

Elvis Presley Blvd.

Rick Ross

Hood billionaire
Nigga need that quinine
I'm making more with the baking soda, don't hate on me
You know where I'm at though

I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Got the dogfood, the soft, nigga, and the hard
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs

I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Got the boy, got the girl and I got the hard
Tell them pussy crackers they can bring the dogs

I got priscilla, I got priscilla
I got vanilla, boy, I got vanilla
I been that nigga, I been that nigga
I bend that corner, I'm stacking scrilla

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You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs

My face familiar, my face familiar
Half a milli for the whip, this bitch'll hurt your feelings
I could fly Brazillian, send her in the mail
She got Meek Milly cellphone in the county jail
I'm at the car wash off on Elvis Presley BLVD
That nina hit your van, your ass gon' holla "good God"
You feel that itch, you feel that itch
That Camaro moving fast, boy, I'm getting rich

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Run up in the chopper, I push the panic button
Lil' 'Toine snorting coke, he ain't scared of nothing
Bumping player fly until a player die
Charged 'em for the nine gram, but I gave a five
My baking soda fine, I'm baking over dimes
I got them brown bags, I bet they know the smell
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Can I park an airplane in a nigga yard?

I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
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Got the boy, got the girl and I got the hard
Tell them pussy crackers they can bring the dogs

Fresh in them sneakers, pills up, I'm stepping on the dogs
Bringing down a half a thing, mane, get these puppies off
Hard work pays off, get more if you selling soft
Catch you slipping out here though, my dog, we knock your melon off

They cannot stunt, shoot them, rifles long like African
Got them young boys shooting shit up like Africans
Me gold in me mouth, 'round my neck like leprechaun
Lamborghini or Ferrari, watch these bitches come
Packing funds all because me go quick to rob the clubs
Me go an hour full of slugs, left these bodies full of slugs
Met me on the south side of the city with the whole thing
Iced 'em with the heater, took the shit, it's a cold game
These niggas know I done it, now there's rumors they want my head
Got my Russian bitch sleeping with me right in the bed
My niggas killing about this shit, for realling about this shit
Fuck around and get a hundred years, dawg, for about this shit

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