

## Maybach Music III

Rick Ross

My garage is flawless, under a hundred thou' ain't allowed  
Maybach triple white like I'm riding in a cloud  
No denim on my seats, baby you gon' need a towel  
Ride sexy through the city, see me you will be aroused  
My bankroll so well endowed, pull bitches from M-I-A to A-T-L in style  
And in crowds catch me in town, on the strip in Vegas  
chilling, filling bitches' faces with babies  
Bitch bite your tongue, this just ain't a Mercedes  
Tell the A.T.F. I'm riding with another .380  
That's my car cost, y'all thought I would fall off  
That was just a small loss, we can have a ball off  
Fly to N.Y., meet me at the Waldorf  
The story and architecture Victorian  
Riding in the past like you're driving a DeLorean  
Hard times, never heard of those in the 'Bach  
My feet kicked up, get my dick sucked with the curtains closed  
And for the record kid, my final question is  
how your bitch gon' feel in that when you two pull up next to this?  
Hahahahah, Maybach Music nigga!

Everybody knows how the story goes  
Money and clothes, they gon' come and go  
But guess who stays the same? You gon' see the name  
Stroll real slow, with the curtains drawn

Yo, piff that I'm blowing on is fucking up the ozone  
Plus I keep a dope line similar to Cold Stone's  
Ice cream, pipe dreams  
is what they have when I pull up in that light thing  
I put a hurting on, I got the curtains drawn  
Whoever ain't getting shitted on, I'm squirting on  
I'm in the six-deuce, fifty-sevens for the health  
Chopper in the trunk, .45 for the belt  
Bunch of wax dummies, all you guys gonna melt  
Live for your kids, die for yourself  
Bottles in the sky if you ride for the wealth  
Peas on the block, pies on the shelf  
If I ain't in the back of the 'Bach, I ain't in nothing else  
Haha, I'm something else

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But guess who stays the same? You gon' see the name  
Stroll real slow...

Uh, cigar please  
I came alive like a moth in the summer time  
Japanese wheel blades all samurai  
Shine brighter than them bitches on the other side  
Time to make a blind motherfucker recognize  
Ammunition got the competition nonexistent  
Had to bubble crack but didn't have a pot to piss it  
I'll double that, how dare you try to knock a nigga?  
Street scholar, graduated no father figure  
Still tote chrome, check my chromosomes  
Meet me halfway with things and a mobile home  
Money machines, yeah they RING like a mobile phone

I'm a seven-up, I need a coca-cola loan  
I'm in the hood like I'm James Evans  
Cashmere hand-made sweater  
Me and money got a vendetta  
Looking back, to tell the truth I could've did betta  
Parents never had a good job  
Now it's Black American Express cards, uh

"Maybach Music"

Rozay!