Usual Suspects (Feat. Nas)

Rick Ross

(maybach music, its deeper than the verse baby, its deeper than the rap).[Chorus]
Doing a 150 miles and running,
Get up in the way then you know that I'm gunning,
Laff about the doe but really ain't nothing funny,
Getting rich in a rush, Yeah you know us,
We the Usual Suspectsss,
The real definition of success,
Throwing money cause I can and I love it,
From nothing, to something
You know us we the Usual Suspects,
You no the boys on the block wanna take us,
Cause we bringing all of the paper, n
From nothing, to something,
You know us we the Usual Suspects.[Rick Ross]
17 trying man up,
Feed the fam boy I put that on these damn goods,
All I got was diabetes and a damn uggg,
People talking down calling me a damn sprug,
Young niggas all you want to do is roam free,
On your own feet gotta cook your own beef,
I'm too cool for lame dudes that ridicule,
I laugh while I'm doing laps in the swimming pool,
I don't owe you niggas nothing,
Call me 2 fingers when you see a nigga stunting,
Black Philip drumming limousines of the hummer,
Penthouse sweet, pretty beach I call the summer,
Lotta homies pass,
See em in the future,
Moneys so fast, on the gas, never neutral,
Gotta keep a shooter while I'm riding in the 7,
Higher than a kite by the time I get to heaven.[Chorus][Nas]
And still my talent is yet to be challenged,
Had new jet with my own pilot,
No blasting off, but flexing, Dj Khaled,
My mom stressing college,
But my crude sense of logic, did a lude to my empty wallet,
Try spittiing on a green tinted accord,
Which could mean a sentence up north,
Where the homie was, but back then doe was like a hoard, it goldie love, it didn't exist,

And office foley cuffs, was after my wrists,
Was not Beverly hills where we chilled,
Imagine this, the nas n rith,
Had to get from rags to rich,
I used to stand on rooftops, with 2 glocks,
Figuring, how do I turn my timbalands to clocks,
Now reptiles was left out about a watch,
What is you thinking? Murk u, plus the muscle that you bringing is nothing to me,
If you thugging, a fake and shaked on Cuban,
Shout out my ricans,
Down with all of you gangstas, to the roughest Jamaicansg.[Chorus][Rick Ross]
If you balling physics, nigga money never flow,
Meaning every day I'm living, trying to stay on flow,
Coming from a BOSS, I can predict a double cross,
Handlers managing money, they never come across.
I spend in Africa, Magnamers, numbers involved,
AK47s, Singing win or by sum or you fall?
I dealt with brawls, and those willing to sell they soul,
Over cars and clothes, man am talking petty hoes,
Ask ma feddi grow,
Fuck a feet of spaghetti-o's.
I'm club popping in cali shout out to ariel,
Somebody dim the lights,
Triple black tuts,
Caz associated and the flesh is trying to catch up,
I roam with niggas who destined to get a life sentence,
Get they baby mama a Lexus for them nice visits,
Ma nigga got a dub an love to do the push ups,
I got a million cash, trying to get the kush up.[Chorus]

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