

Pandemonium (Feat. Wale & Meek Mill)

Rick Ross

Three passports, Three first class tickets to the money
Straight flights I live by the cold war
Drove from round the globe
All I need is a kilo, a apron, show me the stove
General electric, perfected, cooking them O's
No more peanut butter sandwiches, now we looking at loaves
Hoes, I need a condom for my toast, busting in these niggas
Standing flat footed, I'm on my toes
Froze, pandemonium overdose
Paparazzi in the trees, please curtains closed
Armadillo cigars, killers who like to play golf
Heroin transactions, with Russian shots of the Smirnoff
Playing for keeps I buss in 'em 'fore she get off
I run the city just pull up and drop the kid off
Welcome to organized crime
Money got me excited, I'm coming four or five times
The forty five for you niggas with nine lives
Penthouse on college, money long as Ocean drive
Black Chevy Tahoe's, Hatians up out the pothole
My place spacious, smoking aces in Lagos
Feds get involved, I'm slipping off in the synagogue
Issue you your warrant, informant, bitch I've been a boss
Counting money stacks, yours counter-fitted
I made my money back, when your accountant didn't
Went against the odds, its only one Rozay
My nigga OKAY [Chorus]
I got a penny in my pocket
Million in the trunk
Started in the back, now we the niggas in the front
Step out on the block all the bitches they still in shock
Get a piece of pussy then take my niggas to shop
Pandemonium, causing pandemonium
Half a million for the same car we rolling in
Pandemonium, pandemonium
We the number one niggas your bitch notice it Million ways to make this money, you gon get it
On the grind twenty four I'm with it
YSL swagger, wrist wear frigid
Jumping out the Phantom like a motherfucking midget
Money knocking at the front door I'm like "who is it?"

It's Benjy, tell my lil nigga "goin get it"
Cause I've been counting all this dirty paper for a minute
Lamborghini dreaming thinking how I'm spend it
I'm like one's for the money, two's for the show of it
Three's for the bitches that be fucking for the hoe of it
Four for my niggas that be stacking it and then blowing it
You would think I had a curfew the way I'm going in
Look at what we rolling in, causing pandemonium
Proibly got them keys in, he like my custodian
I was tryna bag a brick you was Nickelodeon
I was in them trenches getting down and dirty serving it
We's part the reason that them Churches got some services
The morgue could afford just cause we was doing murdering
Nigga called my phone talking reckless I aint heard of it
Fuck ya girl, give her back I'm courteous
I can keep a secret with Vicky have a menage with Nicki
And be out London with Lauren and telling Megan Good morning
Catch me rolling with Kelly or at the Hilton with Paris
From Hollywood to the hood, I want a mom and I swear that I want em all
Wanna fuck em all
Had my niggas down so I'm screaming fuck the law
Monday night wrestling, I'm so fucking raw
She gon wipe me down, I'm gon brush her off
I'm way harder than the concrete
I say what my mind speak
Word to the homie Ross I can get that nine Piece
For the low that nine cheap
Call me if you want it, haters see me
And I'm stuntin' got 'em sick to they stomach[Chorus]Whole time, see that fly shit I've been on
All the girlfriends fall in line from my spin off
That's game bitch aint shit
Nudies and some J six
Where I'm from it's cold
And niggas get at you like handkerchiefs
God bless you unless you was disrespectful
Bitches disappoint you but money won't ever stress you
They say I'm special as Devin Hester on fourth down
So all that shit you niggas kicking we aint worried about
Catch me at tha carry out, mumbo sauce and half and half
Fliest niggas out here, period no maxi-pad
Bitch I got a right to brag
Bitch I got a right to boast
Presidential suite and bitch
And I never use my right to vote
My vision enormous, my bitches is gorgeous

And I am dead serious, bitch I spit with embalming
Shout out to lil g, shout out Tre and Mohammad
That boa shit we get paid with death over dishonor
I'm known as Obama's don't I know no-one in congress
These bitches love me all the way, u got sorta's and kinda's
Sort of remind you, why you don't call no vagina
Just give em awesome intercourse and ignore there inquires
Quietly becoming a top ten
You dreamed of getting cream, best believe I'm John Deere
Green as mont-clair shit, earth tones in the winter
Purp rolled in a rillow
I am on my John Lithgow
Out of this Third Rock, nigga it it out
I am on my Tom Brady y'all niggas is Eric Crouch
What the bloodclot, Tommy Frazier fuck yourself
I can see your album coming
That shits like a sucker punch
Here for breakfast, fuck for lunch
Dinner time she bring a friend
Write my shit so vicious
Y'all are like snitches you can't see the pen
Always on some new shit CNN
Shittin on these niggas like I need a pen[Chorus]

Songwriters

AKINTIMEHIN, OLUBOWALE VICTOR / WILLIAMS, ROBERT / ELLIOTT, LEIGH / MOLLINGS,
JOHNNYPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group Song
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>