

Rich Is Gangsta

Rick Ross

I just upped my stock, fuck them cops
If you love hip-hop bust them shots
Your man is priceless, if your man is loyal
Better give that man a raise your end up paying for it
If you cut it, call it Jam Master Jay
No Adidas but I rock a brick a day
Talk about the jewels outta reach
Please, so I came back with a bigger piece
Nigga please, so I came back with a bigger piece
You still smokin' weed on your car chase
I'm pullin' off the car lot screamin' God's grace
Before the crib you gotta clear the guard's gate
Elevators like Frank's on Scarface
New Presidential had that Like a G, I gave the Cartier to Wale
Then I gave Meek Mill a Range Rover
Told Warner Brothers that the game's over

For me moving forward from here on I need 50
I ain't talking 50 cent neither, haha

I came back a rich nigga
Young mogul, Bo Jackson, I'm a switch hitter
They want me face down on the pavement
Gang members claiming I need to make a payment
It's hard for a young black executive
Can't you see we're all fucking relatives
Relatively easy we can go to war
Fuck it, we can go to war
Chasing me a hundred million, inshallah
Fresh up out the Feds, welcome home Jabar
I watch him pray five times a day
Same one that use AK's in his heyday
Benz coupe, wood frames, low fade
Got the cubans, got the boats, got the ZOES
Worth much more than gold
So what's your goals? All my shit went gold
I remember smoking mid grade
Till I went and got my shit straight
I'm spittin' like it's a fucking mixtape
Till they seen a ghost with Sitting in the trap blowing thick smoke
Traffic in my Feds tore apart the squad
That's why I had to play the part
That wasn't me, that was a job
It gets deeper, that was just a start
Screaming in my sleep, I know Lord hear me
Death to you fuckboys, on my 4th Bentley

Gangsta, rich is gangsta
This is gangsta
Yeah, rich is gangsta
You know where we came from
Look where we at