

# The Devil Is a Lie

Rick Ross

Masterminds! We gon' get this forever  
You know whenever we link up, my nigga  
They think this shit comes from outer space or something  
Nigga, let's get this money nigga  
Masterminds: ROC, MMG! Jay, I got it, I got it

Four stacks for the heels on my bitch feet  
Car seats still smelling like 10 ki's  
Tell a plug that I'm lookin' for increase  
Wingstop, fat boy need a 10 piece  
Say a nigga name and the car start  
Nigga switching lane to lane like WalMart  
Sippin Bordeaux out in Bordeaux  
Hazard lights flashing on the four-door  
Switch the Benzo for the Enzo  
Back to the Benzo when the ends low  
Switch my old bitch for my new bitch  
Cause my new bitch something like a nympho  
Fuck the game raw when I came in it  
Getting money ever since I came in it  
You couldn't stop me if you tried  
Motherfucker cause the devil is a lie

Big guns and big whips  
Rich nigga talkin' big shit  
Double cup, gold wrist  
Double up on that blow, bitch  
Two mil on that I-95  
Bow your head cuz it's time to pay tithes  
Opposition want me dead or alive  
Motherfucker but the devil is a lie  
The devil is a lie, bitch I'm the truth  
The devil is a lie, bitch I'm the proof  
The devil is a lie, the devil is a lie  
Bitch I'm alive, the devil is a lie

Two kings on the big screen  
Niggas seen a 36 at 16  
100k for the 16  
Nigga's stick dirty but his dick clean  
My money goin' on the deep end  
Talkin' half a milli for the weekend  
Contract like a nigga play defense  
Curtains in the Maybach bitch peek in  
Now the bitches wanna car hop  
6 cribs for the cars in the car lot  
Dope boys on the goal nigga  
Went gold 6 times for a goal nigga  
Black bottle and a bad bitch  
Club all money where the cash is  
Dubai I can do it like a sheikh  
Top floor nigga Burj Khalifa

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Is it truth or it's fiction, is it truth or it's fiction  
Is Hova atheist? I never fuck with True Religion  
Am I down with the devil cuz my roof come up missin'  
Is that Lucifer juice in that two cup he sippin'  
That's D'usse baby welcome to the dark side  
Coulda got black list for the crack shit  
White Jesus in my crock pot  
I mix the shit with some soda  
Now black Jesus turn water to wine  
And all I had to do was turn the stove up  
East Coast, winnin' at life, nigga, cheat code  
The hatin' is flagrant, hit your free throws  
The devil try to hit me with the RICO, them black people  
Devil want these niggas hate they own kind  
Gotta be illuminati if a nigga shine  
Oh we can't be a nigga if a nigga rich?  
Oh we gotta be the devil that's some nigga shit  
You seen what I did to the stop and frisk  
Brooklyn on the Barney's like we own the bitch  
Give the money to the hood, now we all win  
Got that Barney's floor lookin like a VIM  
Black hoodie, black skully  
Bravado like Mavado, boy I'm that gully  
Gettin white money but I'm still black  
All these niggas claiming king but I'm still that  
King Hova, Mansa Musa  
Told my lot, the devil is a lie, I'm the truth ya

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