

# So Sophisticated (feat. Meek Mill)

[Rick Ross](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro: Rick Ross]

This shit is highly sophisticated

I just make it look easy, nigga

Follow me[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

I'm so sophisticated

To get a verse from me, you gotta be initiated

To get a purse from me, she gotta be sophisticated

Purchase a whip from me and never miss a single payment

I'm from the city where the Muslims even Christians hate it

Even the black folk hate to see another nigga made it

Tell all them pussies to chill, champagne refrigerated

Just bought a chopper 'cause the last one, got it confiscated

Counting a hundred mil so many times, I contemplate it

You wanna be the hottest but that shit get complicated

I pull your card, I know you're pussy by your conversation

Show you the safe you'll have to kill me for that combination

Made another two milli just off the compilation

I just hit a lick, I'm telling you this shit amazing

Got a white bitch, she fucking me just like she Jamaican

Sipping purple and that motherfucker concentrated

This for my niggas in them prisons, overpopulated[Hook: Rick Ross]

This the mob so you gotta get initiated

If you a mark, then you gotta make initial payment

We going hard, run it back just like it's Walter Payton

The game sweet, gave all my niggas an occupation (Rugh!)

We so sophisticated (Ugh!)

Shit so sophisticated (Woo!)

Hundred millionaires, bitch we made it (Ugh!)[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

I'm so sophisticated

Smoking weed, busting open Dom and liquor later

I bust her open then I tell her I'mma lick her later

Pull out the stick and spray that bitch just like it's activator

Time to lay down these niggas who still be masquerading  
We know you pussies, so you got my niggas masturbating  
Round of applause 'cause them choppers be so captivating  
So sophisticated 'cause them hits be calculated  
Put yo dick in the dirt, now you decapitated  
I'm getting money so you'll never hear me talking petty  
Tatted on my stomach, rich forever, Makaveli (Babyyy)  
Fifty million, hundred million, it's accumulating  
I'm the hottest and these other niggas cooling, ain't it  
I got a bitch I'm fucking that you see on BET  
My Lil' Haiti shooters will have yo ass on TMZ  
Breaking news and we still get them for ten a key  
And if he faking, fuck him, tell them niggas "C'est la vie"[Hook][Verse 3: Meek Mill]  
Shitting on these haters, ball hard D Waiters  
Ever since I got money, e'rybody need favors  
That's why I ain't got no homies, and I ain't got no neighbors  
But I be on my grind like I ain't got no paper  
But I'm so rich and I got yo bitch  
All in my whip and she all on my dick  
With a hand on my stick, tryna live in my crib  
'Cause I handle my shit like a candle got lit  
'Cause I burn shit down, yeah I'm in my bag  
And these niggas so mad it's my turn now  
And I get that cash and my bitch so bad, she so sophisticated  
I'm balling hard, fucking bitches and ain't got shit for haters  
I hang my arm out the window now watch me get the paper  
My neck so frosty, you frauding, yo shit refrigerator  
Boy you an imitator  
You ain't got no M's in yo account, I never ask my amount  
Treat that bad bitch like a bad check 'cause I cash that and I bounce  
I ain't never had shit but I grab shit and I cashed out on that ounce  
And I flipped that to a bird and bounced back like word[Hook]

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