

## D.O.P.E.

Rick Ross

Everything dope, everything dope  
Everything dope, everything dope  
Everything dope, everything dope  
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?  
How does every body know?  
Why does every body know?

Everything dope, everything dope  
Everything dope, everything dope  
Everything dope, everything dope  
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

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

Everything dope, everything dope  
Everything dope, everything dope  
Everything dope, everything dope

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

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

Everything dope, everything dope  
Everything dope, everything dope  
Everything dope, everything dope  
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