

Bogus Charms

Rick Ross

(Maybach Music)

Broken memories
You will find a way

Rule number one is you could never rat
Fuckin' with you suckas set a nigga back
Break 'em down to baby sacks of Similac
And the only thing on tracks I'm servin' is the facts
Wanna pop your chain, kill for your charm
Never mind your name, call you Uncle Tom
Shoot in front of bitches never made a difference
'Cause impressin' all the pigeons was the biggest interest
Quick to get it poppin', nothin' for your pockets
Crack melt like Baskin Robbins, never break a promise
Cops rushin' doors, niggas flushin' dope
Who really tippin' Crime Stoppers? You will never know
Half my team illiterate, I know it sound pathetic
But we can each get a brick, that's on a line of credit
A lot of niggas died over fake pieces
And the day I do, I pray my son he get to read this

Broken memories always fade
Live on and you will find a way
Things will be okay, don't be afraid
Live on and you will find a way

Uh, I only 'member nights that was post-traumatic (Maybach Music)
So I'm never actin' bougie like I supposed to have it
Servin' addicts, totin' ladders, it was so dramatic
Puttin' friends before my family, my worstest habit
'Cause in my hood it ain't no friends when you get a Benz
'Cause homie in the backseat wanna split your wig
Just to play the drivers seat to say he hit the lick
And he gon' post it on the 'Gram like don't forget the vid'
See, niggas tell on they own homies just to get to live
Miami on a Sunday just to commit them sins
And these the ones we supposed to ride for, forget the kids
Throw your life away for a nigga that wouldn't send your kids
Twenty dollars when you in your bid
That's the way we live for what we did
'Cause I'm in the chains, fuck the way it is, the way it was
Now the only way is up, I'm never into fakin' love
I'm only here to wake you up, young nigga

Broken memories always fade
Live on and you will find a way
Things will be okay, don't be afraid
Live on and you will find a way

In a 911, came without a ceilin'
Can't imagine all the pain your brother was concealin'
But we own a fully loaded 'cause it's so appealin'
Sue you when they do you for a couple million
Started from the bottom, rip the carpet up
Parents great examples 'cause they never argue much
Air conditioner in the window, watch the water drip
Premonitions of my death is what I wanna miss

Pretty pictures of my kids the only ones I kiss
When you get a second chance, young brotha, what a gift
New obituaries everywhere I look
Prayin' every hour God keep me on his books
Cemeteries we pull up on them in foreign cars
Extended payments elated, now met with open arms (Jesus)
Look at all these rappers wearin' bogus charms
When they barely pay for marijuana and cigars

Broken memories always fade
Live on and you will find a way
Things will be okay, don't be afraid
Live on and you will find a way