

# 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]