

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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