

# Vegas Residency

Rick Ross

Black Bo, you know we miss you  
(Justice League)  
(Maybach Music)  
Since everybody wanna speak their mind

Yo  
Watching Kanye interview feel like I wanna cry  
For every innocent brother charged with a homicide  
Went from battle raps to now we wearin' M.A.G.A. hats  
Dade County nigga, mansions up in Tamarac  
Never golfin' with the Trumps and I give you my word  
Back to comin' out the trunk charging twenty a bird  
Another seizure, so I woke up in intensive care  
Pray you treat a poor man like he was a millionaire  
Actresses comin' to see me like it was a movie premiere  
Dope boys showin' me love just for keepin' it trill  
Dozen lawyers on the team, I'd rather keep 'em close  
Bill Cosby dead in prison, I could see the quotes  
Headlines when them white boys get to pay a fine  
Never raping women, keep it on some player time  
Facts, hate and pray you catch a heart attack  
Headshot, guess who did it? Where the warrants at?  
Black bottoms, through the nine into the morning pack  
Fifty million up, I think I need me more than that  
Restaurants, I bought me fifty and they do their thing  
Now I'm into sports, I think I really need a team

I got a room that's on the highest floor  
Never switch out on my nigga, no amount of dough  
'Cause you wont get a receipt, that's when you sell your soul  
Hungry niggas sit at home, watching pictures you post

(Win lose draw, I swear I'd bet it all) We could meet up out in Vegas  
I'ma pull out the Vacheron  
We could meet up out in Vegas, nigga

I really needed y'all to see me goin' through these seizures  
Junior Seau, concussion, suicidal every season  
Go to hell and that's exactly where I'm going to  
Give my people game in this Port of Miami 2  
I lost some weight and now designers wanna get to know me  
Givenchy poster boy, Naomi tryna get up on me  
Eggs Benedict, a G-Wagon for my tenderoni  
Florida Lotto wishes for bitches I get triggered on 'em  
Feel the military for artists when they wanna beef  
I'm the Kim Dotcom up in KOD  
Fuck 'em on the faucet when they in the office  
Doing time, I set a mind for correctional officers  
Thurman Thomas, every step I take is footwork  
Two thousand on the seats a hunnid G's just for the verse  
Go and get it just to give it to the inner city  
Twenty Rolls Royces later that night in River City  
Took my ? bars and bring 'em back to Murder Row  
Murder one, you fuckin' other niggas' Murda Moe  
Boogie Boys y'all tell me how you heard of Zoes  
305, First 48 their favorite episodes  
So many niggas out here singin' songs

That's why them choppers hear the note and then we sing along  
Everybody gotta role, therefore we got a job  
Until we meet up out in Vegas and we got a mob

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Gold triggers, still indoors in my Versace robe  
Matching underwear, illuminati got his soul  
Phone ringin', Benny Medina, yeah it's J-Lo (Hola)  
Tell her fat boy got her shoe boxes full of pesos  
Papi Chulo, Port of Miami, keep a secret  
Silver furs, gave you my word, now we in arenas  
Pyramid, you call it faith, I say it's destiny  
Eating with my dogs, we just a different pedigree  
Mink coats, it's time to drag them bitches to the floor  
All my bitches tap my name, I gotta feed 'em all  
Black Bo, he was the realest, hate to send him off  
The biggest blow I ever felt, that's on the biggest boss  
Blue Ferrari on the corner, cuzzin think it's Crip  
Fuck a vest, pussy nigga, 'cause it's hit or miss  
Came up in the projects, watermelon on the porch  
Now it's Cayman Islands and wonderful nautical thots  
In Hawaii, Zion got me livin' fuck the cost  
For my b-day, Dr. Dre gave me another watch  
Hundred miles and runnin', I pray it never runs it's course  
Touch a quarter million, my prayers really rubbin' off  
Ha, I catch my breath and holler batter's up  
I get the money 'cause the stats they never mattered much  
MVP, I'm from the league where niggas tatttle much  
Testify on you right hand, put 'em in a camel clutch  
Fell asleep unconscious, woke up out in Myrtle Beach  
Oh, in Vegas with pimps, niggas think they rich as me  
Facts, I'm well connected in this city life  
We all in double M jumpers out on them chilly nights  
Gave me a brick until I asked him what would twenty like  
On body number ten, so I rarely give good advice  
(I was by myself last night)

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(I was by myself last night)  
(Win lose draw, I swear I'd bet it all)  
(For you)  
(Win lose draw)