

Maybach Music 2

Rick Ross

Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
Whatever I sing now homie I'm a Maybach
Can you believe that? Who
You gotta see it
'Cause I don't plan on going broke, put that on my Maybach
'Cause I'm in it to win, you all niggers can't take that
Listen to my Maybach Music, to my Maybach Music

Martin, Louiee the King Junior
Startin' all that stuntin' is gonna ruin ya
B I was a lie, he probably had a two-tone
With the great poop on, anything that Ye poop on
Will explode, 'cause I am the shit and this is my kamol
Oh oh that it go
Talkin' 'bout how your boys clothes extra tight
I just remembered that my lime light extra bright
I hit the Strip Club as girls get extra hype
You hit the strip club and girls turn extra dyke
We know who not gettin' no sex tonight
And a lap dance will probably be a blessin' right
So all this shit you talkin' dead, Coffin
Like the weed coffin
New Crib: Lofton
Where is that? Austin
Where is that? Texas
What's in front: Benzes
What else? Lexus
Well whose Maybach is this? Mr. West's

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Boss
Kush burn like controlium
Crib need custodians
Shades in all shades
B's made of rodium
Used to be the - Smoke
Hoe's call it - Low
Now I got so many horses bitches call me polo
57, 62
Tell me how you wanna move
Yeah you know I got them both
Beat your ass black and blue
I was barely gettin' pretty women
Now I scoop any winners like Kitty Litter
Any winner fended denim like a slender nigger
Lookin' in the mirror I can see the real contender
Sellin' reeffer even Gregory I'm on my dinner
So what the fuck are you tellin' me other than your gender?
I'm a boss and I ride them like a small Vogue
Niggers make you wheels and ride them until they fall off

Yeah, Ross

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All black Maybach, I'm sittin' in the asshole
Classy as a mother still gutter as a bad ball
Benjamin Franklin on ex how that cash roll
That's right, them mills do like damp clothes
I eat your meal too, we don't feel you
And we be strappin' up like the Navy Seal do
Sweet as banana split everytime I peel through
Fresher than Will Smith and Uncle Phil too
Watchin' TV in the Maybach in traffic
I'm on my feet like tough actin' ten actin'
I'm runnin' this shit, you should try tacklin'
Lil' Wayne in one word: Immaculate

You see the Big, you see the Jay, the 2Pac in him

The Kurt Cobain and Andre Three Stacks then I'm back to doing shit like I do
Sing Maybach Music

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