

# Peace Sign

Rick Ross

Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking  
Hey girl, lemme tell you a little story 'bout this thing called fucking  
Lay you on your back, got your legs in the air like a peace sign  
Lay you on your back, got your legs wide open like a peace sign  
We can make it nasty, shave your head like Cassie  
I be counting this money  
You can get freaky while you're rolling my Cali

Fornication in the Fontainebleau  
4 or 5 of them bitches couldn't amount to you  
I could spend it all, then spend a night with you  
But I got too much of it, I'm just a flight away  
She a baller, we both shopping for the same brands  
Bail hard but they all call up 'bout our first name  
I'ma change the bitch last name  
Don't wanna hear stories about your last lane  
We sippin' syrup in the fast lane  
Wide-body Phantom, lower miles than your prom date  
I seen a brick in the 9th grade  
Swerve up on a bitch and I might say

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We turn into the book of thugs  
Slip and slide in the kitchen while you cooking up  
I eat your pussy while your legs up  
Front to back, side to side, then I blow all in your butt  
She say my life is like a true crime  
One time for Buddy Roe that nigga still ridin'  
So I fuck her like I'm locked up  
For every young soldier that's boxed up  
Home boy snake straight fuck nigga  
Then it's time to cut him off, you can't fuck with him  
These bitches like a gift to me  
So I love the pussy that she gives to me

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She fell in love on the first date  
Know I'm getting money in the worst way  
I'm the talk at all the barber shops  
And you the one them hoes gossip 'bout  
Fellatio you know I keep the pistol in her mouth  
Fuck her with her shoes on all around the house  
Sometimes we talk and we both cry

Both make mistakes and we both lie  
Had a seizure once driving and she took the wheel  
Flew me to my mom's and she foot the bill  
Type of bitch that I would ride  
Give or take a bullet, nigga, even die for her

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