

# Outlawz

Rick Ross

You have the gun, I'll take the wheel  
If you say "Go", you know I will  
And though this love has its flaws  
(You are now listening to AraabMUZIK)  
We're forever outlaws  
Maybach Music

You messed around but I forgave ya  
Why do they still want me to hate you?  
'Cause if I'm choosin' to forget it  
Why can't they just mind their business?  
'Cause I'm stuck, stuck like glue  
'Cause I can't, I can't, I can't stop lovin' you

I wanna see my dawgs on the mountain tops  
Them niggas only ballin' when they album drop  
I got a line of cars wrappin' 'round the block  
And livin' better than these rappers rappin' 'round the clock  
I built a golf course and a car porch  
Since everybody askin' "Where your cars goin'?"  
Mozzarella, now it's only tall cheddar  
Most dope boys been a Paul Bearer  
Package the product then you pick it up back in Bahamas  
Talkin' them dollars, how I touch it, come off as a profit  
You leave ya pistol home then you're own your own  
'Cause lil' one when it's on, they gon' do ya wrong  
See you noddin' off on that fentanyl  
If you're not a boss, boy, don't get involved

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Woah, woah, woah  
Life full of VVS diamonds and bad choices (21)  
Young nigga dreaming bout TEC-9s and Porches  
It's cold, I keep my hoodie on (My hoodie on)  
Glock 45, ready to get my boogie on  
You pussy niggas panties showin'  
My bitch say I talk in my sleep  
I start park, drive and put it in reverse with my heat  
Pistol talkin' back, I think I heard it cursin' at me (21)  
It say "You better not fuck a bitch or write a verse without me" (On God, Go  
d)  
The streets left me scarred (Me, scarred)  
Nigga, I'm bleedin', but it's concrete showin' ('Crete showin')  
So the karma don't catch up with me, I keep goin' (Keep goin')  
Better come and get ya bitch 'cause she going (She on go)  
This that straight drop, straight drop  
All these other niggas re-rock (21)  
Call my 9 Jada, she kissin', nigga, D-block  
Know some niggas out on the West, they reppin' Tree Top (On God)  
These niggas still talkin' like bitches, I pray that shit stop (21)  
I don't wanna hear yo' opinion about what's hip hop (21)

30 hangin' off of my bridges, nigga that's hip-hop (On God)

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Yes, uh  
They callin' it pandemic, when it's really life  
The only way to separate the men and mice  
Until you seem successful, you considered roguish  
That's why you seen that nigga pull up in a Lotus  
He got the 40 on him, up against his colon  
Standin' in the club and know them niggas rollin'  
We all got a purpose and my people servin'  
All got some work in and I'm speakin' murders  
Still be countin' funds until my fingers purple  
Prayin' for your mother, but'll still hurt ya  
Smokin' on a bag that I got from Berner  
The bottles all black and that bitch a earner  
Soldiers wavin' flags when they see the colonel  
If you see the flash, then it don't concern you  
Huh

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