

## BLK & WHT

Rick Ross

A nigga black, but he selling white  
A nigga black, but he selling white  
Wanna gain it all, but you gon' lose your life  
A nigga black, but he selling white  
A nigga black, but he selling white  
Nigga crib so big it's a damn shame  
Nigga's selling white for a gold chain

I've been trained to go since a young nigga stepped off the porch  
Catch me in the kitchen, kilo, hey bring the fork  
I've been trying to hold it down with these niggas living so foul  
Grunting out on niggas intent of knocking ya down  
Bang - your window shattered like it never mattered  
You moving weight, your pockets getting fatter  
It's politics when it come to sticks  
See mass of blood, nigga want a brick  
My money funny, but you gotta love it  
High heel thugging in Magic City, these bitches fucking  
Your homie doing tax since they call it fraud  
I'm in and out of traffic, still moving hard

A nigga black, but he selling white  
A nigga black, but he selling white  
20 grand a night if you can get it right  
A nigga sitting in the Benz and it's white on white

Take a look at me, I'm trapping  
No excuses, I'm stacking, talking hundred on top of hundred  
Them 100 making the magic blow  
A hundred in a day, a hundred different ways  
Rich nigga, bitch, put a hundred in my grave  
Make my headstone read "head of MMG"  
That's another hundred mill, really, you can come and see  
Forbes dot com, I'm the Teflon Don  
Too close to a nigga as a motherfucking bomb  
Trayvon Martin, I'm never missing my target  
Bitch niggas hating, tell me it's what I'm parking  
Wingstop owner, lemme pepper aroma  
Young, black nigga, barely got a diploma

A nigga black, but he selling white  
A nigga black, but he selling white  
20 grand a night if you can get it right  
A nigga sitting in the Phantom and it's white on white  
A nigga black, but he selling white  
A nigga black, but he selling white  
20 grand a night if you can get it right  
A nigga sitting in the Benz and it's white on white

Showing 'til the day I die, I'm a look up at the sky  
Young trap star, reap, the world is mine  
Proceeding with my grind like police is on my line  
Instagramming shit for all the teachers I despised  
Never saw my vision, you only saw me suspended  
Now my white bitches be fucking me 'til I'm windy  
Breathe, breathe, young nigga, breathe  
If your ass wasn't rapping, what would you be?