

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 throggh 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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