Worlds Finest (feat. Meek Mill)

Rick Ross

Tonight the night, one night only
Already sold out
This what you've been askin' for
Double M, Meek Milly, ROZAY!All the whips got rims on 'em
My bitch posts pics, no filters
Rich car with the parking sticker, six figures
I pray for them bitches who don't feel us
Rooftop hellipad, I can sit it down
Gold diggers in Dubai, I get around
D-boys in Opa-locka still get it down
Black curvy dress, I let her zip it down
Spin around, lick around, hit it
Black wolves in sheep clothes and mink coats
Petite broads, unique broads with deep throats
Puerto Ricans with cocaina on speedboats
Fuck Obamacare, I want a kilo
I keep a stick in the Rolls Royce
You never know, ridin' with your old boy
My cigar lit up like I'm Suge Knight
Put a bullet in a bully, nigga, good nightYeah baby, show you all the finer things
Cuban links and diamond rings
You know you've got designer dreams
(Get it, get money)
Everything's expensive, nothing's too good
Champagne with the movie stars
Black Maybach in my garage
Rolexes and all the Audemars
Everything's expensive, nothing's too goodI'm talkin' slick with a big dick
Food stamp recipient in a big Benz
We in the party and we 40 deep
80 bitches wanna fuck these 40 Gs
Nigga bottle tab 40 Gs
We gettin' money with Detroit players
My west coast homies touchin' much paper
East coast niggas got the city hot
Count a half a milli, do the Diddy bop
I keep my city posted to the top
Dirty south niggas frontin' 50 blocks
Niggas killin' bitches over ass shots

DC niggas even killin' cops
All my real niggas just seein' guapYeah baby, show you all the finer things
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Everything's expensive, nothing's too goodThis should be the Real Nigga Grammys, where we buy Rollies
And treat 'em like trophies, you'll never understand me
You ain't come where I come from, niggas on xannys
Mommy on crack, how we gon' feed the family?
Might as well start sellin' it, everybody inhalin' it
Young, black and intelligent, what they should've been tellin' us
But they was jailin' us, lockin' us in a cell with a stranger
So they could raise us and wonder why we rebellious, up
Niggas goin' through pain
I ain't show up to school cause I was goin' through things
Now I'm gettin' this money, feel like I'm goin' through change
Niggas drivin' me crazy, they do it all for this fame
Fuck niggas, fuck bitches, they all phony
When I was broke, they wasn't 'round and they all on me
Two Maybachs in that billion yard, homie
Dropped a couple mill in the crib like a mall, homieYeah baby, show you all the finer things
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You know you've got designer dreams
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Songwriters
Roberts, Williams / Williams, RobertPublished by
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