

Gold Roses

Rick Ross

Yeah

I'm home now, it's over now, shit

Yeah

She got a thing for Chanel vintage

That dropped before she could speak English

Do you love me or love seekin' attention

I mean which one is it?

You keep callin' me ya twin but twins ain't this different

Mentally I'm already on next year, that's some 2020 clear vision

You sayin' let you finish, I ain't tryin' hear it

I'm all for spiritual liftin' but I don't fly Spirit

I'm all for findin' happiness but down to die serious

All smiles, Kevin Durant trials

Had to blow it on the court I must of blew a mili'

I'm walkin' on all charges, that's my new Achilles

I know they love to rock a check but who gon' do it really? Really?

My depositions never surface

Tanenbaum know the logo on the jersey it's gettin' purchased

Ten years in and y'all yet to hear my most impressive verses

Paid the cost to be the boss wasn't even my most expensive purchase

Trust when I say I'm never on the shit they assumin' I'm on

Tales about me are like Kirito's and Kublai Khan's

Sashimi from Saito, you know that man two Michelin Star

Postcard from Grace Bay, sendin' my distant regards

Vision wasn't mine, told my niggas the vision was ours

Still a part of shawty even if we've been livin' apart

Rocks will do you filthily for me soon as I give him the nod

Meanin' he'll blast for me like puttin' the 6 with the God

Hop on a float to show the city the one they appointed

The one that's rebuilding schools and feedin' the homeless, hang with my nig gas

But sometimes I be trying to avoid it

'Cause they'll get to poppin' out of place like they double jointed

Goals was the top of the pyramid in this shitty world

I got to get the most of everything is the axis on which it sit and twirls

Point blank period, like a city girl

And then I'll bring it back to fifty world

Aye, woah, you made me this way, yeah

Before I'm gone outta this place, yeah

Put some flowers in my face

Won't you let me know that I did okay?

Don't wait till some other day, no no

They love to wait till it's too late, too late

It's this one right here, yo (Aye)

I was nominated, never won a Grammy

But I understand they'll never understand me

Lotta lives lost but I never panicked

Lotta lines crossed I never did a Xanny

A hundred-room mansion but I felt abandoned

Love makin' love but where will love land me?

Jealous, so they bitches be actin' like they sleepin' on us

But they speakin' on us Zulus quote us even numbers

Still blowin' smoke as angels float above us

Love givin' back but will they ever love us?

Chanel in the mail, FedExin' for real
And what I got for sale just sit on the scale
Triple beam dream a buck on the shades
I really seen things give mothers the shakes
I really bought cars for woman on face
I know it seem odd but money amazin'
College loans really did fuck up her credit
Discover cards look back I know she regret it
While we keep pushin', keep our foot on the pedal
In the mirror she a blessin', rebukin' the devil
Livin' on the edge, she keepin' me level
Money come and go I'ma keep you forever
Money come and go I'ma keep you forever
Slip-on glass slippers and tickle with feathers
Everywhere we go we create a dilemma
Coming to America really to set
I'll let your Soul Glo, I'm keepin' you wet
All my cold Decembers I know she remembers
Forgiveness for a sinner but is it that simple?
Holdin' on your hands your body's a temple
Fly you out to Cannes, ménages with bitches
Lobsters and the praws, thought you was spinach
Bottles for the Don, our parties the biggest
(Maybach Music)

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Won't you let me know that I did okay?
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They love to wait till it's too late, too late (Aye)

Had a dream she was singin' to me like Gladys Knight
True love in the projects is called paradise
All your niggas left you wasn't actin' right
But honesty itself a small sacrifice
My moneybag heavy, got me packin' light
You movin' funny, can you fuel my appetite?
Niggas conversations a lot of it false
You own condos right over Carnegie Hall
Speak about your cars but all of them parked
You niggas money light, come out of the dark
You really are my type, this not a facade
One of the reasons why I write, we got a synopsis
I'm always at the top of barbershop gossip
After further thought, better not knock 'em
Allocate some dollars to go out shoppin'
Bitch, we on the real it's time to stop talkin'

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