

I Think She Like Me (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign)

Rick Ross

This the fliest shit ever
This that Rich Forever Part 2
Uh, uhLayin' in my bed, I'm under these gold chandeliers
Can't say too many names that had these kinda years
Night sweaters and these icy diamonds on my wrist
Ice cube lookin' nigga, you know life a bitch
I once got no allowance, now I got the crown
I said I was the boss, nobody made a sound
Really had to see them things, this level story tellin'
Who else could flip a chorus into 40 million
Out in Cannes with Leonardo DiCaprio
While out on bond, pray I go to trial rapido
8 felonies, tellin' me wanna give me life
Every nut I bust really, I gotta do it twice
Ricky Ronaldo, really when I'm in Portugal
I pull a yacht out this weekend, I'm fuckin' so and so
Cameras flash, paparazzi layin' in the grass
Tom Brady my new nig but you can tell 'em thatUh, I think she like me
Oh, I think she like me
I know her nigga don't like me
With your bitch right now, yeah, I might be
Sippin' this right now, yeah, we might be
Might hit it from the back, let her ride me
Girl, you never meet another nigga like me
Girl, you never meet another man like meI'm sexin' women out on Fisher Isle
I gas her up and let her lick me down
I may name my daughter Hermes
Get my jeweler to decorate the new birds nest
20 million up at Merrill Lynch
I met his chick, he haven't seen her since
Through the city, I'm still floatin' like a magic carpet
She stop me for a selfie, I just want the knowledge
Expressin' what you think'll send your kids to college
Or be a geechi nigga just to keep the Bentley polished
Do it for the dear departed, fuck a Ben Carson
Empire rented, you made a nigga a target
Only one that's smokin' up in Goldman Sachs
But I'm the only one that's rollin' like a quarter back
And I never put it in my government

'Cause I never put on for the governmentUh, I think she like me
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Girl, you never meet another man like me
You caught the case, you gotta post a bond
I'm Rayful Edmund mixed with young Wale Folarin
Starin' in my safe, I'm rather safe than sorry
Diddy, Jigga, only two niggas comin' for me
I park the Caddy in my livin' room
Pussy niggas lookin' for me, I'mma give it to him
Santorini, Greece, sex in the swimmin' pool
If her pussy dry, call her Beetle Juice
I'm baby makin' in the Malvides
Put up all the yachts, pulled out the jet skis
Khaled hit me on the FaceTime
I'm the fliest nigga on his bassline
She see the sneakers and she see the stones
Fat boy run the city, seated in the throne
I'm cashin' in like the Kardashians
My paralysed homie snuck a ratchet inUh, I think she like me
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Songwriters

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