

New Bugatti

Rick Ross

[Verse 1: Diddy]

You niggas paranoid, I party getting money
I know Im the shit, my janitor be getting money
I got a skyscraper, its a hell of a view
Got me closer to God, angel wings on my coupe
Pray for me damn, I grind every day for it
If you see me riding in it, it means I paid for it
Bugatti Boy, one point eight four
I got money, baby I could order eight more
F-ck the Forbes list, lets tell the truth, I ate more
I got a billion, baby, time to get me eight more
Twelve bedrooms, time to get me eight more
Stack all the cases of Ciroc up on the eighth floor[Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy]

Got a hundred mil
(Its time to get another one)
How this Bugatti feel?
(I may need me another one)
Five bad b! tches
(Just got me another one)
P. Diddy run the city
(Never be another one)Five mil cash
(And I need another one)
Rocking a different Rollie
(No, its not the other one)
Second to none at getting money
(Nigga, number one)
Real niggas run the city
(Never be another one)[Verse 2: Diddy]

These haters speculate
They always watching mine
She know what time it is
Just like my watch line
My clothes line
The cologne, b! tch
I know you smell this money, sitting on this throne, b! tch
Im strong, b! tch
I own shit
Gave myself a ten-digit bonus
Im the money man

Money never financed
Come get this money, baby
With your fine ass If your nigga broke, its time to get another one
If your b! tch is tripping, time to get another one
Im Puff Daddy, b! tch, therell never be another one
Bugatti Boys forever one [Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy]
Got a hundred mil
(Its time to get another one)
How this Bugatti feel?
(I may need me another one)
Five bad b! tches
(Just got me another one)
P. Diddy run the city
(Never be another one) Five mil cash
(And I need another one)
Rocking a different Rollie
(No, its not the other one)
Second to none at getting money
(Nigga, number one)
Real niggas run the city
(Never be another one) [Verse 3: Rick Ross]
Im feeling the money
Im loving the paper
Nigga hating the hood
Took his ho to Jamaica
If I let down the top
Let the breeze in my beard
V.I.P. is the spot
They playing musical chairs
My Colombian the man, all the beam-me-up shorty
Got that money in the bag that can hold a f-cking body in
One point five for this brand new black Bugatti
Jewels like Im Slick Rick, Bally shoes, la di da di
Feeling myself, b! tch, you do the same
F-ck what I spend at the bar, you should see how I came
My b! tch had a vest, with one foot in the trap
If I bust at your chest, I bet thats a wrap [Hook: Rick Ross & Diddy]
Got a hundred mil
(Its time to get another one)
How this Bugatti feel?
(I may need me another one)
Five bad b! tches
(Just got me another one)
P. Diddy run the city
(Never be another one) Five mil cash

(And I need another one)
Rocking a different Rollie
(No, its not the other one)
Second to none at getting money
(Nigga, number one)
Real niggas run the city
(Never be another one)

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