

## Movin' Bass

Rick Ross

Ross is a real boss, cause real bosses don't go to jail feel what I'm saying ?

So that's what I want y'all to know, you know what I mean?

As far as like his thinking patterns you know what I mean?

You know I admire y'all

The way y'all think you know what I'm saying?

And I also admire that I was apart of that foundation from day one

You know y'all was the good homies

Y'all took the baton and ran with it

The thing is that I was working towards was

The empire is what I was working towards

And y'all took the baton and ran with it so its nothing but love man

Anything y'all need me to do from behind these walls, I'mma do it

You know what I'm saying, without no question

The pop wars, temp rises, a hot boy

Is the fat boy, skinny ties

Don't empty mine nigga

Tall ceilings, chandeliers, I'm authentic

Gettin' long money, short winded

Lets go and get it nigga

Bang bang, bitch niggas caught drinkin' chase

Roll that double M, get shot and your finger waves

Twenty chickens watchin' and I still be movin' that base

Gave a job to the children you scared to raise

Chain swangin', name rangin'

Shots fired, same nigga

We movin' weight I'm at a different pace

I'm out in Haïti with my lady screamin' "n'ap boule"

I'm hard to kill, Dade county, Versace Neil

Fourteen for that tattoo worth that dollar bill

Only one man got the combination to the safe

Grammy nominated once, but I'm still moving base

See them plaques on a nigga wall

We still movin' bass

Got them records jumpin' off the store

We still movin' bass

Copper tried to knock us off

We still movin' bass

Haters throwin' shots through a niggas door

And we still movin' bass

Fallin' from the sky, the money bad the bigger

Angels tatted all on me, pray for a lord sinner

Rolls Royce Corniche, sweepin' me off my feet

New bitches they by the fleet and we do em' all by the week

Taz Angels just wanna chill, jewelers just wanna meet

Weed man expnsive, three trips a week

Misses just wanna freak, feds stay up the street

Know they tellin' us close so we leak what we wanna leak

New mob, suit sharp, my suit Farrahkhan

In the house of the lord, my niggas bearin' arms

His eyes wide, nose runny got what he fiendin' for

I'm movin' base, we outta state you know my speakers low

Put the pistol to your mouth now show me to the safe

Grammy nominated once, but I'm still movin' bass

See them plaques on a nigga wall  
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Got them records jumpin' off the store  
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You see the plaques on the wall but the yayo still in the spot  
See me cousin off to college, I see that it costs a lot  
Tallons fillin' the jammy, Miami still in my heart  
Niggas playin' the corner, guess their playin' their part  
Early coppin' the coupes, ladies stay on our feet  
Your brother went to duplex  
Smell the dope from across the street  
Hoodies come in all flavors, all black if you think you sweet  
Arabs sellin' grenades by the box, you'll get it cheap  
Schoolin' the little niggas, kilos all in the campus  
A passport is necessary visa with all the rubbers  
I beef with all of the red cappers  
Head to the shop for some tobacco (blocka, blocka, blocka, blocka, blocka!)  
BR-80 just a plus don't mention the dust  
R-O-C double M kill anything we touch

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