

Maybach Music 2

Rick Ross

Realist shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
Whatever I send out, homie, I'ma make back
Can you believe that? Woah you gotta see it I don't plan on goin' broke, put that on my Maybach
'Cause I'm in it to win now, niggas, can't take that
Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music Martin Luetta King. Jr, startin'
All that stuntin' is gonna ruin ya
B I was a lie, he probably had a two tone
With the gray poupon, anything yay poupon We'll explode 'cause I'm am the shit
And this is my commode, uh, oh, there they go Talkin' about how ya, boy, clothes extra tight
I just remember that my limelight extra bright
I hit the strip club and girls get extra hype
You hit the strip club and girls turn extra dyke We know who not gettin' no sex tonight
And a lap dance will probably be a blessing right
So all the shit you talking dead, coffin, light the weed coughin'
New crib loughtin' Where it's at, Austin? Where's that, Texas?
What's in front, Benzes? What else, Lexus?
Well, who's Maybach is this, Mr. Westses Realist shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
Whatever I send out, homie, I'ma make back
Can you believe that? Woah, you gotta see it I don't plan on goin' broke, put that on my Maybach
'Cause I'm in it to win now, niggas, can't take that
Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music Boss, Kush, my light controlium, grim mean custodians
Shades or no shades, these made erotium
Use to be the oldsmo, hoes call it oh lo
Now I got so many horses bitches call me polo 5762, tell me how ya wanna move
Yeah, you know I got them both
Beat your ass black and blue I was barely gettin' pretty women
Now I scoop Emmy winners like kitty litter
Any winter, Fendi denim like a slender, nigga
Lookin' in the mirror, I can see the real contender Sellin' reefer even Gregory, I'm on my dinner
So what the fuck is ya tellin' me other than your gender?
I'm a boss and I'm ridin' like a small fault
Niggas, make your wheels and ride till they fall off
Yeah, Ross Realist shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
Whatever I send out, homie, I'ma make back
Can you believe that? Woah, you gotta see it I don't plan on goin' broke, put that on my Maybach
'Cause I'm in it to win now, niggas, can't take that
Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music Well, alright
All black Maybach, I'm sittin' in the asshole
Classy as a mother still gutta like a bad bowl

Benjamin Franklin, no X in the cash row
That's right, the mills do like damn close I eat ya mill too, we don't feel you
And we be strappin' up like the navy seal do
Sweet as banana split, every time I peel through
Fresher than Will Smith and uncle Phil too Watchin' TV in the Maybach, in traffic
I'm on my feet like tough actin' tinactin'
I'm run in this shit, you should try tacklin'
Lil Wayne in one word immaculin' You see the Big, you see the Jay
The Tupac in him, the Kurt Cobain
The Andre three stacks and then I'm back to doin' shit
Like I do say Maybach music Realist shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
Whatever I send out, homie, I'ma make back
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'Cause I'm in it to win now, niggas, can't take that
Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music

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