

Born to Kill

Rick Ross

Got a question, you afraid of death?
That's the only question I got for you

Huh, flowers on my grave, doves in the sky
Rats in the sewer dance when I die
Champagne in the shower, toast when I cry
I was born to kill, livin' is a crime
Nikes in the box until until the money fill it
Ski mask in my pocket so don't make me peel it
Yayo in my blood it's like I need a rush
Head all in your system pussies need a flush

Choppers on the seat as I listen to Meek
Speakin' less to niggas as bodies increase
See me on your set, better check your circumference
Might end up on your back and not being responsive
I was forced to kill 'cause I want to live
And if you wanna buy a crib they give you thirty years
Me against the world, pistol in your clutch
They like to call it freedom, is was never such
Niggas on the porch, weed in the blunts
You go against the team, you ain't seen in months
Bitch nigga died, bitch niggas die
Flowers on his grave, doves in the sky
Pockets full of money and I need the most
I tell 'bout what you are, you niggas needle's low
Bitches know you broke just lookin' at your hoes
They need some newer purses in the shit they post

Kilo in the mornin', skip the cappuccino
Bomb under my car like I was Al Pacino
Flowers for a king, flowers for a king
So, the very day I die, this song you sing

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(Let's go, Snow)

I ain't playin' wit' 'em, no way, no how
Got the .40 in my 'didas sweats right now
I'm knockin' everythin' down, bowl three strikes
Had to count up all the paper, took me three nights
Pray the Lord protect my soul, I'm just tryin' to make it
Had to leave them niggas 'lone, they was thinkin' basic
So many hundreds in my pocket like some Hammer pants
Shit be funny till you ridin' in that ambulance
Say my name three times, I'm the Candy Man
So many birds outside call it Candy Land
Pussy nigga turned to owls, they like "Who, nigga?"
Brought them bananas for the monkeys at the zoo, nigga

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Powers of position I'm addicted to
That's what sweepin' up the block just for a nick will do
I put down nickel rocks just in the nick of time
Now that S500 Benz just circle fifty times
Hundred shots, don't make me put that .50 down
When that bitch go off, I bet it make a nigga proud
Walk up on you and he make a piggy sound
Then I'm back to the strip club to blow a bitch' allowance
We know them niggas tellin' but we hustle harder
I was born to kill, I pray I die a martyr
You should die today but I'ma try tomorrow
I always end a threat that's followed by the flowers
I just got a phone call, that boy Bo Diddley home
I bet in thirty days that boy be fifty strong
Race to get a million just the way we think
Middle of the summer in a cheetah mink

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