

Maybach Music IV (feat. Ne-Yo)

Rick Ross

Yea, such a breath of fresh air
Get a blow job, have a seizure on a Lear
Or get a new car, I could lease it for a year
Or bring it back tomorrow, that's a lease that disappear
Count new money, peeling out a venue
New Maybach after it was discontinued
Never question mine, my mind is so inventive
Quadrupled my net worth and threw in a few incentives
Maybach IV the allure that I adore
All money game, we got ones in the floor
See me on the wood, nigga, pause at the game
Two mil, the jewels, no flaws, ask them lames
Bow to the boss in the presence of a don
Started on the corner nigga, didn't have a coin
Playing my position for a club that I can join
Never in the draft, but that boy know he going
Throw me a bone, get me a brick
That's on the Quran I'mma go and get the chips
Go and get a rental, I got a cute bitch
She's showing some potential, so we taking trips
Nigga, assets last while memories fade
I'ma patch that ass I don't get paid
I'm a Mike Tyson type of, typewriter sniper
Double M life 'til a nigga pay the piper
I love when the beat dip
Same way I love to see a key flip
Go and pay your mama house off
Get sucked off, shorty wipe your mouth off
I'm alive, you could never write the South off
South paw, box a nigga off like a outlaw
Quick thinker, big better shut your mouth, wha?
Black chips, gold bottles ship it out raw
Pulling up slow, look at that boy
Young B.I.G., Lil Kim on tour
Lil Cease with me, all the cheese with me
All the g's with me, Maybach Eazy-E The good times don't last long
Just rewind the last song
We all shared some great times
As I read some great rhymes What we does, is what dreams are made of

Come and get your love, all of this love
500 for the car that I got on the strip
That's another 100, what I got on my wrist
800 for the jar that I'm about to twist
It's a female strand, you know life's a bitch
As I get high, move my curtains to the side
Age like fine wine, ambitions they never die
Niggas get abused like boys at Penn State
Greatest that ever did it, decided my own fate
Dreams, everything that we are
The life that we're living, baby it's ours
Dreams, money, homes, and cars
Baby that's a given, I'm talking about every fantasy
Be good real with me, still don't mean something, ooohhh, oh
Baby come with me and live the dream
It's a whole nother different element
It's Maybach roman numeral four
You couldn't fathom this, you couldn't imagine this
You can't produce this, you won't reproduce this
I'll be dreaming of you
You'll be making it come true
I'll be dreaming of you
I'll be dreaming of you
I'll be dreaming of you
You'll be making it come true
I'll be dreaming of you
Yessir
This is LA Reid
It takes a boss to know a boss
It takes greatness to recognize greatness
Ricky Ross, the boss, Maybach IV

Lyrics provided by

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