

## Mafia Music III

Rick Ross

My corner so polluted, young niggas looting  
I studied Kenneth Williams, I'm one hell of a student  
Remarkable hustle, my niggas coming home  
I kept the candle lit, my nigga never rowed  
Niggas caught him slipping, gave him a shit bag  
Five shots to the stomach, 2Pac gift pack  
It's death row, conspiracy theories  
Concealed indictments handed to the grand jury  
Get some money now, you hated by your own kind  
The home invasion done by niggas in your bloodline  
GABOS, game ain't based on sympathy  
So he put a hit on his cousin in 18th  
A sweet potato pie, oh me, oh my  
Showing no remorse watching the others cry  
Heroin sales, detectives'll sell  
A lot of yellow tape, where that Obama care?  
This the mob, bitch, silk underwear  
Yeezy concerts, Kim Instagrams  
Niggas hating, though they studied my moves  
I'm like Farrakhan, in view of hundreds of Jews  
Two attempts on my life, they threatened venues  
Can't you see what I am? The hustle continue  
I bought more jewels, I ordered the Wraith  
I got a new style of shoes, match the watch in the face  
Bill Belichick, coaching and calling the shots  
Throw a yellow flag, pussy nigga body drops  
Then we celebrate, black bottles pop  
Time to elevate, we re-open shop  
Wale a genius, Meek Mill a superstar  
My new crib in Phoenix, ten car garage  
Petite felite, platinum Audemars  
Ain't no tags needed, nigga, I own them cars  
I know them bitches, we met them broads  
Never loved one, fucked them all  
I'm a fucking dog, Ricky fucking Ross  
Nigga Birkin bags just for my runner-ups  
But my main bitch she get the main dish  
Not the old range, that was a lame bitch  
Brazilian weave, she say I came quick  
I let her see a hundred ki's, a different St. Nick  
Moving bricks like it's Black Friday  
She gotta fuck me or call me a fat crybaby  
Looking over my shoulder, I can't trust a soul  
Bought a spot in Anguilla just for me and my ho  
Glock .40, even when I shower  
Chrome .22 in my swimming towel  
Mob ties and I pray the music set me free  
May the powers that be let me be

We around when the sun goes down  
And the real, real killers they mourn for ya  
This time it'll be a bloodshed  
One month, one day it's gonna be a bloodshed  
Bop, gunshot in the head

Payback is a motherfucker  
Yes, I feel it when I squeeze the trigger

I feel the air when my enemies die  
I feel the strength of them killer  
What is will be  
Only God and them can kill me  
Cause these fucking streets filthy  
And I ain't fucking guilty