

# Rich Off Cocaine

Rick Ross

This is mafia music  
And a maybach that is  
Had to take it Deeper Than Rap baby  
Boss

The last bird flew the coup  
I lose the roof  
Ain't nothin but the wind in my hair  
I'm not bullet proof, I'm fully proof  
That you can make it here  
All that livin' fast  
It ain't got to last  
Now I can't slow it down  
Because I'm sittin on top of the world and I'm not comin' down

Burnin' butter got it smellin' like it's butterscotch  
Every bird boss take it to another notch  
Bitch I'm busy baby go and suck anotha cock  
Fuck a hater make me throw away another glock  
Money in the mansion, yayo in another spot  
Guns in the attik mama help me put 'em up  
She'll pull 'em down, tell you quick to hit 'em up  
Load a hundred rounds, bring it back she'll fill it up  
Like the time when them niggas payed us counterfiet  
He count chips but that trick may have got 'em flip  
We ain't playin man slang for them dollar bills  
Quarter million for the chain help the collar chill

Miami nights,  
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How you seen a kilo started at a eight ball  
First 48 to homicide ain't soft  
Comin' from where hoes fuck ya for your paint job  
Catch a case and daddy let you know you can't call  
Coppin' 20 ki's gotta be finicky  
I got a tendency to send 'em up to Tennessee  
Black Infinity to condo right on Venice Beach  
I watch 'em snort a powder all while I'm chillin' sippin tea  
Lemons and honey, millions and money  
Gucci, Louis Vuitton, specifically homey  
My women imported, I'm neva extorted  
I'm very important, 20 grand for the mortgage

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Baby mamas I hate 'em  
They just want you to pay 'em  
I'm in love with my babies  
Maybe mad that I'm famous  
Don't be raisin' your voice  
That's another retainer  
Know you missin' a nigga  
Know you missin' that anal  
Know you missin' that Prada  
How we did the regatta  
She miss callin' me daddy  
Daddy drippin' in dollars  
Daddy did it in Vegas  
Yeah I gotta connect  
I get em ten a piece as long as I keep it correct  
Vacation to Haiti  
It nearly broke my heart  
Seein' kids starve I thought about my Audemar  
Sellin dope ain't right  
I put it on my life  
Chickens put me in position to donate the rice

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