Inkredible

Young Ace

[Verse 1 - Trae]Tha Truth back, lets get to bidness
It's something unfamiliar
Call it a foreign image
Paint heavily leaking
I guess it wasn't finished
Riding with something freaky
They tell me she the business
The chain clear, stones never cloudy
Sixty 'rats or better, nigga ask about me
Certified gangsta, please don't ever doubt me
Welcome to the streets
You can't get in without me
I'm presidential, Obama painted the Vogues black
Toping in the Chevy, top rolling back
My life a motion picture, bitch I ain't gotta act
I send 'em to your section, nigga hold that
It's raining scattered bullets
Too late to run for cover, I drain 'em like Kobe
Then I evacuate to the gutter
On something that's pokey with looks
And a trunk they'd like to stutter
I rank as the king of the city
It ain't gon' be another
[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]I'm sending shots, it's happy hour
I shoot from close range, I'ma need a shower
Brains in the sink, body on the counter
Women and the kids, leave 'em how I found 'em
I'm a real nigga, stand still nigga
I cut ya face, have ya looking like Seal nigga
Then I pull ya card, then I deal wit'cha
Gamble wit'cha life, is this your lucky night?
My bitch so fucking right, every night I fuck her twice

Big boy money bitch, pockets on Charlie Wise
Tatted up, I'm scarred for life
Tell the cops I know all my rights
Got choppas I don't mean Harley bikes
Drop 'em like a bag of ice
Shades dark, flag bright

Wallet chain, chrome horse
Hair to the fucking back, call that shit Rosa Parks
Dr. Carter man I gave hip-hop open heart
Young Money baby aka Noah's Ark
Ahaha
And I'm Noah!
YOUNG MOULA BABY
[Verse 3 - Rick Ross]My money long, my temper short
My car's foreign, my dick a boss
The guns new, the beef old
It's time to come through, like never before
Liquid C4, look at me hoe
Look into my eyes, do you see a C.O.?
I'm talking kilos, time to reload
Map fout ou deyo - "Shut the fuck up" in Creole
Bitch I'm paid up, get ya weight up
Pillow top back, realest shade up
I got them automatics so you know I'm automatic
All my auto's automatic, you know that's automatic
What you niggas wanna see?
Don't get caught in the street
I got G's that'll wait for a quarter ki', nigga
I'm living nigga
Fuck the critics nigga (Fuck 'em)
Shit is serious nigga
You hear the lyrics nigga (Yep!)
Its Ricky nigga

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