

## Sweet Life

Rick Ross

She wants the sweet life, the sweet life  
She wants the good life, she's a boss and she knows  
She don't even wanna know  
Here we go

That lingerie right in my living room  
She know I got it, ain't never give a Bentley to her  
Remember movin work with Scott up to my dormatory  
She read a lot of books, I live 40 stories  
My manager ballin, he got an asian  
Fuck up the place, she ready for an invasion  
The major Arrogants come with the conversation  
I cop convertables, so that's our conversation  
And I just bought all my cars a new face lift  
They ain't come yet, so I just got her a new bracelet  
When that brain in, I just might throgth a chain in  
I'm a hot boy, my chick flamin

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She got a man, but I'm textin her are you out yet  
She understands the playa, look at my outfit  
Took her to my crib, she said it look like an outland  
Took my power cord, and plugged it into an outlet  
She was shocked at the boats I got  
Had her body shakin, electrcuting on the spot  
Champagne, she making love to a Grammy winner  
Bring her to Miami, I could put another Grammy in her  
I'm the one these niggas emulate  
I live the club life, so I get the tennent rate  
Them bottles comin like I give them away  
I got you Ds, baby, you my newest real estate

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