

# Rich Is Gangsta

Rick Ross

I just upped my stock, fuck them cops  
If you love hip-hop bust them shots  
Your man is priceless, if your man is loyal  
Better give that man a raise your end up paying for it  
If you cut it, call it Jam Master Jay  
No Adidas but I rock a brick a day  
Talk about the jewels outta reach  
Please, so I came back with a bigger piece  
Nigga please, so I came back with a bigger piece  
You still smokin' weed on your car chase  
I'm pullin' off the car lot screamin' God's grace  
Before the crib you gotta clear the guard's gate  
Elevators like Frank's on Scarface  
New Presidential had that Like a G, I gave the Cartier to Wale  
Then I gave Meek Mill a Range Rover  
Told Warner Brothers that the game's over

For me moving forward from here on I need 50  
I ain't talking 50 cent neither, haha

I came back a rich nigga  
Young mogul, Bo Jackson, I'm a switch hitter  
They want me face down on the pavement  
Gang members claiming I need to make a payment  
It's hard for a young black executive  
Can't you see we're all fucking relatives  
Relatively easy we can go to war  
Fuck it, we can go to war  
Chasing me a hundred million, inshallah  
Fresh up out the Feds, welcome home Jabar  
I watch him pray five times a day  
Same one that use AK's in his heyday  
Benz coupe, wood frames, low fade  
Got the cubans, got the boats, got the ZOES  
Worth much more than gold  
So what's your goals? All my shit went gold  
I remember smoking mid grade  
Till I went and got my shit straight  
I'm spittin' like it's a fucking mixtape  
Till they seen a ghost with Sitting in the trap blowing thick smoke  
Traffic in my Feds tore apart the squad  
That's why I had to play the part  
That wasn't me, that was a job  
It gets deeper, that was just a start  
Screaming in my sleep, I know Lord hear me  
Death to you fuckboys, on my 4th Bentley

Gangsta, rich is gangsta  
This is gangsta  
Yeah, rich is gangsta  
You know where we came from  
Look where we at