

Billionaire (Produced By J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League)

Rick Ross

Trilla!
Boss!
Yeah, trilla, feels good baby
Boss!,
I done took over the game nigga,
Hoppin' out the Bugati with my belly's? on
No underwear nigga, my jeans tight fitted to nigga
Jay-Z what up nigg!
Uh, yeah
Let me fuck with 'em right now Niggas want to kidnap (kidnap),
Leave me in the trunk, walk away with big stacks (big stacks)
They jealous of the fortune,
The glitz and the fame my cocaine mortgage,
In the game like tony parker,
Snow white range and my partner pocket,
I'm back on them things that's my only problem,
Homie I put that only mamma
Still rollin' with the 45th now that I'm rich got these broke niggas so sick,
And my daughters college pre paid, she straight,
Say thanks to the d game!, in that phantom on that tupac,
Ridin' through the ghetto like I'm lookin' for a new spot, naww
But I'm well established, I fuck with heroin cause it sells the fastest[Chorus]
I'm a ride bout mine, and I wouldn't tell a lie,
Take it out of town go and get my money right.
And if it ain't bout cash, I don't really care
I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire
I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire
I'm straight 'bout cash, I'm a hood billionaire
If it ain't 'bout cash I don't really care,
I'm straight 'bout cash,
I'm a hood billionaire.Uh, boss
A bitch try to stick me,
Just cause you fuck me don't mean you can kiss me,
Nah I only fuck with the O.G.'s,
The ones that won't turn you in to the police,
On the run throw nigga four keys
I.d.'s, passports it was so sweet (they lookin' baby!)
Front yard still a carshow, Bugati, the gati and my rocko
I won't let the roof up, kingdom come, prince is a?

To be loved, to be loved, oh what a feeling for me to be loved
Haters want to murder me and I can smell a hit,
So it's music to my ears every time I feel a clip,
I'm a card shark up in a hard rock, twenty grand a hand baby jam in the Ipod?[Chorus]Boss
Hit a hundred grand in a day damn
Whip that white girl just like k-fed
Got me a white girl, I fuck till her face red,
Yeah her food tastes bad, but she givin' great head,
Please let me say that, I really love a fat ass
I really love her credit send her to the dealership, and she can she can get it
My heart in the ghetto, I'm married to the projects
I ride with AR, in case a nigga start shit[Chorus]

Songwriters

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