

# Lamborghini Doors

Rick Ross

Real talk, so when my nigga Meek caught his case I went to visit him. I'm walking up to the jail, all the niggas start repping. Beating on glass, kicking the doors, and shit. So when I walk in the door, the captain tell me you can't come in here. Ok, cool. Came back two weeks later, I got access. Soon as I got on the cell block I heard him all the way from down the hallway. My nigga had on yellow Balenciagas, ha ha ha

Dreaming of things we can't afford  
But now we coming up like them Lamborghini doors, ooh  
They gon' love me, they gon' love me now  
I bet they tell they friends they wanna fuck me now  
I bet they say, "He put his niggas on"  
Now we coming up like them Lamborghini doors, ooh

Corners wanna check him like Odell Beckham  
I could plan a record or just draw the weapon  
She know I'm living reckless looking at my necklace  
I'm a blow this forty on me, you can save the lectures  
Homicides rise as the sun falls  
Watch your dog die as my gun bark  
These helicopters rise for the one in charge  
If I sentence you to die well that's a hundred shots  
Judge banging like a blood, show a nigga love  
Caught him with a kilo so he hit him with a dub  
We bulletproof the trucks like the ones in Iraq  
Where I'm at you lock your door and you using a latch  
Now it's stones on my hands, Roberto Durans  
Stood tall in the feds, don't fold on the fam  
Tryna point me to the money, no holding my hand  
Somebody take me to the bank 'cause it open at ten

Yeah, uh  
Poverty stricken, boy you gotta be kidding  
Living like we hit the lottery nigga  
I been tippin' since Scottie was Pippen, Chad was sippin'  
And before I had that bag I used to bag them bitches  
I'm so cocky and I'm confident  
All these killers in my ambiance  
Say what I want, nobody's stoping it  
Get off my dick nigga  
Where you was at when I could've died for this?  
Or die for that, real nigga roger that  
Said I took a loss but I got it back, woo  
Me and all my dogs sell a lot of that food  
Talking to the lord, knowing that it's not cool  
Make me shoot a rapper like my name was Bennie Boom  
Started out with nothing, now a nigga in a room  
Sweeping rich bitches off they feet like a broom  
Double-M G bitch, you know how we move  
Whole lot of choppers nigga, I could never lose

I was amazed  
Oh how it turned their heads  
I mastered the game  
Oh how they raised their hands  
Like Lamborghini doors  
We, we're going up

We, we're going up  
We, we're going up  
Oh so high  
Like Lamborghini doors  
Like Lamborghini doors  
We, we're going up  
We, we're going up  
We, we're going up  
Oh so high)  
Like Lamborghini doors

Ugh  
Paintings on the wall, you never know the cost  
You banging on the boss, that boy'll be a corpse  
I'm stepping through the door, my back against the wall  
My pockets fat enough to catch a nigga if I fall  
Love to see a pretty bitch rolling a wood leaf  
Phone ringing, smiling like I got some gold teeth  
I caught a bird, jet smarter on the Maltese  
I left a chick in NBC out on the northeast  
Such a feeling, niggas killing for my poetry  
Tryna go back underground, that's once they notice me  
I'm really not the one you wanna handle funny  
At the Grammys, my lil' homie had the hammer on him  
You niggas out of style with your wedding vows  
I still be making rounds like I'm Kevin Liles  
Time to set a date for trial, we never settle out  
Them Lamborghini doors, you see me stepping out

Started off poor with plans to own more  
The writing in the stars, the life we lived for  
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