

## Santorini Greece

Rick Ross

Sometimes I be wanting to say "fuck the world!"  
I don't give a fuck!  
Shoot it out with all you bitches  
Bitches don't love me  
Young black nigga, nigga fighting the world, nigga  
Everywhere you go bitches throwing rocks nigga  
Man, a nigga in a Lamborghini

Seen a Cuban kilo I was 15  
Dealing yayo never had my teeth cleaned  
Restricted license but I'm so divisive  
I know the snipers and I flow the nicest  
Fresher than Groovy Lou at a Coogi shoot  
A multiple weapons in my new Gucci boots  
The bank account done caught the holy ghost  
I say the bank account done caught the holy ghost  
Hot pastrami for my Jewish chicks  
Eight days of Christmas, every day a newer gift  
I'm Michael Jackson to the rich niggas  
That leather jacket, baby, with the 6 zippers  
Suicide, or rather crucified  
I prophesize your whole crew demise  
Mutulu wife reside in Cuba nigga  
Shoot you, let you bleed out, it's how they do it nigga

Huh! Huh!  
These niggas don't believe in God  
From this very moment, you should believe in God

Half of my niggas headed to Attica  
Either trafficking or destined to be a janitor  
Diabetes rampant in my blood line  
That why fat boy be happy to see the sunshine  
I'm here for results baby let's cut to chase  
Sticky fingers and paper  
D.A. will drop the case  
Art Basel with Lyor I blew 300 with 'em  
2 seaters for all the soldiers who running with 'em  
Ask 100 women, yeah they wanna hit 'em  
I be half awake and still be running in 'em  
Two new liter sprite to get me through the night  
Bowling alley in the basement but we still shooting dice  
Rich forever, killa take my old advice  
Better yet, take my old bitches and mold 'em right  
And if I want her back I come and take her back  
Santorini Greece, I put it on the map

Some points you niggas gotta be grateful  
Mutulu Shakur  
I know your dreads touching the floor nigga

We in the last days, these racist agendas  
Blatant double standards because I'm a nigga  
Jesse Jackson on them people payroll (fuck him)  
When you black, lips chapped cause the game cold  
I'm giving niggas jobs when I sing songs  
White man love me when I get my bling on

But you hate me buying real estate in foreign land  
Respect my genius, all my people Portishead  
Room full of cloaks and they count votes  
Million man march and I'm taking notes  
Made it to the top, you thought they saw a ghost  
Facing tax evasion, niggas sell they soul  
So selling dope was the path we chose  
And now it's boats in the Bel-Air rows  
Rich niggas in the set and stone  
Neck rocky, Sylvester Stallone  
See me in Capris or them Andes  
Santorini, Greece with a dime piece  
My money long, you know I'm out your reach  
Only fat nigga jogging on the beach  
Versace underwear but see the ass crack  
Oblivious to how rapid my cash stack  
I'm a pistol toter, fuck I'm voting for? (fuck 'em)  
If I could, I'd drop a bomb, let's take em all to war (fuck 'em)  
My favorite shorty out of Baltimore (yeah)  
Every Chanel you know I bought it for her (I got that)  
All the arguments she never called the law  
I was never home but hid the money in the walls  
Constant visits from the A.T.F  
So I copped some cribs in the ATL  
Martha Stewart decorated both  
Snoop Dogg donated the smoke

This Chinese arithmetic, and it all add up  
It all add up  
Big Dog, Big Boss  
Huh! Huh!