

Where My Money (I Need That)

Rick Ross

Where my money? I need, I need, I need cash
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Where my money? You don't wanna be the one I blast (Ross)
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Never try me like a thug
If you do you betta duck
Ima hit em' in his body,
Somebody patching you up
Ima bust a nigga head,
Somebody wrapping you up
When I ask you for ma shit,
Nigga am i asking too much?
Ridin' dirty in ma Seven deuce
Its dirty, you can tell tha truth
Im dirtier than a reverend
Fighting internal revenue
Ima get mine,
You can call me Uncle Sam
Used ya for your services,
And i dont give a damn
Slap bush with ma stash
All these taxes and this cash
Got these bitches sellin ass
Homicide for tha cash
Homicide for tha cash
Ridin around gunnin mass
Summertime son of sam
Triple C gon gun you down
Twenty birds on this surb
Posted up on tha curb
Got a lotta pistol game
So we at ya A-Day
If you owe me a dime
Boy you better give me mine
Cuz im pullin ma nine
With one thing thats on ma mind

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Still waitin on tha call
Homie supposed to be my dawg
It done been more then a week
He caught himself runnin off

Yea he bought two, two
But I fronted anotha three, three
But ima get him marked off
fo no less than a quarter key
Yea I broke him off,
Now I gotta break him off
He think he using his head,
I gotta take it off
Therefore im loosening his head
And then im taking off
Mashing in the grand national
Wont break it off
Lemme break it down
I see fifty off a chicken
Everytime I break it down
Bad little Bitches shake it
when they break it down
Lemme break it down
I Broke it down,
To tha smallest slab
Cuz im so fat
I got the fiends callin cabs
Im out here for my stacks
Im out here for my stacks
From the side of the bridge,
You gotta cross the tracks
Dade county D Boyz at yo front door
Three in tha mornin and ya know what dey knockin fo'

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Im like a professor,
I weigh and i measure
Triple beam on tha dresser
Couldn't be fresher
Cookin's my pleasure
Cookies my treasure
Hustle couldn't be better
Muscle you couldn't measure
Niggas feelin tha pressure
Pressure they bust pipes
I'm cool with your bitch
Your bitch fuck nice
(See I need that)
Fly hoes on my team
(See I need that)
My hoes will gimme anything
Grinding back in Savana
Climbing back through Atlanta
Shoot the makin, See what shakin
My shit white as Miss Vanna
Its Rick Ross
Rolls-Royce when I floss
Ima big boss
And I neva took a loss

(See I need that)
(See I need that)
I might of took a loss
But it wasnt like that (Ross)
So Im back on my grizzle
Got the streets on sizzle
Its Ricky Rizzle
The rich nizzle
Tha rich nizzle
Now bitch

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