

Powers That Be

Rick Ross

"The Lord as my witness, Lord as my witness, there's not! There's not a better MC than Rick motherfuckin' Ross, Lord as my witness. And when a nigga says Lord as my witness a nigga tellin' the truth. You don't lie after you say Lord as my witness. Did you ever hear OJ say 'Lord as my witness?' No, he ain't go that far. Said 'I didn't do it' but he ain't never say 'Lord as my witness.'"

Uh, yeah

Uh, yeah

Uh, yeah

Went to war, beaker scores, they continue to fall
Corner stores, wait up, hold all these wonderful laws
So much violence in the streets, ask the powers that be
Kiss my daughter on the cheek and I'm strapped as we speak
Dirty money get bloody, you still see the gun wounds
But what's funny are the ones that we put the guns to
Fuck 'em all, kill or be killed, it's still a thug rule
Back of class, high on grass, 'til I said "fuck school!"
What's meant to be is meant to be, I rather you than me
Die with pride, forty shells on the murder scene
Rolls Royce leather stitching in the steering wheel
Ninth album, Ice Cube, nigga kill at will
Had to balance, Double M is the imperial
Niggas pay respect, they mail it in an envelope
Fucking centerfolds like I still be dealing dope
Probably would if you're talking like fifty or more

Uh, yeah

Uh, yeah

Uh, yeah

So creative, co-creator, family the motivator
Project buildings, lot of feeling, karma my codefendant
Pot to piss in, not a ribbon, never forgot a Christmas
Father figure not around, that's such a major difference
I would play with all my homies' gifts
I understood I didn't wanna trip
The lack of didn't tap my confidence
Matter fact that's how I mastered a couple things
Went from not having to sheer opulence
Maybach with the drapes like an apartment in it
Whole hood know it, only one that's white on white
Name ringing like DJ Clue on a Friday night
Just got some real estate out in Dubai
Nation of Islam, they say I might have a few ties
Talking tall brothers with the dark shades
Shed light, bringing niggas out the dark age
Sitting in the court with a sharp fade
Having sentimental thoughts about this Caucasian
Six million in the hole, still feeling short-changed
Reprimanded by someone who's snorting cocaine
Frank Hampton was an angel, may his name ring
Crackers wanna kill me for the same thing
Ain't no financial aid out in Notre Dame
Activist sipping Actavis, tryna pour away

Uh, yeah
Uh, yeah
Uh, yeah

You know how it is
New levels, new devils
The cheddar breed jealousy, at hella speed but it's whatever
Mercedes driver
85'er, enlightener, collapsable sun visor
The half moon identifies
The son of God, son of man
Son of Sam, young with the blam
Stick or get stuck, get killed to get buck
A blessing of luck
I love all, test me, trust not
Above all but young niggas address me as such
Like Hannibal Barker, running through Carthage
Pan of our watches, conquer the nonsense, conquering lion
Armée var, Son, God combined in one
Most prolific, you off point
Like the coke addicted lawyer, Klienfeldt's gun
Tell the waiter bring over that Moscow Mule
Tell them haters get over it, Nas still rules
To money makers and niggas who murk you out
And beat the death penalty on reversal trial
Niggas versatile

Uh, yeah
Uh, yeah
Uh, yeah

(Some things your eyes won't see
But when it's out of your control
Then it's the powers that be, be
He he he he he, la la la la la la
He he he he he, la la la la la la
Some things your eyes can't see
But when it's out of your control
Then it's the powers that be, be)