

Maybach Music III

Rick Ross

My garage is flawless, under a hundred thou' ain't allowed
Maybach triple white like I'm riding in a cloud
No denim on my seats, baby you gon' need a towel
Ride sexy through the city, see me you will be aroused
My bankroll so well endowed, pull bitches from M-I-A to A-T-L in style
And in crowds catch me in town, on the strip in Vegas
chilling, filling bitches' faces with babies
Bitch bite your tongue, this just ain't a Mercedes
Tell the A.T.F. I'm riding with another .380
That's my car cost, y'all thought I would fall off
That was just a small loss, we can have a ball off
Fly to N.Y., meet me at the Waldorf
The story and architecture Victorian
Riding in the past like you're driving a DeLorean
Hard times, never heard of those in the 'Bach
My feet kicked up, get my dick sucked with the curtains closed
And for the record kid, my final question is
how your bitch gon' feel in that when you two pull up next to this?
Hahahahah, Maybach Music nigga!

Everybody knows how the story goes
Money and clothes, they gon' come and go
But guess who stays the same? You gon' see the name
Stroll real slow, with the curtains drawn

Yo, piff that I'm blowing on is fucking up the ozone
Plus I keep a dope line similar to Cold Stone's
Ice cream, pipe dreams
is what they have when I pull up in that light thing
I put a hurting on, I got the curtains drawn
Whoever ain't getting shitted on, I'm squirting on
I'm in the six-deuce, fifty-sevens for the health
Chopper in the trunk, .45 for the belt
Bunch of wax dummies, all you guys gonna melt
Live for your kids, die for yourself
Bottles in the sky if you ride for the wealth
Peas on the block, pies on the shelf
If I ain't in the back of the 'Bach, I ain't in nothing else
Haha, I'm something else

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Uh, cigar please
I came alive like a moth in the summer time
Japanese wheel blades all samurai
Shine brighter than them bitches on the other side
Time to make a blind motherfucker recognize
Ammunition got the competition nonexistent
Had to bubble crack but didn't have a pot to piss it
I'll double that, how dare you try to knock a nigga?
Street scholar, graduated no father figure
Still tote chrome, check my chromosomes
Meet me halfway with things and a mobile home
Money machines, yeah they RING like a mobile phone

I'm a seven-up, I need a coca-cola loan
I'm in the hood like I'm James Evans
Cashmere hand-made sweater
Me and money got a vendetta
Looking back, to tell the truth I could've did betta
Parents never had a good job
Now it's Black American Express cards, uh

"Maybach Music"

Rozay!