

Triple Platinum (feat. Scrilla)

[Rick Ross](#)

[Intro, spoken]

You understand?

"When I get to heaven, I'll see my grandmother there. She'll say 'Great God almighty, here come my child! He must've got here by prayer.' Did y'all hear that? That's what my grandmother'll say. She'll say, 'Great God almighty, here come my boy! He musta got here by prayer.'" [Intro: Rick Ross]

Versace drawers, like I'm triple platinum

Forty cars, like I'm triple platinum

Double R's on the gates, like I'm triple platinum

Shows cost a hundred, like I'm triple platinum

Triple platinum, Triple platinum, Triple platinum

Me and HOV back and forth, like I'm triple platinum

Triple platinum, I'm out in Cannes, Club Gotha [Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Double R's on the gates, like I'm triple platinum

Couple pawns in the lake the couch is in the plastic Time for the real niggas just to really cash in

Murals of Machiavelli, wealthy my mind states

Everyday the net worth racing the crime rate

Sweat drippin' from my fitted giving niggas chills

Only ones who standing still, the ones who on the pills

Summer school and scholarships we said was sucka shit

Straight out of high school they had us touching bricks

In the trap with the white was such a sacrifice

Sentences for selling dope, just pray your casket nice

But I had a lawyer like them triple platinum

His retainer was the change up in the kitchen cabinet

Everybody mad at ya when you're living fabulous

Self made, then you never out here kissing asses

Still hand-to-hand like they chicken patties

Mad at the world, but you trigger happy

Double R's on the gates, it's like I'm triple platinum

Couple pawns in the lake the pistol's in the plastic [Chorus: Rick Ross]

Triple platinum, triple platinum

Hundred room mansion nigga like I'm triple platinum

More money than them niggas that went triple platinum

Triple platinum, triple platinum

Double M all these niggas like we triple platinum

Goin' hard, gangsta, triple platinum

Triple platinum, forty cars like I'm triple platinum

Four hundred acres like I'm triple platinum [Verse 2: Scrilla]

Triple platinum without an album sale

Three million grams, I left a powder trail
All gold Rollie, face like a diamond feel
Fire on me nigga, this is not a fire drill
Real trap nigga, live like I'm triple platinum
Marble the floors and put gold on my cabinets
My voodoo lady still keep her couch in the plastic
Triple platinum, they hatin', niggas alter they captions
Ten years and it's time for revenge
Paintings on my wall a gift to my kids
Versace drawers like I'm triple platinum
Wore 'em once and disposed 'em after
Bitches fuck me like I'm triple platinum
Like Prince in that purple jacket
Purple rain, pop a purp' and half a xanax
Trap star, livin' like I'm triple platinum
These are the jewels of many gods, the secret blessings
Script is written on platinum plaques, decode the message
Voice of a legend, Grammy nominated
Ramadan once a year, my sacrificial payment
Stone thrown at my Jesus piece, help me Lord
But tempt me, kill my Judas with a platinum sword
A king, but I'm punished with a crown of thorns
Triple platinum nails force these open arms
God's child, my soul triple platinum
When I speak, it's with the richest accent
I die for the ones that I love
All the pain, I just fill it with void[Chorus: Rick Ross]
Triple platinum, triple platinum
Hundred room mansion nigga like I'm triple platinum
More money than them niggas that went triple platinum
Triple platinum, triple platinum
Double M all these niggas like we triple platinum
Goin' hard, gangsta, triple platinum[Verse 3: Rick Ross]
I seen it from afar, blessings from the Lord
When a nigga that's so sharp, have his conscious loss
Before you buy a bottle, let's enjoy a glass
May it flow just like a faucet every time you ask
Got the trunk like I was Luke and the Two Live Crews
Minus one, burger moves, let the lions loose
Retaining ownership is all I want in this
Maybe two Phantoms, a bad one, ain't got a bone to pick
Somebody tried to kill me, still I'm optimistic
Told the detectives "Fuck 'em" and I bought a rocket missile
Bathing Ape draped on my label-mates
You not a boss until everybody at your table ate

100 bands on me, really that's my sneaker money
'Cause when they land, they be whiter than the Easter bunny
Cuban links on me like I'm triple platinum
The triple beam still up in my kitchen cabinet[Chorus: Rick Ross]
Triple platinum, triple platinum
Hundred room mansion nigga like I'm triple platinum
More money than them niggas that went triple platinum
Triple platinum, triple platinum
Double M all these niggas like we triple platinum
Goin' hard, gangsta, triple platinum
Triple platinum, forty cars like I'm triple platinum
Four hundred acres like I'm triple platinum

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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