

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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