

We Shinin'

Rick Ross

I keep pimpin to get in a bitch panties
I keeps spittin the critics can not compare me
They put it simple I am Mr. Miami
And my lil' pistol will flip over ya ?
We the best at best you doin failin
Straight finesse ?
That's from sunset we rippin up Cali
F**k the chips I dip nigga ?
Now I'm runnin from the ghetto bird
I got food on my stomach from the ghetto birds
All I use are my ghetto words
I'm the mayor in the hood on the ghetto terms
I'ma get money I'ma flash dough
Unique whips will cash grow
I'ma keep pimpin to get in a bitch panties
Dead presidents are runnin my family

Every dollar I get keeps me stuntin
Kanye and these hoes tellin me nothin
I'ma keep pimpin to get in a bitch panties
I put a hit on a nigga head ?
Every dollar I get keeps me shinin
I spend a million dollars nigga just in diamonds
I done f**ked every dime up in diamonds
This for them d-boys gettin money shinin

Am I talkin for police because I puff weed
'Lotta artists some recorded as a puffy
Like a pimp I'ma skip, past the ?
Like a pimp order, pimp I import her
Every dime you give a note that's a pimp quarter
'Cuz every time she deliver like a pimp taught her
She ain't married to the game just a pimp daughter
Every Benz that I gain I get the limb harder
What the f**k you niggas know about loyalty
Huh cuz nigga you the fuss
Tell 'em what I said like I really give a f**k
And that big foot hoe needed the hood
Derrick Henderson still sellin his car
Smelled his ass no ross just bought another garage
Yeah, yeah they wanna be the boss
But bitch niggaz get twist in the cross
I'm the best

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Thinkin bout my bitch Kandice
Kandice was also romantic
Club grave, yeah I had cha both
While I made lil' Crissy roll up my smoke

Boss I need more champagne
? piece niggaz know my chain
Yeah I'm a millionaire you wanna hold my chain
You could get a lil' pussy nigga hold my name
Ross yeah I go a long way
Well paid, babygirl let the song play
I'm lookin for the next topmodel
Gimme head on Youtube and then pop bottles

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Shinin you feel me
Shout out to that hole motherf**kin 3-0-5 M.I.Yayo
Maybach Music, nigga
I am the C-E-O and we are sucka free, nigga
Ya niggaz, yeah we used to pay ya charge and car notes, nigga
We showed ya niggaz love ya feel me
But know it's time to stand on ya own two feet, nigga
It's like I fronted you a bird and you came back with two ounces, nigga
'The f**k you think this is this Triple C, nigga
Yeah like I said, baby
I got ten keys on my wrist so have you the D.E.A. tell 'em that
Boss