

Maybach Music VI

Rick Ross

Oh, gliding through the city to my place (My place)
It feels like we're floating up in outer space
(And you can still) You can find me in my Maybach
Listening to shit from way back (Maybach music)
Oh, ha, Maybach Music

Flows mind-blowing, these niggas switching the topic
All dick-riders, your label labeled 'erotic'
You got a couple dollars, but really it's barely modest
Couldn't sign me if you niggas was paying homage
Playing both sides, convicted you with the verdict
Pay a lil' rider, come hit you up for the murder
Chains all hollow, I peeped soon as I heard it
These niggas be talkin' shooter, but quick to send they attorney
Is it really real? Candy Lady allure
Money overboard, the kilos washin' ashore
Pains on the boy, Versace down to the drawers
Currency come in Crypto, you know they tapin' our calls
Chariots and lofts, niggas legs crossed
Talkin' long money, but they conversation's short
New accolades with women for me to toss
They call it 'the road to riches', regardless I had to walk
Now it's too many cars, they say I live in a bubble
But I make the point, we poppin' all through the summer
Got the pilots and gunners, receivers, passers and punters
My pockets playin' for keeps, G's get more than what's common
I made a few mistakes, I pray I get to repent
The passion came from the pain, I'm painting you all my sins
Warhol, Art Basel how it's so soft
More raw till Hova cut the fro off

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Let's go for a ride, to where your heart desire
I put your heart in drive, I'll let you borrow mine
My feet on top the clouds, I walk a thousand miles
She got them soft pussy lips, call it cotton mouth
And I'm on auto pilot, got a larger closet
I'm at target practice, you at Target shopping
Second hand smoke got her vision falling cloudy
Her eyes get so watery, them bitches started drowning
On the ride of a lifetime
Watch out for the rats, mice, cons and the pythons
So Triple H, my God, I'm so sky high
Coming down from the night sky like a lightening rod
Shine like some ice, nice fives like a kite flying
No strings attached, we replace it with a lifeline
Out of body feeling, out our clothes and our right minds
Baby, ride me like a bumpy road to the high-rise, yeah, yeah

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