

Stay Schemin (ft Drake & French Montana)

[Rick Ross](#)

I ride for my niggas dawg, I ride for my niggas
I slide for my niggas dawg, I ride for my niggas Stay schemin'
Niggas tryna get at me (dawg) I ride for my niggas
Stay schemin'
Niggas tryna get at me (dawg) I ride for my niggas Damn, life so short, fuck it, I don't wanna go to court (Huh)
Fuck it, got a budget for the lawyer though
Fuck it, I'm on the run for the money (Woo)
I'm in the bucket, paid 200 for it
My lil' niggas thuggin', even got me paranoid (Huh)
I'm gettin' money, that's the needy nigga category
Double M I got G's out in California (Huh) I ride for my niggas dawg, I ride for my niggas
I slide for my niggas dawg, I ride for my niggas Stay schemin'
Niggas tryna get at me (dawg) I ride for my niggas It bothers me when the Gods get to acting like the broads
Guess every team doesn't come complete with niggas like ours
That's why I see no need to compete with niggas like y'all
I just ask that when you see me you speak up niggas that's all
Don't be ducking like you never wanted nothing
It's feeling like rap change, there was a time it was rugged
Back when if a nigga reached it was for the weapon
Nowadays niggas reach, just to sell they record
Spaguetti bolognese in apollo lounge
Me and my G from DC, that's how I roll around
Might look light, but we heavy though
You think drake would pull some shit like that you never know
Million dollar meetings in apollo lounge
Me and my man Oliver North, that's how I roll around
Shorty wanted to tell me secrets about a rap nigga
I told that bitch it's more attractive when you hold it down
Kobe about to lose a hundred fifty M's
Kobe my nigga I hated it had to be him
Bitch you wasn't with me shooting in the gym
(Huh!? bitch you weren't with me shooting in the gym)
Tell lucien, and I say fuck it
I'm tearing holes my budget
Bag it like we in Publix
And take her ass out in public
Order her a filet told her butterflies, she'll love it
She's used to soda and nuggets, she's really just out here thuggin'
I'm just here in my pinnacle, you and pussy identical

You like the fucking finish line, we can't wait to run into you
But let me get my mind off that young rich motherfucker
Getting mine off rap, with my niggas! (Huh) I ride for my niggas dawg, I ride for my niggas
I slide for my niggas dawg, I ride for my niggas Stay schemin'
Niggas tryna get at me (dawg) I ride for my niggas For new the coupe to the Ghost dawg
Pigeons on the roof like ghost dawg
Dwight Howard on the post dawg
My niggas got the powder through the post dawg
Watch the body tilt when you hit the head
Niggas lost mills tryna beat the feds
Ten grams off my last two fifty now
Big ass crib, two fifty down, damn
Gave my nigga Max seventy five
Then gave my nigga penthouse in another thirty
Fuck got me thinking like I'm seventy five
Damn, nigga ain't even seen thirty I ride for my niggas dawg, I ride for my niggas
I slide for my niggas dawg, I ride for my niggas Stay schemin'
Niggas tryna get at me (dawg) I ride for my niggas

Songwriters

RICK ROSS, AUBREY GRAHAM Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>