

Nobody

Rick Ross

You wanted to fucking walk around these roaches
These niggas is roaches
These niggas is mere motherfuckin' mortals
I'm tryna push you to supreme being
You don't wanna motherfuckin'
You don't wanna embrace your destiny
You wanna get by
You don't wanna go into the motherfuckin' dark
Where it's lonely
You can't handle the motherfuckin', the pain
Of the motherfuckin' not knowin' when the shit is gonna stop

Mama's trying to save me
But she don't know I'm trying to save her
Man, them niggas tried to play me
Man, 'til I got this paper
You're nobody 'till somebody kills you

"Blast for me" - the last words from my nigga
On the pavement, born killers, body shivers
Drug money, dollar figures
Hustlers moving out of rentals
All the war is mental
Having sushi down in Nobu
Strapped like an Afghan soldier
Nowhere to go to so it's bang
No survivors, only riders on my rider
Murder rate rises, stalking niggas on their IG's
Never IB, still solo, underarm is still Polo
No wire, on fire
My desire for fine things made me a liar
A shooter, getting high feeling like it's voodoo
Nine lives, SK with the cooler
Makaveli in the 'Rari, still B-I double G, I, E
I pray you smoke with me
Go to bed with a kilo like a c-note
Janet Reno, we all we got the creed to Nino
Pretty cars in the driveway
If you cut it then you sideways
Double up, crime pays

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You fucking wanna walk around with these niggas?
What the fuck is their culture?
Where the fuck is their souls at?
What defines you?
These niggas with these fucking silly looks on their faces
You wanna walk around with them or you wanna walk with God, nigga?
Make up your got damn mind

I'm from where the streets test you
Niggas mix business and pleasure

Where the cocaine measure
The narcotics is our product
The by-product, you walk up on me, I cock it
New Mercedes as it peels off
Nothing penetrates the steel doors
Gang signs, see 'em all
I said my prayer as I'm counting sheep
Never really athletic, but I play for keeps
Do you feel me?
The mortician, the morgue filling with more snitches
We kill 'em and taking their bitches, R.I.P
Chinchillas on a winter night
Black bottles when the feeling like you wanna know what winter's like
And I'm never on that tour bus
Just a decoy for niggas, the PJ's, there's two of us
Ciroc boys down to die for Diddy
My niggas ride for less, keep it real, homie, make me filthy
Touch mine until you receive and kill
Like I'm knowing every heathen will
Closed the deal with Steven Hill
We Magic City of the networks
Cut a nigga cast off, how my nigga net works

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Fuck you wanna talk about?
Fucking jewelries and Bentley's and Hublot's
And fucking art that niggas ain't got on their fucking walls
And fucking mansions niggas ain't got
Niggas can't even pay the IRS, let alone their fucking staff, nigga
You gotta tell the truth, man
The truth'll set you free, son
The truth will set you free