

What a Shame

Rick Ross

What a shame, what a shame
Shame on a nigga who tried to run game on a nigga

This is it, boy
Stacking money to the sky, getting rich, haaaaan
Stacking bricks to the sky, this is it, haaaaan
When my dogs getting high getting rich, haaaaan
And a nigga rich, haaaaan

Shame on a nigga who tried to run game on a nigga
Pull a pistol, bang on a nigga
Beamer on the Boulevard, everybody know it's me
Bordeaux Polo, smoke eternal weed
No room for nonsense, you under new ownership
Pulling niggas' cards, giving shooters bonuses
Fuck the rumors, now I'm standing in a room with ya
Face, gut, buck 50, got two pistols
We the knights of the templar
Born dopeboy, oh, I should've been Def Jam see me as a threat now
Hundred mill, any less is a let down

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Full magazine, bitch, shoot for the stars
Snatch a nigga chain just for posing on the blog
Assassinate a name, nigga spraying in the dark
Hate you with a passion, but he asking for a job
Shame on a nigga who tried to run game on a nigga
Pull a pistol, bang on a nigga
Getting money while them other boys bitter
I'm an artist and my niggas are the realest
What a shamme pussy niggas wear glitter
Put to sleep by the pillowcase killer
Black Benz, black weed, black bottle, nigga
Rich, dirty niggas still mobbing, nigga

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