

# What a Shame (feat. French Montana)

## 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 a ton of 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 stopped  
Def Jam see me as a threat now  
Hundred mill, any less is a let down  
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  
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 shame pussy niggas wear glitter  
Put to sleep by the pillowcase killer  
Black Benz, black weed, black bottle, nigga  
Rich, dirty niggas still mobbing, 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

