

No Games - Remix

[Rick Ross](#)

[Hook x2: Future]

Can't play no games with these niggas
Can't play no games with these hoes
They treat us like the Goodfellas everywhere that we go
No games, no games[Verse 1: Rick Ross]
The world is yours, I've got them calling me Tony
Double M on the top, nigga we bigger than Sony
If you step on my toes, I write your name on my wall
He claim that he a soldier, fold up a flag for his momma
I've got gold in my blood, born a son of a king
I'm as real as they come, oh it's a wonderful dream
On the phone Farrakhan gave me my first Quran
We joined hands, said a prayer, may Allah bless the don
Ain't nowhere to run, already sold out the seats
We been them niggas, better go ask them freaks
Lipstick on my cheeks, extortion all through my vows (my vows)
They say it's suspicious all this money I found
Go give me the crown, you niggas been in denial
We the hottest niggas out, my nigga Kanye'll vouch
The devil in a dress, Rozay in the chest
Push it to the limit it's a OG in the flesh
Countach on the prowl Lamborghinis I fiend
Ferrari addiction bitch it's a wonderful thing
I need me a needle cause Double R like to lean
Mastermind on the way, top of 2014[Hook][Verse 2: Meek Mill]
Petticoat is in that Rafe, heard her say I look like steak
All these fuckin' ass fish, nigga take a look at my face
I was never known for rentin', nah, gon' and take a look at my plate
Paper taggin' when I I mash, glide, do it like a nigga on skates
I don't even think they see me, hoes disappear, Houdini
I get what I wanna, you would think I own a genie
If I ain't on my corner, probably on your TV
Pimping these hoes like Joseline, "why you do that Stevie?"
Play no games with these bitches, they treat me like I'm Tony
I put cheese on you rats, get hit with that macaroni
Bout them collard greens all these rappers be acting phony
You sold your soul for some food and went broke, now you salty
You want your cornbread?
Give me that, give me that, niggas that's old bread

Spending that, flipping that, get it back with my old heads
Small face hundred, my nigga we call that more bread
You don't want me goin' in! [Hook] [Verse 3: Wale]
Niggas talking reckless, but they barely moving records
Niggas talking reckless, but can't even move a pebble
BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!
BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!
They shooting at whoever
Look, I ain't tryna be no killer
But I know I got beaucoup of 'em that's with me
Duce on that remi, quit 'em if they linger
You get them Jordan feet, I give these hoes Mutumbo fingers
BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!
Too raw for these niggas
Wale Folarin, I'm playing them all
Like A-Rod to these niggas
And I pick 'em apart with that flow
And my car beyond what y'all drove
And I got a few top optional, every night is Marti Gras, ho!
And I heard your boy this scared ho
So we down in Florida yo, we ain't playing no more
I'm finna bully you artists, being Incognito [Hook]

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