

Luxury Tax

Rick Ross

I think we got a problem
Yeah!
Big money in this bitch if you didn't know
Big business minus the business suit
Even I look in the mirror like, 'Is it you?'
And I say I must be the hottest if it isn't you
Stay fresh from my top to my tennis shoes
New coupe, no top, big tennis shoes
Never slipping, even on the side of a swimming pool
We don't get ridiculed, we get rid of fools
They said I couldn't play football, I was too small
They say I couldn't play basketball I wasn't tall
They say I couldn't play baseball at all
And now every day of my life I ball
And they say it ain't raining until someone assassinate
And I feel like M.L.K.
Yeah, I have a dream to be your worst nightmare
Now meet the boss of the cartel, Ross!
I'm a seven-nine satan, sitting on Lorenzses
And I seem really patient, picture the equation
People taking pictures and they really getting flagrant
Flagging down my spaceship, sergeant sniffing for a fragrance
Yayo, yayo, he wanna sniff the yayo
Flying saucer on the hasa in the casa just to lay low
Make more money man than the model for the mob
Need a blowjob my model, get a model for the job
Go hard, no job, hustler, no prob
Poster, nigga what? Fingerfuck your whole squad
Forty around spending doe, flip ya for my kinfolk
Luxury tax on them packs if you didn't know
Bought a new crib, niggas feeling like I hid
3.2 but I just did it for the kids
More guns than a pawn shop, got my whole arm rocked
Keep the 760 double-parked in the wrong spot
Still hustling, Boss
Yeah, you gotta pay for this
I remember when I used to pray for this
This, this is classic, so shit you might never see again
And we taxing, you don't want it nigga leave it then

And we taxing, you don't want it nigga leave it then
And we ain't trying to see the pen
Like a needle in a haystack we ain't trying to see the pen
This is a luxury tax
Yeah, imagine this, no, imagine that
Gave me my sack like, good luck getting back
I'm like, ?The fuck I'm going outta there?
And if I'm not careful, be the same place they find him there
And I'm a winner if I make it cross the finish line
Putting food on the table like it's dinner time
And this is what you call stereotyping by far
Can you tell me why your dog keep sniffing my car?
Huh? Got the audacity to call me a liar
?So what you got in your trunk?? ?Oh, just a spare tire?
You niggas talk blow, well I sold mine
Like a bad crampe, it's locking up in no time
More time in the kitchen than I spent in the studio
Gangasta?s paradise and I ain't talking about Coolio
And I can't lie, still addicted to the odor
Got a ice cold Pepsi, still thinking Coke-Cola
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I'm up early in the morning and I'm dressed in black
Hold on, every morning I get dressed in black
While y'all half-assing, nigga my pants sagging
I'm getting money and my swagging black flagging
Million dollar status, fully automatic
Heavy on the innie and even harder on the women
If it wasn't for Reverend, I'd probably be out pimping and shit
Pops, my papi, has already hear me
I tied trapping, shit sent me to prison
Got mad and went to snapping, so homicide came to visit
I smell gun powder, so you got one hour
To come up with every damn dollar or your done dollar
It cost to ball dog
Especially when the players on your team consider you as the ball hog
You treating me like Shaq and you Kobe
But I ain't saying you owe me nigga
But act like you know me nigga

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