## **Elvis Presley Blvd.**

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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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?

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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

## **Rick Ross**

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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