

# 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 route  
Look at me, a model now  
Models and bottles 'round  
A Blood holla', ballin'  
But the boys in blue, they 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 your 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 sign 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 toke  
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, Rembrandts 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  
'Til 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  
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 Humador  
Where refrigerators, where Ace of Spades, or two I store  
True story, my closet is like two stories  
Straight 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 that muscle be that muzzle, when I stuff it in your grill  
Stuffed shells, thanks to crack, I crack  
Crab and lobsters, not all mobsters  
Imposters, 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, Machiavelli 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, my fat rocks  
I see the kill in the field of hip-hop  
Runnin' up on the car, you get popped, mopped and dropped  
I'm the Boss!

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