

# Turnpike Ike

Rick Ross

I told her that, she can't fuck me like I'm a king no more  
I told her she gotta make love to me like I'm an emperor, her emperor  
Man, I done got money everywhere, nigga, but particularly that Turnpike South  
It's been a blessing to a young nigga like Renzel

(M-M-M)

Indictment on the way, got Sadow on the case  
When you get your first kilo, it should be on your face  
Nigga movin' like the Mob, hundred thousand Francs  
Dry land when you wanna be out on the lake (Swish)  
Determined to be one of the fortunate men  
Bitches come from everywhere once the hustlin' commence  
I see you prayin', testified and forgot the time  
Bottom line, your car should get shot up like it was mine  
Twenty round, but the voodoo let no harm be allowed  
My voodoo, they all know the spirits when I be aroused  
Made it to Star Island, started with a nickel rock  
Who thought a project nigga get to get a yacht  
Two million dollars cash in the Range Rover  
Opa Laka Airport, let's get the plane loaded  
I put it on the Turnpike  
Gold rims, whip wheel, blue bills, ducking the termites

I'ma let one of my bad bitches tell you how much paper I got  
Baby, what we livin' like? (Twenty houses)  
What else? (Fifty cars)  
Yeah? (Haha) What I make you feel like? (Priceless, baby)  
Ugh, you live for me? (Every day)  
You would die for me? (Right now)  
Ugh (Haha) Double M G

Turnpike, real earner, Ted Turner (Me)  
Whippin' in the kitchen, that boy was a fast learner  
Time to live it up, two million tucked in that new Bentley truck  
Ain't too many I can trust, so shooters is a must  
I reminisce when it was hit or miss (Ha)  
I was innocent until I hit a lick (Haha)  
Seven figures on a nigga' mama couch  
Don't wanna hear nobody talkin' 'bout a drought (Boss)  
I'm chillin on a yacht in my Mitchel and Ness (Ugh)  
Stitches in my britches, 57S  
Swishers, you could smell 'em on the internet  
Ain't beefin' with nobody 'cause I'm killin' that  
I tossed a pistol on the car chase (Wooh)  
Then walked into the church just like the boy Ma\$e  
I'm the man out in Barcelona  
Got a couple bad bitches out in California

Real language, biggest  
Tell these niggas some more shit, bae  
(Baby, you the biggest, the biggest boss, you're my boss, baby)  
How much money we gon' get? (We gon' get all of it, baby, we gon' take it all, honey)  
Turnpike Ike, ugh, ha (You the biggest, baby, you the boss)

Go get a room right out of town and I'm in Oprah's Yacht  
I'm makin' moves with all my rounds, you better call the cops  
Second weekend I just had to go buy me a drop  
Slick remarks and I'm in county, yeah look at me shop  
Cold games, I gotta step out and mold 'em in furs  
Gil Green the way I capture the moment with words  
City mine, I keep the killers that fill up a church  
Swear to God, a quarter kilo won't get you a verse  
Bring mine, stay on time, and that's where we resign  
Meanwhile, we be having such a meaningful time  
Spiritual nigga, baptized every G5  
With bad bitches who idol still with Nicki Minaj  
Rags to riches, now I move with beautiful women  
Knew from the beginning that one day that I'd grew to be winning  
If you lookin' for me, catch me on the Turnpike  
And when you see me, I'ma show you what this work like, nigga

Fuck you think this is? Turnpike Ike, nigga, Isaac Hicks, rest in peace OG  
Big Mike, Michael Delancy, free Michael Delancy  
Kenneth Williams, long live Black Bo  
Carol City shit, nigga

(He a thoughtful nigga, boss)  
(There won't ever be a boss as big as you, baby  
You the biggest, the biggest boss, you the biggest  
The biggest boss, you the boss, you the boss)