

# Tears Of Joy (ft. Cee-Lo)

[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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