

# That Range Rover Came with Steps

DJ Khaled

Fuck!  
Fuckin lawsuits nigga  
We the best music!  
Murder rate, murder rap  
Pluto  
Drenched chest franklins gotti  
DJ Khaled!

Fucked the DA on my way here  
I made some millions on my way here nigga  
I seen your comment on my way here  
I laughed my ass off on my way here nigga  
Balenciaga with the brain bust open  
That new Mulsanne got the brain bust open  
Play them racks like Jimi Hendrix on the guitar  
Load my gun Cock it back then I push start  
I can't name how many times they tried to clone me  
This dirty money help me see the double  
Sidity thots, know they ain't forever  
My trials and tribulations playing out on blogs  
Spend three hundred thousand or better all the cars  
The Maybach park itself, nigga  
That range rover came with steps, nigga  
Electric tables in the back I'm eating filet mignon  
He been 44'n all year I put that Rollie on  
Trapping good all year put the rollie on  
They parading in the streets you gotta keep a drum  
Say a prayer for my young nigga, know he dumb  
The murder rate going up nigga, I done ran this check up nigga  
Get hit up from the neck up nigga, yeah  
The goyard looking like a graveyard  
Murder money, I'm in love with murder money  
Old friends of me turned into my enemy  
My money and fame changes niggas into enemies  
All my hard work and lonely nights no sympathy  
Want to send a hit but too far in the industry  
I feel your energy I know you niggas envy me  
They rep the gang that bangin' it out in penitentiary  
I watch the shit come out your mouth and it's finicky  
I'm tryna love you but I doubt I'll scream infinity  
With these billions on my mind it's hard to be cohesive  
Gettin' that A-Rod money like I hit the needle  
Keep a spanish mamacita like a Fanta liter  
And I gave 'em all dope and they pissed off  
Got my lil Haiti babies waiting so they can wack ya  
I got my memphis ten niggas waiting to jack ya  
I got some DC niggas waiting to kidnap ya  
I got the clappers, finessers, and the trappers  
Before the rap, you gotta go dap em  
Don't forget to look a nigga when they after ya

I told Future I can see the future  
Told my bitch I love you 'fore I knew you  
I know I'm blessed nigga Hallelujah  
I'm grateful and if you diss me then I might shoot ya  
Brrr you don't fuck with me the feeling mutual  
Fuck you, half these rap niggas owe the jeweler fuck 'em

I was selling keys to success  
I was coppin' keys outta Texas  
New Wraith with the stars in it  
New Porsche, condo, living room cars in it  
Ace of Spades with the Percocet and bars in it  
Young shooters, real soldiers put they heart in it  
They talk 'bout all this money we make and all these niggas they hatin'  
Let's talk 'bout runnin' that bag up fast cause we ain't got no patience  
Let's talk 'bout poppin' strips and xans like we 're patients  
And the fed's allegations have you pacin'  
Million dollar dope boy I gotta be grateful  
You tryna get that 100 Mil I'ma race you  
Dope boy, I ain't never wanna be a rap nigga  
Billboard reporter LA Reid just signed a trap nigga  
New York Times read Jay Z just signed a trap nigga  
Kitchen like it's Thursday, you heard? Might bring it back nigga  
You fuckin' the money up if I'm being honest  
Gotta be grateful I never break the promise  
I know my plug love me, I know my bitch hate me  
I heard my hood salty  
I tried to tell 'em it ain't my fault  
It's just my blessings called me  
But since they hatin' on an nigga I'ma keep ballin'  
And I ain't textin' that bitch back because she keep stallin'  
If she ain't fuck the first night then she just miss her callin'  
Fuck a plea, I'm goin' to trial poker face I'm all in  
Patek Philippe it AP, 40 mil I'm all in  
Plug hit my line I act like I ain't see 'em callin'  
I work so hard for mine I'm tryna get some free bands  
I'm the king of the city my house Graceland  
No respect for rappers they respect the coke man  
That's why your favorite rapper actin' like the dope man nigga