

Heavyweight

Rick Ross

Look at nigga Rozay, look at him
Out there with that CrossFit shit
Nigga think he a boxer, workin' out and shit
Nigga done bought Holyfield crib, nigga
Five hundred acres, a thousand rooms, nigga
This nigga think he the champ
Holyfield must have left a belt in that bitch for him
Ya dig?

I been touchin' that set, I made my way to a key
I'm so in love with the trap, I bought a house 'cross the street
Quarter key got me livin' like I'm Don King
Heavyweight, I'm in the ring nigga, ding ding
Nigga, ding ding
Nigga, ding ding
Don't make me hit you 'cross your head, nigga, ding ding
Runnin' off with all your things, ding ding

License been suspended, ridin' with the yay
I shit where I eat, I trap where I stay
Smokin', bottle poppin', Belaire Rose
And I don't give a fuck what pussy niggas say
Michelangelo of this trap game
Traded fifteen pounds of mid for a half a thing
We mix that eighteen, now it's thirty-six
Turned that midget to a brick, that's a pretty flip
Shout out Mally Mall, I got a few bitches
I don't get my dick sucked, unless it's two bitches
My trap Mike Tyson, nigga, heavyweight
I'm sleepin' in the trap, we open every day
I'm parkin' on my block, I'm beatin' on my street
Twelve all in my ass, they locked my woe up last week
These niggas know they pussy, talkin' bout they robbin'
Talkin' bout they eatin', these niggas out here starvin'

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Diamonds on my pinky, women on my dizzle
Bulletproof the Lincoln, there go Ricky Rizzle
I'm the Thrilla in Manila, Belaire, my Ciroc vanilla
My cousin certified killer
When he died, I know I cried a river
You come and go, that came down from the Lord
Every night I hear those AKs like a fuckin' voice.
Hallelujah, momma screamin' "Hallelujah"
Pray for your son cause momma, you had you a shooter
For this cocaine, they standin' in this cold rain
In pneumonia weather tryna move that whole thing
Heat game, season tickets, that's for my whole team
'88 Mike Tyson, that's with the gold teeth

Heavyweight, Don King, Robin Givens, big dreams

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