

# Idols Become Rivals

Rick Ross

Yo this Chris Rock. I'm in here with my man Ricky Rozay. We in here drinkin' this Belaire Rose. That's how we do it. That's all we do. Belaire Rose! Eat in' Wingstop, what you know about Wingstop, nigga? You don't know nothin' ab out no Wingstop. You can't handle this, nigga. You can't handle, sit down in the corner, shut the fuck up and take notes, bitch. Just take notes

I used to see niggas on TV, man  
I used to be like, "Yo them niggas so blessed, you know what I'm sayin'?"  
If I had that opportunity, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Maybach Music  
Black Metaphor

I grew up on that Cash Money  
Bling bling, was well known to flash money  
Hit the liquor store, after my Vic authority  
Quick to switch a bitch up, pick up me a thicker shorty  
Pistol on me, nigga, ain't no pickin' on me  
We veterans so it's better if you go get your army  
A thug holiday is where your body lay  
Me and Trick Daddy come from a common place  
So us gettin' money, that's just a conversation  
It's so hard stayin' rich and miss the confrontations  
Cigars in the oval office, Ronald Reagan  
Heard Barack Obama whisper asalaam alaikum  
Live for the moment, die for the streets  
Bible on the dash, kilos on the seat  
I used to see you niggas on my TV screen  
And wondered what was life like, was it all a dream?  
And then I met you out on LiveNation dates  
Came to the realization that your watch was fake  
Damn... you nearly broke my heart  
I really thought you niggas really owned them cars

I used to look up to you, nigga, uh

Hard to point a finger when you live a life of sin  
I'm a bring my niggas with me if I lose or win  
Bought a fleet of cars, let the bitches tag along  
This little thing of ours, not the ones to tattle on  
Omerta the code, Met Ball, parties with Vogue  
Still blowin' thick smoke while you powder your nose  
Such a head rush until the day the feds rush  
That's when you niggas wish you put your bread up  
Leased whips, bad blood, that shit'll sink ships  
Fast money comin' slow, you better think quick  
Rap game, so much fuck shit done  
That's why this.45 in my Trukfit trunks  
Fuck a skateboard, I went and got a Wraith, boy  
Catholic record labels, niggas gettin' raped, boy  
Birdman's a priest, moans in his synagogue  
Publishin' is a sin, repent, forgive me, Lord  
Shots fired, home invasion out on Palm Isle  
Red beam detonators, who the bomb now?  
Look you in your eyes, nigga, 'fore I say good night  
And pray that Mannie Fresh'll get to see the light

Damn, Stunna, I loved you, nigga

Hate it came to this  
Maybach Music

You stole them boys pub and bought a foreclosure  
Scott Storch demons in it, which is more poison  
I handed over records, never charged a coin  
But could sense the sentiment, I'm talkin' all along  
All Miami issues, Rozay handle for him  
Same way Big Ducky do for me in California  
Never slippin', got relationships with the trillest niggas  
Tony Draper, J Prince and ever Jimmy Henchmen  
Plenty killers and I know that Diddy with it  
Tyga, chinchilla, really ain't no penny pinchin'  
Knew that you would never visit BG  
Turk came home, take that boy a three piece  
Shootin' dope, usin' coke, movin' like you the Folks  
Sacrificin' half our life for your new music cult  
You would give us self esteem and motivate our drive  
But was in our pockets by the time we count to five  
I pray you find the kindness in your heart for Wayne  
His entire life, he gave you what there was to gain  
I watched this whole debacle so I'm part to blame  
Last request, can all producers please get paid?

Can't believe this shit, homie  
I still love you, nigga  
How the fuck, nigga, you touch half a billion, nigga  
And your team starvin', nigga  
You on an island, nigga  
You came to my city, nigga  
I let you in my city, nigga  
And what hurt me the most, nigga  
Is how you did my brother Khaled, nigga  
Khaled was loyal to you, nigga  
The pain I seen in my brother's eye, nigga  
FaceTimin' my nigga, nigga, he took that to the chin, nigga  
That's why my nigga blessed  
That's why my nigga Khaled blessed  
You put my nigga in the hole, homie  
I don't feel you for that, my nigga  
That shit hurt me, you under-dig? Uh  
It's painful what you see real niggas do when they get the paper  
When they get the bag  
You can't never forget 'bout lil bruh and them  
I'll never forget 'bout lil bruh and them  
Lil bruh and them, always remember  
Lil bruh and them, this for lil bruh and them  
Stunna