

D.O.P.E.

Rick Ross

Everything dope, everything dope
Everything dope, everything dope
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Everything dope
Bag full of percs, cup full of syrup
Run up get murked
I got time on my wrist and it's an Audemar
I just spent ten bricks on a foreign car

I got rugs by the dope, Versace on the floor
Chest full of ink, pussy on the sink
My safe full of stones, my phone's always on
When my eyes start to roll, you know I'm in the zone
Rubber bands on the five, r-rubber band on the ten
Gave a bitch all the dubs, hundred grand on the Benz
Got a truck full of dope, plug on the coke
Renzel done came up, prosecutors want to know
Is everything dope? Is everything dope?
How does everything go?
And why does every body know?
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Pinky ring got dope on it
Sipping lean keep dope on me
Switching lanes like them folks on me
Twenty chains got dope on me
VVS's that's dope on me
Fell in love with the dope angle
Pyrex got good work in it
Minute Maid put syrup in it
Got a mermaid dripping Hermes
Popping pills in the early
Her head game so geeked up
I'm making money got me Geechi
My rolex on Geechi
Presidentials on Geechi
See my whips they Geechi
Roll up Back's they Geechi
Racks on racks they Geechi
And my whole hood Geechi
Let's get intoxicated, oh let's get intoxicated
Niggas are mad we made it
Look at them niggas they mad we made it

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Fed's at the door, I done flushed all the dope
I done run out the back, breakfast on the stove
I'm a ancient nigga, fucking the same bitch nigga
Only one small difference, I'm a straight rich nigga
We bury money in the fields
Mansions in the hill
Strippers at the crib, this how I live
Always wanna smoke, always on the go
They always on my page, waiting for the next post
Feds wanna know, they just wanna know
Is it really dope? Is it really dope?
All this shit can't be his, this can't be real
Shawty ass so fine that can't be real

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