

Amsterdam

Rick Ross

Maybach shit!
Cameras in the ceiling, Céline on my arm
We get Ghosts, you already know what it is
Money stuffed in my bag
Maybach shit!

Bright lights and dark corners, it's night embark on us
Refugees running wild Wyclef with a Sig Sauer
Nothing to lose, I was starving from the start
Now the same cat drive in Jaguars
Open fire when you see me yell out and make em whisper
The club that I'm a member, they'll be gone by November
Keys to the city got killers who slither with me
Lamborghini, middle of the ghetto, smoke a fat fifty
Billionaire bid, wrists on chill
Standing in the field of dreams tryna see a hundred mil
These boys going blind, they just happy being free
In a world of so many I just wanted me a key
Sheesh! I just wanted me a piece
Slice of cheesecake before my niggas all deceased
These boys snort lines I'm fine just sipping wine
Amsterdam in the air, tomorrow on my mind

I'm Barry Gordy to the streets
With a kilo set that boy up in the piece I wanna be there when each one of my kids born
Raw blood, hundred acres each to live on
Real nigga to the day that I'm deceased
Even then I pray I'm living through the beats
Dope boy, you can tell by my sneaks
Burning Amsterdam green where it falls like a leaf

Born in the bricks with the short end of the stick
Always running late, quick to show up with your bitch
The Hublot's cool but my Terminator's foolish
All stainless steel, quick to match it with my tool and
Red carpet event, the marijuana be lit
Red or blue, do you, as long as you're getting rich
Crack game, champagne, kilos on the stock exchange
Rolls Royce, new Ghost, that's a nigga pocket change
These niggas acting like they want a war!
When it come to whacking niggas I done won awards
Nigga, you a bitch, where yo Honda Accord?
I'm riding in some shit only I can afford
Shouldn't claim the hood til you build a report
Amsterdam state of mind: I just gave you a tour
I'm laughing at the people who label me poor
Now I piss on Europeans, you'd think it was porn

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I'm speaking on unwritten laws - the code of the streets
I'm not the type of nigga that you bump into at a 7-11 and just pull your pi
stol on him
And do what the fuck you want to do
Niggas like me, you gotta get permission homie!
And that could take a long time!
In that time, I'ma handle my muthafuckin' business...
Ruugh! Ruugh!

It's the Red Light district, nigga this Amsterdam
Wherever the fuck I'm at
It's a no go
We green-light, you bitch niggas
Rozay!