

Aston Martin Music

Rick Ross

Vibing to the music this is how we do it all night (all night)
Breezing down the freeway just me and my baby, in our ride
Just me and my boss no worries at all
Listening to the Aston Martin Music Music

Would have came back for you
I just needed time to do what I had to do
Caught in the life I cant let it go
Whether that's right I will never know
But here goes nothing.

When I'm alone in my room sometimes I stare at the walls
Automatic weapons on the floor but who can you call?
My dime bitch one that live by the code
Put this music shit aside get it in on the road
A lot of quiet time pink bottles of rose
Exotic red bottoms so body glittered in gold
Following fundamentals and following in a rental
I love a nasty girl that swallows whats on the menu
My money triples up when you get it out of state
I need a new safe cause I'm running out of space
Elory Jetson I'm somewhere out of space
In my two seater she's the one that I would take

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Pull up on the block in the drop top chicken box
Mr. KFC bps is in the watch
Living fast where its all about the money bags
Never front you take there and never come back
Top down right here is where she wanna be
As my goals unfold right in front of me
Every time we fuck her soul takes a hold of me
I dig it like pokey the pussy be controlling me
That thang keep calling
Fuck maintain boy I gotta keep BALLIN
Pink bottles keep coming
James bond coupe pop clutch 100

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I talk slicker than a pimp from Augusta
Who just had his linen suit dry-cleaned, bitches, what's up witcha?
I hate callin' the women bitches, but the bitches love it
I took some sense and made a nickel of it
I'm urgin' all daughters to kiss they mothers
With those lips that all that lipstick covers
You're never too grown up to miss and hug her
And girls countin' on me to be there like missin' rubbers
I'm on some Marvin Gaye shit, a bunch of distant lovers
This ain't the life that I'm used to

Reintroduced to people I've been introduced to
Did you forget me? Or are you too scared to tell me that you met me
And fear that I won't remember, I wish you could still accept me for me
I miss Memphis, Tennessee, my cousins, my dad
The simplistic beauty that all of them Southerners have
I'm halfway across the world with dozens of bags
Feelin' like all four members of Color Me Badd
In one nigga, amazing shit

I got that Courtney Love for you, that crazy shit
I don't drink every bottle I own, I be agin' shit
And I got them wedding ring flows, that engagin' shit
Which one of y'all got fleets on your keychains? The seats for these Heat games?
I really think you stare at yourself and you see things
La Familia, I've been inducted and instructed
To stunt on these niggas we don't really fuck wit
Fuck is up?

Havin' lunch and debatin' Ferrari prices
23 and goin' through a midlife crisis
But trust me, I still deliver like a midwife
And no, I'm not sayin' I'm the nicest, I just live like it
Uh, it take a certain type of man to teach
To be far from hood, but to understand the streets
I never threw away that paper with my Grammy speech
Because I haven't hit the pinnacles I plan to reach
Yeah, you gotta own it if you want it
Kisses all on her body, she tells me live in the moment
And, baby, I'll never forget none of that
Girl, I told you I was coming back
Aston Martin Music Music (Aston Martin Music, Music)

All night (All night)

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