

# Mafia Music

## Rick Ross

I got a feelin' nigga rillin' and my money be the root  
Look up at da stars she like, honey where the roof?  
Pull up, hear the dogs, canaries dey go on roof  
Even once had a job pourin' tar up on the roofDat boy had it hard no facade, it's da truth  
So now when I menage and get massaged just to proof  
Proofs in dat pudding & dat bakin' sodas takin'  
Paper dat would make take dem photos nakedListenin' to niggas like whistlin' at Wiggie  
Williams  
I flip my middle finga I'm chillin' on 20 million  
Da room has turned me on I'm masterbatin' at da top  
These hoes so excited so dey catchin' every dropI'm dodgin' the barcols like pot holes in  
Jamaica  
We cut down the weed, bury the paper on the makers  
Martin had a dream, Bob got high  
I still do both but somehow I got by  
Treflo prayed, Mike Vick payed  
Bobby Brown stray, Whitney lost weight  
Kimbo Slice on da pad when I write  
Dat may why they money lookin' funny in the lightBut who really cares if you just throw it in  
the air  
Celebratin' wealth pourin' Moet in her hair  
Excuse me her weave the blue is her weed  
Trunk full of white, car smell like blue cheeseDat boy get salad beef bow movement  
BM dubs on dem big thangs lookin' foolish  
Shawty sittin' low big thangs poppin'  
Tip on da glock from a crip up in ComptonShootin' at da cops, fuck 1 time  
I gave her to da block, I fucked 1 time  
We boys in da hood and nigga you lil Trey  
So press ya appetite we takin' ya lil tray  
Love my handgun but my choppa still da shit  
Banned in 1994 but I'm 2 legit 2 quit  
99 to 6 kilos was the shit  
But dat were batter den roofin' dat shit be bad for ya skinNiggas was ruthless and Lord knows  
dat I've sinned  
But I thought about my future in the loops like a pin  
Walked out on da gig and I turned to da streets  
Kept my name low key I ain't heard from in weeksI came up wit a strategy to come up  
mathematically  
I did it for da city but now everybody mad at me  
Mothafuck 'em all and sweat from my balls  
If I drop anotha album I did dat for my dogs10 Maybachs everybody ridin' big  
I just sit back like, look what I did

Den I bow my head and beg for forgiveness  
Once I said my prayer everybody back to businessSmokin' on a blunt in my own restaurant  
People lookin' from a distance think I'm big daddy cunk  
Reincarnated spirit of a G  
Beef'll make you dinner take a seat so we could eatA Farrakhan aura, paws on the port  
You eat from da bowl while ya dog need a fork  
Niggas ain't loyal, snakes slithered and dey coil  
I'm laughin' at u cuz, I kill u niggas when I'm boredWe steppin' on ya crew until you  
mothafukkas crush  
And make da sweet love to every women dat you lust  
I love to pay her bills can't wait to pay her rent  
Curtis Jackson baby mama I ain't askin' for a centBurn the house down, gotta buy another  
Don't forget the gas can, jealous stupid muthafuka  
To another chapter, paper dat I captured  
Caught up in da rapture off of gunshots and laughterHomicide is zooming and nigga u lookin'  
funny  
Women love to stare cuz dey know dey see da money  
I open up my mind about openin' bank accounts  
Deposit a 100 stacks break up now take it outBaby dats a gift, maybe u could live  
I knew it wouldn't work but I just like to give  
Used to run da street, young nigga bare feet  
Now I'm in da suites and I'm eatin' crab meatsIce so right other rappers envy  
Dey callin' all my jewelers up askin' wat he spendin'  
Thinkin' 'bout boss, not thinkin' bout dem  
Here's a letter to my enemies when I won't sin, amen  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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