

## Mafia Music

Rick Ross

I got a feelin nigga wit it ? and my money be da root.  
Look up at da stars, she like "Honey where da roof?"  
Pull up in a Dawes ?, canaries ? dey go on roof,  
Even once had a job pourin tar up on da roof.  
Dat boy had it hard, no facade it's da truth,  
So now when I menage and get massaged it's da proof.  
Proof's in da pudding and dat bakin soda taken,  
Paper dat I'm makin, gotta take dem photos naked.  
Listenin to niggas like whistlin dat Wendy Williams,  
I flip my middle finger, I'm chillin on twenty million.  
Da rumors turn me on I'm masterbatin at da top,  
These hoes so excited so dey catchin every drop.  
I'm dodgin debacles like pot holes in Jamaica,  
We cut down the weed, bury the paper on dem acres.  
Martin had a dream, Bob got high,  
I still do both but somehow I got by.

Preflo prayed, Mike Vick payed,  
Bobby Brown strayed, Whitney lost weight.  
Kimbo Slice on da pad when I write,  
Dat may why the money lookin funny in the light.  
But who really cares? You just throw it in the air,  
Celebratin wealth, pourin Moxt in her hair-  
Excuse me, her weeve- the bluest of weed,  
Trunk full of white, car smell like bleu cheese.  
Dat boy get salad ?, beef bout movements,  
BM dubs on dem big thangs lookin foolish.  
Shawty sittin low, big thangs poppin,  
Tip on da glock from a trip up in Compton.  
Shootin at da cops- fuck one time.  
I gave her to da block, I fucked one time.  
We boys in da hood and nigga you Lil' Trey,  
Suppress ya appetite, we takin ya lil' tray.  
Love my handgun but my choppa still da shit,  
Banned in 1994 but I'm too legit to quit.  
1996, kilos was the shit,  
But dat were better den roofin dat shit be bad for ya skin.  
Niggas was ruthless, lord knows dat I sinned,  
But I thought about my future and the loops I could pin.  
Walked out on a gig and I turned to da streets,  
Kept my name low key, I ain't heard from in weeks.  
I came up with a strategy to come up mathematically,  
I did it for da city but now everybody mad at me.  
Mothafuck em all, they sweat from my balls,  
If I drop anotha album I did dat fo my dawgs.  
10 Maybachs, everybody ridin big,  
I just sit back like: Look what I did.  
Den I bow my head and beg for forgiveness,  
Once I said my prayer, everybody back to business.

Smokin on a blunt in my own restaurant,  
People lookin from a distance think I'm Big Daddy Kunk,  
Reincarnated, spirit of a G.  
Beef? I'll make you dinner, take a seat so we could eat.  
A Farrakhan aura, paws on the Port,  
You eat from da bowl while ya dog need a fork.  
Niggas ain't loyal, snakes slithered in dey coil,

I'm laughin at you cuz, kill you niggas when I'm bored.

We steppin on ya crew til the mothafuckas crushed,  
And makin sweet love to every women dat ya lust.  
I love to pay her bills, can't wait to pay her rent,  
Curtis Jackson baby mama ain't askin for a cent.  
Burn the house down, we gotta buy another,  
Don't forget the gas can, jealous, stupid muthafucka.  
To anotha chapter, paper dat I captured,  
Caught up in da rapture of gunshots and laughter.  
Homicide is human and nigga you lookin funny,  
Women love to stare cause dey know dey see da money.  
I open up a mind by openin bank accounts,  
Deposit a 100 stacks, break up or take it out.  
Baby dats a gift, maybe you could live,  
I knew it wouldn't work, but I just like to give.  
Used to run da street- young nigga, bare feet,  
Now I'm in da suites and I'm eatin crab meats.  
Ice so right, otha rappers envy,  
Dey callin all my jewelers up askin wat he spendin.  
Thinkin bout Boss, not thinkin bout dem,  
This a letter to my enemies, one I won't send.