

One of Us

Rick Ross

You could die young out here
Mess around and die before 21 out here
Mamas stressing, seen them ratchets in the dresser
She not asking questions
She seen the vests and seen other kids in the casket resting
Weed so loud they got surround sound
Smoking good shit cause they tryna take me back to some hood shit
Any club, any fly affair
If they start shooting all they remember is Nas was there
Some homies of yours bangin' affiliation on their personal time
Conflict with business can hurt down the line
It's something that you ain't have nothing to do with
Your man confrontation end up getting you hit
Learn how to draw the line from when we hang with the shooters
Strippers, dealers and killers, leeches and opportunists
Where I come from it's ruthless, air you out from the Ubers
Tutored by coke movers, put holes through ya'
You wouldn't get that from me though, you'd overlook me
Looking like I just get to that money and stay in some pussy
Got a pretty real dope life
Fly nigga from the other side, hecklers, PKs, 9's and .45's
7.62's, deer-hunting rifle shells, life is hell
Pussy sweeter than wine tasting
But we won't self-indict ourselves
Be our own prosecutor, won't 25-to-life ourselves
We bout that moolah, rich shooters

You getting money, got a body then you one of us
Trust
You getting money, got a body then you one of us

Calculating, touching money, these niggas masturbating
Tailored clothes, fashion magazines, they fascinated
Double-M umbrella, the feds call it tax shelter
Hit a million, they conspire to send the rats at you
Cha-cha-cha-cha, slide, catch me on that other side
Foreign cars, private jets, high rate of homicide
Marc Jacobs chocolate diamonds, they for my white bitch
Atheist, but her pussy could be so righteous
Follow the rules, never let a man take your jewels
And if he do, double back make sure he make the news
It ain't arrest, they ain't a pussy til it's time to bust
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Dice game, head crackers, time to get it back
Only one in the studio that could get a pack
Raw deal, rob a nigga like it's on my appeal
Closest friends do us best, regardless how I feel
Went to the lot and got 'em bitches on the same day
Straight to the jeweler, and did the watches the same way
Young sav on face time, talking cake time
Next crib I build got to cross state lines
Niggas hate how I wear my heart on my sleeve

And half the team, got the choppers with the shoulder slings
It ain't a rust, stay in the trap til you a hundred up
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