

## Elvis Presley Blvd.

Rick Ross

Hood billionaire  
Nigga need that quinine  
I'm making more with the baking soda, don't hate on me  
You know where I'm at though

I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the dogfood, the soft, nigga, and the hard  
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs

I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the boy, got the girl and I got the hard  
Tell them pussy crackers they can bring the dogs

I got priscilla, I got priscilla  
I got vanilla, boy, I got vanilla  
I been that nigga, I been that nigga  
I bend that corner, I'm stacking scrilla

I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
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You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs

My face familiar, my face familiar  
Half a milli for the whip, this bitch'll hurt your feelings  
I could fly Brazillian, send her in the mail  
She got Meek Milly cellphone in the county jail  
I'm at the car wash off on Elvis Presley BLVD  
That nina hit your van, your ass gon' holla "good God"  
You feel that itch, you feel that itch  
That Camaro moving fast, boy, I'm getting rich

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Run up in the chopper, I push the panic button  
Lil' 'Toine snorting coke, he ain't scared of nothing  
Bumping player fly until a player die  
Charged 'em for the nine gram, but I gave a five  
My baking soda fine, I'm baking over dimes  
I got them brown bags, I bet they know the smell  
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Can I park an airplane in a nigga yard?

I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the boy, got the girl and I got the hard  
Tell them pussy crackers they can bring the dogs

Fresh in them sneakers, pills up, I'm stepping on the dogs  
Bringing down a half a thing, mane, get these puppies off  
Hard work pays off, get more if you selling soft  
Catch you slipping out here though, my dog, we knock your melon off

They cannot stunt, shoot them, rifles long like African  
Got them young boys shooting shit up like Africans  
Me gold in me mouth, 'round my neck like leprechaun  
Lamborghini or Ferrari, watch these bitches come  
Packing funds all because me go quick to rob the clubs  
Me go an hour full of slugs, left these bodies full of slugs  
Met me on the south side of the city with the whole thing  
Iced 'em with the heater, took the shit, it's a cold game  
These niggas know I done it, now there's rumors they want my head  
Got my Russian bitch sleeping with me right in the bed  
My niggas killing about this shit, for realling about this shit  
Fuck around and get a hundred years, dawg, for about this shit

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