

Peace Sign

Rick Ross

Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking
Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking
Lay you on your back, got your legs in the air like a peace sign
Lay you on your back, got your legs wide open like a peace sign
We can make it nasty, shave your head like Cassie
I be counting this money
You can get freaky while you're rolling my Cali

Fornication in the Fontainebleau
4 or 5 of them bitches couldn't amount to you
I could spend it all, then spend a night with you
But I got too much of it, I'm just a flight away
She a baller, we both shopping for the same brands
Bail hard but they all call up 'bout our first name
I'ma change the bitch last name
Don't wanna hear stories about your last lane
We sippin' syrup in the fast lane
Wide-body Phantom, lower miles than your prom date
I seen a brick in the 9th grade
Swerve up on a bitch and I might say

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We turn into the book of thugs
Slip and slide in the kitchen while you cooking up
I eat your pussy while your legs up
Front to back, side to side, then I blow all in your butt
She say my life is like a true crime
One time for Buddy Roe that nigga still ridin'
So I fuck her like I'm locked up
For every young soldier that's boxed up
Home boy snake straight fuck nigga
Then it's time to cut him off, you can't fuck with him
These bitches like a gift to me
So I love the pussy that she gives to me

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She fell in love on the first date
Know I'm getting money in the worst way
I'm the talk at all the barber shops
And you the one them hoes gossip 'bout
Fellatio you know I keep the pistol in her mouth
Fuck her with her shoes on all around the house
Sometimes we talk and we both cry

Both make mistakes and we both lie
Had a seizure once driving and she took the wheel
Flew me to my mom's and she foot the bill
Type of bitch that I would ride
Give or take a bullet, nigga, even die for her

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