

BLK & WHT

Rick Ross

A nigga black, but he selling white
A nigga black, but he selling white
Wanna gain it all, but you gon' lose your life
A nigga black, but he selling white
A nigga black, but he selling white
Nigga crib so big it's a damn shame
Nigga's selling white for a gold chain

I've been trained to go since a young nigga stepped off the porch
Catch me in the kitchen, kilo, hey bring the fork
I've been trying to hold it down with these niggas living so foul
Grunting out on niggas intent of knocking ya down
Bang - your window shattered like it never mattered
You moving weight, your pockets getting fatter
It's politics when it come to sticks
See mass of blood, nigga want a brick
My money funny, but you gotta love it
High heel thugging in Magic City, these bitches fucking
Your homie doing tax since they call it fraud
I'm in and out of traffic, still moving hard

A nigga black, but he selling white
A nigga black, but he selling white
20 grand a night if you can get it right
A nigga sitting in the Benz and it's white on white

Take a look at me, I'm trapping
No excuses, I'm stacking, talking hundred on top of hundred
Them 100 making the magic blow
A hundred in a day, a hundred different ways
Rich nigga, bitch, put a hundred in my grave
Make my headstone read "head of MMG"
That's another hundred mill, really, you can come and see
Forbes dot com, I'm the Teflon Don
Too close to a nigga as a motherfucking bomb
Trayvon Martin, I'm never missing my target
Bitch niggas hating, tell me it's what I'm parking
Wingstop owner, lemme pepper aroma
Young, black nigga, barely got a diploma

A nigga black, but he selling white
A nigga black, but he selling white
20 grand a night if you can get it right
A nigga sitting in the Phantom and it's white on white
A nigga black, but he selling white
A nigga black, but he selling white
20 grand a night if you can get it right
A nigga sitting in the Benz and it's white on white

Showing 'til the day I die, I'm a look up at the sky
Young trap star, reap, the world is mine
Proceeding with my grind like police is on my line
Instagramming shit for all the teachers I despised
Never saw my vision, you only saw me suspended
Now my white bitches be fucking me 'til I'm windy
Breathe, breathe, young nigga, breathe
If your ass wasn't rapping, what would you be?