

Knife Fight

Rick Ross

That's why I bust back, it don't phase me
When he drop take his Glock and I'm Swayze
Runnin' like I got bears on me
They got a brother on the run

All black all my cars I call them Amistad
My Masonic Lodge the second nation under God
I'mma kamakaze for my brothers common cause
You can get this shit bagged with this llama in my drawls
Hallelujah, women holler, somebody plotting
Got 'em leaking holes in his medulla oblongata
I never passify pessimist
Pastors lie is my testament
The past of the present tense
They nailed Jesus to the cross
My jeweler nailed a piece 30 g's for me to floss
Lord forgive me I'm a sinner
Still smoking Bible paper Revelations getting thinner
760 Beamer, smelling like a winner
Four piece chicken box Birdman dinner
Swerving thorough the streets it's the KGB
Kool G's back nigga MMG, Ross

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Live from New York, kid kind of short
Knock down towers the big toe the torch
Rap legend from Queens with the South Beach Boss
Pumping Maybach Music getting mouthpieced off
The cost of jewlery had seen what a house lease cost
In these foul streets we floss to the North of Miami, connect
The more we came it's still sandy and wet
It's the lazy eyed gangsta kid G. Giancana
That'll walk into your floor sick the piece straight behind ya
Bout to blow in this bitch like TNT with a timer
Keep a sweet vagina in some GG designers
Selfish made in the coziest ways
I seen watches and Chloe shades
We just know we paid
Got the culture behind the Bolivia my flow be the babes
The handguns we holdin got the nose of a gauge
Understand I don't feed the animals no longer in the cage
Hold that

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[x2]