tonight I know I'm coming back nigga
Reincarnated: big black fat nigga! I bow my head, I pray to God
Survival of the fittest help me hold my chopper lord!
If I die today, on the highway to heaven
Can I let my top down in my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
Financial fanatic, 40 bricks in my attic
400K in my baggage, 80 round automatic
You can't stop a bullet, this one for the money
Secret indictments, Porsche costs me 200 Fuck your investigation, started my elevation
Cherry red 911 straight to my destination

Mayweather got a fight, make me some reservations
Knew I flew private nigga, strapped with no hesitations
Boochie Boochie money long, he got 20 cars
Graduated from them blocks, now it's stocks and bonds
Hoes wanna know, hoes wanna show
They know a nigga's name, they know a nigga's strong
Fuck wit me! I bow my head, I pray to God
Survival of the fittest help me hold my chopper lord!
If I die today, on the highway to heaven
Can I let my top down in my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
Financial fanatic, 40 bricks in my attic
400K in my baggage, 80 round automatic
You can't stop a bullet, this one for the money
Secret indictments, Porsche costs me 200 Fuck your insinuation, work come from Venezuela
Love me some skinny bitches, fat boy just 'bout his paper
Hustle while niggas gossip, hating, that switch the topic
Jump in my 911, 2 bricks in my compartment!
She let me smell her pussy!
I know you smell the money!
Still smell the gunpowder
911, 100 miles and running I bow my head, I pray to God
Survival of the fittest help me hold my chopper lord!
If I die today, on the highway to heaven
Can I let my top down in my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
In my 911?
Financial fanatic, 40 bricks in my attic
400K in my baggage, 80 round automatic
You can't stop a bullet, this one for the money
Secret indictments, Porsche costs me 200

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