

Black Opium

Rick Ross

Can I get a rozay (rozay)
Can I get a rozay (rozay)
Let me get a huh (huh)
Let me get a huh (huh)
Huh

I do this for us
Stuck on the grind tryna' elevate
I'mma stand as a man never above ya

Shooters in crowd with 50 carats, they give 'em dab
My lifestyle get busy, you niggas really rare
Put my bitches on, get money, stay out the trap
Fuck 'em long, smoke a bong maybe go get a tat
No illusion, quarter millie for this whip I'm cruzin
Caught a deal up a plane with Hov and I kept it movin
Mob ties, (Send a re-up[?]), protect me from these shooters
Nice suits, so religious, these muthafuckers ruthless
Blond broads, Cuban cigars, shit I get the true
(Lovely suit[?]), VIP, double M.C are truth
Cap guns, Stab wounds, they think we're having fun
Doing shows, fucking hoes, Gunplay's still on the run

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Some niggas choke, some niggas don't

Pissin in portable potties out at the public school
Late to class, walk the halls then wanna run with tools
Say your name, what's your gang, my people wrote the rule
4th of July, light up the sky, step on my shoes
All I do is feed eat?, niggas and they call it food
That's my fool?, I assume you know he's in the room
You hear the boom, soul floating like a balloon
Fatal wound, if war niggas yell "I played the rules"
A lot of goons, cocaine bitches consume
Still fill the room; King of Diamond, go get the broom
Dreamchasers you fuck with Meek, you gotta fuck with Combs
They're my Poon?
They're DC, carve it in my tomb

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I only take time out for all my bad bitches
Ex-bitches, my last bitch was far from average
Fast whips, G wagon that's horse and carriage
Marriage is not for me I'm rich and careless
Ex-ex relax under my mattres
40 blocks of white, it Marshall matters
8 mile, a while my shit was stagnant
Seven fifties do '8' figures, young nigga at it

Ho wow, ho now, they think it's magic
I bring the best out your bitch, she livin lavish
Mink drapes, prince cape is on my
the parallel twigof a Caroling

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I do this for us
I, I, I do this for us