

I Still Pray

Rick Ross

Rick Ross was reportedly hospitalized early Friday morning
Sources close to Rick Ross tell that he's been hooked up to a machine that's
taking over the function of his heart and lungs
He's reported getting treatment in the cardiac unit; which is a strong sign
that he could've suffered a heart attack that started as a respiratory problem
early Thursday morning
He's hooked up to a E.C.M.O. which is a form of life support
This story is still developing

Extremely painful
That's what I call this right here
Oh
Yo (Maybach Music)
Wake up out of coma, frozen in the moment
You could have the biggest click but you gon' die a loner
Tubes down my throat, rules that I broke
All these quotes that I wrote and never cared to vote
What good is all the wealth shittin' on yourself?
I'll give you back the money just to get my health
All the rifles on the block be fully automatic
Kids dyin' in the projects while we livin' lavish
Welfare cheese and the pigeon peas
I'ma skip the lobster tails, I want the chicken wings
I pray there come a day when everybody eat
Your president on Twitter, while my people on the street
Half these niggas snakes, others wanna leech
Never cared what you make 'cause it's in my reach
Everyday I wake up and I pray for Black Bo
Damn, I miss my nigga, that's what really matter most

All the diamonds and the Rollie, yeah, we pray for that
Big yard full of foreigners, yeah we pray for that
Move mama out the ghetto, yeah, we pray for that
And all my niggas locked down, I hope you make it back
Know that we miss y'all, God, I'm hatin' that
Yeah, we rich forever, got 'em hatin' that
Yeah, ballin' on 'em, got 'em hatin' that
Yeah, we them niggas and they hatin' at

Ugh, they know that there it ain't nobody controllin' me
Yeah, Lonely at the top but I'm up here
Yeah, ain't no feeling in this world better than this one, yeah
I might load some rounds before I let 'em kill me
Can't let my family down, man they should've killed me
If I give you it all, what am I gonna give my children?
Like a pat down, gotta feel me
Ain't where I wanna be now, but I will be, hey
Hustle hard, get the paper never stop, never quit
I'm on top, I'm on top of my shit like a fly on my shit
I went hard for this shit, hey
You know, you know
That a change gon' come
Finer things gonna come

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My closest homie got me rollin' with one in the hand
I got the joke, but disagreed on what he had said
What happened to the perfect picture?
That's what you get when you tryna work with niggas
If it's fuck the other side, then that's what it is
After every murder, celebratin' off Allyiah
How you jealous of a niggas swag?
When every bird I got fronted got broken in half
Every Sunday on my phone watching TD Jakes
Read scriptures 'til my soul help me see the snakes
Drop the top on the foreign when the feds out
Actin' like FCI ain't given bids out
Just to think about my youngin' it just give me chills
Niggas jeopardize they weave just to drop a grill
Glorifying snitch niggas who be cuttin' deals
Let 'em go against the code for a dollar bill

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