

Color Money

Rick Ross

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(Aye call lil homie to the stage the one that's got that Color Money)
Trappin for the color money
Make it happen for the color money
305 nigga
You know what it is

If you wanna get a block then you should see the man
Diamonds all through the watch and you should see the band
Bottle in the club got me screaming color money
Got her selling pussy for the love of the money
Indictments coming and I really think they coming for me
In the box Chevy pussy nigga gunning for me
Catch a flight to Paris time to get some other money
You still alive cuz you niggas still running from me
Get it down even if a nigga momma know me
Put it down quarter key in every category
If you real all we kill for is color money
Fuck where you from cuz all we deal with is color money
I got a duffle bag that I wanna shop with
Or get another double R to cut the top with
Or hit the booty club to go and get some pussy whip
I might buy a bitch a Benz if he pussy whip

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Blackjack Black Bottles with the Black Cards
Only nigga that you know with two NASCAR's
Sell a lot of record but I make a brick jump
Make her sign a prenup just to get my dick sucked
Color money got your bitch out on a world tour
My lil homie made a million on his girl tour
We back to back and down to whack a nigga unborn
Miami niggas got them changing all the gun laws
So run Forrest got some shooters and they dying too
I got more money than that pussy that you're signed to
Survive who call this a color money conversation
A hundred stacks will cover everything I'm contemplating
Full confrontation home invasion for the quarter key
Them cheap ass condos ain't the safest place you want to be
Call him a C.O. but you better not go call police
So when I see you I'ma give you what you wanna see
You wanna see?

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Rob a nigga close to me you better bring it back
Until the day we even steven tell you bring it back
Red rubies on they can't believe a nigga rap
Color money still feed niggas in the trap
You got the Rolie with the red face
The red ring nigga looking like a fair case
Fuck all these rappers real talk cuz I ain't fucking with em
Double M we balling way harder than Puff and em
It ain't no love loss I only see one boss

You looking at him when they got the guns going off
And all the bitches on the staff and they get a check
So bust it open never test a nigga intellect

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