

What a Shame (feat. French Montana)

Rick Ross

What a shame, what a shame
Shame on a nigga that tried to run game on a niggaThis is it, boy
Stacking money to the sky, getting rich, ha'
Stacking bricks to the sky, this is it, ha'
Where my dogs getting high getting rich, ha'
A nigga rich, ha'Shame on a nigga who tried to run game on a nigga
Pull a pistol, bang on a nigga
Beamer on the Boulevard, everybody know it's me
Bordeaux Polo, smoke a ton of weed
No room for nonsense, you under new ownership
Pulling niggas' cards, giving shooters bonuses
Fuck the rumors, now I'm standing in a room with ya
Face, gut, buck 50, got two pistols
We the knights of the templar
Born dopeboy, oh, I should've been stopped
Def Jam see me as a threat now
Hundred mill, any less is a let downThis is it, boy
Stacking money to the sky, getting rich, ha'
Stacking bricks to the sky, this is it, ha'
Where my dogs getting high getting rich, ha'
A nigga rich, ha'Full magazine, bitch, shoot for the stars
Snatch a nigga chain just to post it on the blog
Assassinate a name, nigga spraying in the dark
Hate you with a passion, but he asking for a job
Shame on a nigga that tried to run game on a nigga
Pull a pistol, bang on a nigga
Getting money while them other boys bitter
I'm an artist and my niggas are the realest
What a shame pussy niggas wear glitter
Put to sleep by the pillowcase killer
Black Benz, black weed, black bottle, nigga
Rich, dirty niggas still mobbing, niggaThis is it, boy
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Where my dogs getting high getting rich, ha'
A nigga rich, ha'This is it, boy
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A nigga rich, ha'

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