

Little Havana

Rick Ross

My name is Willie Falcon
I was the undisputed king in the cocaine industry
From the mid '70s through the '80s and into the '90s
If you snort cocaine back in those days
There was 85% chance it was my cocaine
I helped build Miami skyline into what it is today
Twenty billion dollars got me twenty-seven years in federal prison
I always live by the code of honor
That's why my best days are ahead of me
I am richer than I've ever been
I would like to send my love to my friend Rick Ross
Rick, I'm immensely appreciated in giving me love
And keeping my name in your music for the past two decades
It rocks me that I had your support for so many years

You gotta learn to use your mind
To help keep you out of certain situations (Oh)
I'ma make it clear as I can for you young niggas
You hear me? (Oh yeah, yeah)
Biggest (M-M-Maybach Music)

Problem was I never was a prodigy
Possibly, my biggest flaw is lack of modesty
Diabolical means never knew college degrees
Sippin' coffee at a cafe on college, capisce?
Niggas soul being sold and still own a leash
Roger Goodell boy, he ain't a corneich
I was really throwin' money, I really saw Meech
And I let them rappin' niggas get closer to Meek
It ain't bottle made the most but let's make a toast
'Cause a lot of niggas told and kept it on the low (Oh yeah)
How a self made nigga never wanna vote? (Oh yeah)
And before a record label, shit, I wanted coke
I'm talkin' L.A. Reid the biggest babyface
This for my niggas in the prisons sippin' Gatorade
All these hitters takin' pictures for they babies maid
Her baby mama's in the projects tryna make a way (Oh)
Niggas lookin' funny when you get the hunnids (Oh yeah)
I gotta school Adonis, daddy get 'em punished (Oh yeah)
Because I'm on the streets, they consider me cunning (Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh y
eah, oh yeah)

Hit your bitches in a Tesla at the push of a button (Oh)
If she got up in the coupe then she gotta be f*ckin'
Fifty restaurants but a lot of me hungry (M-M-M)
These niggas wanna gossip, I just want the dollars
All black Phantoms going south from Collins (Oh yeah)
Villains know we killin' so that ain't a problem (Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah,
oh yeah)
I'm gonna stack my money, be a better father
You could pay me down but I got it regardless
Js that I'm rockin', they gotta be goggles (Oh)
When we plot to kill 'em, we send a few bottles (Oh)
Set 'em up like 2Pac, get 'em to rob 'em (Oh)
I always loved BIG, shit, I did it big
I released Omarion, he began to fizz
Double M the kids, now we back to biz'

Thirty six a brick, baby, here it is
My niggas in designer but we militant (Oh yeah)
I got the city on my back and that's just what it is
Two twenty on the dash, still can't stop us
I just got back to my girl to the opera
'Cause Ojek got back, he went and bought a chopper
As if it couldn't get worse, we lost Kobe in a 'copter
Three months later, niggas forget all about you
Always doubt you, now they can't live without you
Did you cry for the man or did you cry for the fame?
Did you pour out for the pain?

I've been around this world so many times I
Just love and loyalty by any means
I've been around this world so many times I
I know to never pray amongst your enemies
I've been around the world too many times now
That new shit just feelin' old to me
And trustin' new niggas been old to me for so long
When the real niggas coming home? (M-M-)
Home (It's been a mean world without you)
Yeah, shouldn't I, baby, shouldn't I?
When the real niggas coming home?
Home (It's been a mean world without you)
Yeah, shouldn't I, baby, shouldn't I?
(Maybach Music)