

# Maybach Music

## Rick Ross

What is this? (Maybach music)  
I like this Maybach music Sweet!  
Ha-ha-ha! Come and take a ride  
Come and take a ride Billionaire  
Yayo  
Justice league! 57 years, yes!  
Blood for a D-Boy  
Hand my mack 11 to the engineer to record  
Got the baddest women in the world for me to feed on  
Double deck yacht, docked Boss, blowing weed up  
Revenue incredible, it put me on a pedestal  
Columbia to Mexico, I figure there was a better rule  
Look at me, a model now  
Models and bottles 'round  
A Blood holla', ballin'  
But the boys in blue, shot 'em down  
Gang-affiliated, colors prosecutors painted  
Cause the niggas I employed, name synonymous with Mi-Yayo  
Instrumental that are mental, Maybach kind of mental  
400 off the lot, the block is monumental  
Some things money can't buy  
Like Heaven in the sky, even a better ride  
In the rear, so many instruments I hear  
Tucked behind curtain, no signs to fear (Ross!)  
I'm higher than a leer,  
This Maybach music, designer shit I wear  
May cause you to lose it  
Close your eyes and inhale the smoke  
It's Maybach music, the realest shit I wrote, nigga!  
5 ounces, take a token  
Of this Maybach music, the realest shit I wrote  
Boss! Young!  
Fuck it then! Black Maybach, white seas, black piping  
Remind me of Paul McCartney and Mike fighting  
You know, "The Girl Is Mine"  
"Life's A Bitch", so "The Whole World Is Mine"  
The six-deuce long, the curtains are drawn  
Perfectly like a Picasso, Rembrandt's and Rocco's  
I'm a major player, 40-40's in Vegas at the Palazzo

They said it was not so  
Certain things that money can't buy  
Like being this fly  
Till then, I'm just gonna' ride!  
I'm like G-Rap with better transportation  
On the road to the riches, reach my "Final Destination"  
And the lair, closer to a leer, Aaliyah  
Say a "Prayer", hope I get ta' see her  
When I disappear from here, baby, yeah!  
But I don't see the ending through these millionaire lenses  
Just the Two M's on the emblem  
The partition roof, translucent and Humidor  
Where refrigerators, where Ace of Spades, two I store!  
True story, my closet is like two stories  
Cut to the happy ending, 'cause I don't do stories  
Shawn Corey, real rap  
The Maybach is bananas, peel back!  
You feel that?  
Young! C'mon! Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach  
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back  
Since way back, since way back  
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back!  
Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach  
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back  
Since way back, since way back  
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back! Boss!  
Can't be stopped now  
We got too much cake They pinching pennies, while I'm muscling for meals  
And the muscle be that muzzle, when I stuff it in your grill  
Stuffed shells, thanks to crack, I crack  
Crab and lobsters, not all mobsters  
Imposter's, got cha!  
Boy, I got an eagle view, slanted on my balcony  
Can only stay a week or two, so many people out for me  
I bulletproofed the Maybach  
Got a killer's intuition  
Holding on that mack 11, Makaveli premonition  
Waiting on my Suge Knight  
One nation under God, since I chose a thug's life  
Guess I gotta' play my part  
Never will I die, my name symbolize  
The hustle for young killers coming from the other side  
Some things your money can't buy  
Like Heaven in the sky, even a better ride  
I'm large, my black car

Menagin' black broads, massage for frauds  
I'm livin' large, sellin' fat rocks  
In the "Killin' Field" of hip-hop  
Runnin' up on the car, you get popped, mopped and dropped!  
I'm The Boss!

Songwriters

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