

Walkin' On Air

Rick Ross

I pray we all live forever
I pray I'm a servant to all prophets
rich forever

Money on my head, pussy boy, that ain't enough
Bullet to your trap strapped in my armored truck
Your mami house next, tell that bitch to duck
Ain't no sympathizing in the city streets
That's all I ever heard from my older G's
She say she love me, but I know she play for keeps
Slip a black snake in a nigga's sheets
Bought a bitch a hundred acres, all red roses
Half you niggas' Judas, I'm the son of Moses
Illuminated, resurrected as Selassie
Bob Marley through the trumpets on the day I die
Rolls Royce's on dirt roads, we dopeboys
Baptized by the dopeboys, ordained by the assholes
My salvation is the cash flow, wow, oh

I'm walking on air

I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big
I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big
We do it big, bitch, we do it big

I'm into fashion, nigga, trying to bap this
My loyalty respected all across the atlas
I can have you and your team finalized
All your kids scream in your mouth, cyanide
Holy Ghost, the divine spirit
My heart pure, he a real nigga
She let me fuck early so she trustworthy
Her pussy sacred so she getting all the purses
In his name I'm Supreme Lord
The Book of Leviticus is the spring boy
Jesus Christ, look at this nigga's ice
Better yet, look at this nigga's life

I'm walking on air

You already know, I give and go and I get that dough
Nigga with that O, I move that shit like tic tac toe
And these be niggas hating like ''Meek Mill, how you get that hope?''
Cause I get that dough, and I switch that flow, just check my style
Look at that gold on my wrist on some shit
Make a call, ''who is this?'', think it's Benjie on the line
And he called, tried to flip, what I do?
Make a call, call Papi, four brick in
Papi call José cause José got fifth
Now I'm 30,000 feet up with my feet up, rolling weed up
Pussy niggas couldn't blow us, couldn't beat us
Throwing curveballs in the field to get your ear like Derek Jeter
Double M, that's the team, I love to G us, yeah

Wait a minute, wait a minute
Wait a minute, wait a minute
Wait a minute, wait a minute

I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big
I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big
We do it big, bitch, we do it big

Fuck a tutor, better get a shooter
Teach your ass a lesson when they running to ya
Fiends lining up like we having communions
This my daily bread and you niggas consumers
All I ever wanted was to make the scrilla
Have a recording session with J.Dilla
Selassie, Exodus
Corinthian, Leviticus
I'm on that bus, I study well
Getting money, bitches know me well