

# Rich Nigga Lifestyle

Rick Ross

Ugh, tell me what your crib worth  
I hear you talking 'war' but have you lived first?  
I'm just here to keep it real, not make you feel worse  
Maybe a lost cause but let's still search  
Until the day I die, holding my ganja  
Rather have a friend than enemy, which one am I?  
Fuck a 'bird-box' I wanna see my brother fly  
No longer shackled in chains, young nigga crucified  
Walkin' down the block holding my boom-box  
Optimistic, dirty nigga, clean tube socks  
They gonna keep us in the ghetto till we move out  
And we need some better books stocked in that school house  
Rolls Royce weather, rich dirty nigga, it took so much effort  
I don't give a fuck about who sold more records  
Being 'Self Made' give me so much leverage, boss

Ooh, got money, got women, got cash, I'ma spend it on  
You, Maybach all tinted, but you see how you livin'  
Ooh, lifestyle (Lifestyle) I'm so iced out, yeah  
Iced out, yeah

Look  
How many niggas on your payroll?  
Rich gang bangers, y'all ain't even know they make those  
Double case loads, push buttons, I got say-so  
When it's war time never lay-low, y'all play roles  
Can't name a fake nigga that was not exposed  
How y'all niggas so surprised that Tekashi told? (Haha)  
Ain't a real street nigga 'less you got a code  
Mines one comma, nigga, followed by a lot of O's  
In the back of the 'Bach (M-M) Rock a lot of gold  
Rap music on the charts like it's Rock & Roll  
Add something to the art, make a lot of dough  
Gotta play my part from the start 'cause that's all I know  
Double M's, double R's, nigga, all I roll  
Courtside goin' viral when them punches thrown  
On Crenshaw takin' pictures like we rich and poor  
Another rich rap nigga, word to Ricky Ross

(M-M-M-Maybach Music) Yeah  
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A rich nigga lifestyle

But they wanna put your boy to rest just like I'm Malcolm X  
Jealous of my point of view, watchin' the sunset  
I just keep on moving so you won't catch a contact  
All my dirty niggas showing me where the love at  
Drop the top, candy painted, haters eliminated  
Take a photo for fanatics, I often demonstrate it  
Rich nigga, dirty game, I'm talkin' Nick Saban  
Bricks raining every day, whiter than Dick Cheney  
Dirty nigga, but my sneakers new  
She can go and get the two-door in a week or two  
Dirty nigga, with a couple things I could treat her to

Or maybe send her to the jeweler just like Meek'll do  
Real niggas that was born to kill  
Dirty niggas touchin' forty mil'  
Forty cars on the sporty wheels  
Gold bars in my shorty' wills

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Ain't nothing changed but the commas  
They say the 'Mo' Money Mo' Problems'  
But you don't really want these problems  
So watch what you say to me  
Shorty come easily, you ain't who you claim to be  
I'm just tryna keep it real  
Ain't no flexin' 'round here, 'cause we 'Self Made'  
It's forever, that's what I say

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