

# 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  
Probly 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

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