

Rapper Estates

Rick Ross

I pray for us all
In the immortal words of the brother Malcolm X
Yo, yo, yo (Maybach Music)

Backs against ropes, win a case
Then it's back to bein' broke, I know the place
Where the rats and the roaches would race
Now it's rap niggas' smoke-filled estates
Who envisioned my initials in the gates?
Confidential but these bitches know they place
Count C-notes, kilos like I'm cuttin' cakes
Even Janet Reno know a nigga race
Prince appeal, poppin', sippin' purple rain
Ask me how I feel, I tell you I no longer feel the pain
Kill the game, that's three hundred for the chain
And it don't include the charm just to show you who the king
Hundred cars just to show you we at odds
Let's begin to have you dress to your weed in cigars
Stay on the phone, but I limit all remarks
Just remember we the mob and regarded as a god
They want informants on the clique side (Clique side)
They wanna know how low the bricks fly (Bricks fly, uh-huh)
They wanna know a nigga dick size (Dick size, check one, two, one, two)
Even though they know I'm livin' big time (Big time)
Biggest (Yeah)
It's incredible
Yo, I came home with a connect and got started abruptly
That's five figures off a chick and I bought her Kentucky
We did that twice, then invested in artists that's hungry
To change a young nigga life and launder the money, wait
No handouts, I'm goin' on three summers legit
Machine, Cutter, and West, and me, each one of us rich
Before I did it, they ain't know these numbers exist

A nigga left the plug, then blew up three hundred to six, mmm
Yeah, Forgiatos veerin', smokin' while I'm steerin' (While I'm steerin')
I don't gotta pick these hoes, they volunteerin' (Volunteerin')
Jump out, diamonds glarin', flexin', why they starin'? (Why they starin'?)
I know you wanna take it, so that's why I wear it
I heard they wanna know how much the clique makin'
In this book of life, you can't skip pages
Got my strip quakin' off a wrist, takin' big paper
I'm really in the field, you just Skip Bayless, ah

It's incredible, huh
Been a baller but you never been a base
Just a casket for kilo in a crate
Pray for pastors trapped outside of the gates
Young bastards never tappin' the brakes
Dumb rappers never ownin' the tapes
Just tools and afterparties to make
More beefs and dirty bitches to chase
New shoes, expensive cars to race
Big homes, just pay 'em off at a pace
I threw in the elevators and sat 'em right on a lake
Been in moments the business was at a break
I'm at the fork in the road, which way, Hov or Ma\$e?

New crib, now add up all of the bills
The niggas you wanna kill, another slice of the cake
More ice and wiretaps from Vice
Rep double M, they wanna lead a double life
Whack a nigga, need no receipts
Clap a nigga, leave him on the seat
Rappers always seem to be the wannabes
It seem like I'm the one they really wanna be
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