

# Summer Seventeen

Rick Ross

Maybach music

You scared to die nigga?  
Open your eyes wide and I pray you are

I'm out on bond so I gotta beat it  
All the dope boys say they wanna be me (boss)  
I got a lick boy, I got a lick  
2017 trust me boy, this one is it  
I used to smoke the weed until my fingers burn  
Pool of bitches fucking me, I got em' taking turns  
My nigga bought the stick but you wanna fade  
Made runnin' in the bank a residential thing  
All my niggas mad they like fuck the world  
Back to standin' on the Ave. with a couple birds  
If you a killer well I'm tryna see  
Cause calling the police the only thing free  
I had to park that purple Lamborghini  
And pull that Chevy back out on the cement  
I'm from the city where they kill for nothin'  
And all Renzel do is push a button

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
(All my niggas! I'm talking all my niggas!)  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

I had a quarter mil' when I was seventeen  
Quarterback and quarter keys, plus I own the team  
Rather you than me, rather me than you  
Riding in that coupe, hanging out shooting  
Glass panoramic top, I don't got no roof  
Your bitch wishing on a star  
I can see the moon  
I can count to a million with my eyes closed, and shoot a pussy with that chopper while I'm blindfolded  
Draco, draco, draco (draco), fitted cap a halo (halo)  
Activis and Faygo, no pussies on my payroll  
It's 'bout to be a cold summer, hot winter  
This year in march, I might make it rain 'til September

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

I'm out on bond so I gotta beat it  
Half a million to my lawyer cause he undefeated  
Shots fired; you short of breathing  
Barefoot, cause them kids took your Adidas  
I'm keepin' fried fish up in my mama pan  
How much y'all detectives call yo' boy the son of Sam  
Zaca flesh shake up the block, that's with a hundred grand  
Put that voodoo on you niggas so that gun'll jam  
You know them niggas killers how they name ring  
You know them niggas winners how they chain swing

All the bitches sellin' pussy charge the same thing  
Richest nigga in the hood, we call him Rain Man

I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
(All my niggas, let's go!)  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen  
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen

Lord! I'm talking all my niggas!  
All my niggas!  
Every one of em, nigga  
Summer seventeen nigga!