

Tears Of Joy (Feat. Cee-Lo) (Produced By NO ID)

[Rick Ross](#)

Smoking the best spliff in a brand new Benz
No I.D. on the track let the story begin, begin
Lookin' in the mirror but I don't see much
Staring in the streets so I don't sleep much
Watching the snakes so they don't creep up
But the way I'm gettin' dis money niggas cant keep up
You niggas can't keep up
Niggas got beef but it cant be much
I'm still walking through the crowds like I cant be touched
Top back all black Gretzky puck
Ice skater lil' later might let me fuck
Damn, she might let me fuck
Last night I cried tears of joy
What did I do to deserve this
Vacheron on my wrist a year ago
I didn't even know the bitches exist
Quarter milli for the muthafucka'
No insurance on a muthafucka'
Ain't life a bitch, but you gotta keep her wet
Keys open doors so I gotta keep a set
Everybody knows I'm a a lot of people's threats
Biggie smalls in the flesh livin' life after my death
Yesterday I read my horoscope
Tell me lord will I be poor and broke
Tell me lord will I be dealing dope
I wanna take my momma to the Poconos
But only lords knows To all the love ones I leave behind
At least they can't see me cry
And I ask when someone wants to be me, why?
Thought having everything would ease my mind
If you could read my mind
My god, I'm scarred
I have tattooed tears of joy Last night I cried tears of joy
What did I do to deserve this
Young rich muthafucka' still uneducated but dammit a nigga made it
God damn a nigga made it
Crib bigger than a church Lord know I'm blessed
Five different lawyers Lord know I'm stressed
A punch in the face get you 300 K

Ask Blair Knight he back makin' minimum wage
Another victim of my criminal ways
I wanna walk in the image of Christ
But that bitch Vivica nice
And I'm still swimming in ice
I'm just living my life
I'm just living my life
Lease a Lamborghini for your pussy rate
Life is just a pussy race
Snatch a bitch take her back to your place
Next mournin' I can tell you how the pussy taste
I got expensive taste Goodbye
To all the love ones I leave behind
At least they cant see me cry
And I ask when someone wants to be me, why?
Thought having everything would ease my mind
If you could read my mind
My god I'm scarred
I have tattooed tears of joy Last night I cried tears of joy
What did we do to deserve this
Not to dwell on the the past
But to keep it real I gotta represent for Emmitt Till
All the dead souls in the field
Lookin' at my Rolly it's about that time
White man got a problem wit' mine
And we suppose to be shy
The revolutions televised
Bobby still on the rise Goodbye
To all the love ones I leave behind
At least they cant see me cry
And I ask when someone wants to be me, why?
Thought having everything would ease my mind
If you could read my mind
My god I'm scarred
I have tattooed tears of joy

Songwriters

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