

Nobody (feat. French Montana)

[Rick Ross](#)

You wanted to fuckin' walk around these roaches
These niggas is roaches
These niggas is mere motherfuckin' mortals
I'm tryna push you to supreme bein'
You don't wanna motherfuckin'
You don't wanna embrace your destiny
You wanna get by
You don't wanna go into the motherfuckin' dark
Where it's lonely
You can't handle the motherfuckin', the pain
Of the motherfuckin' not knowin' when the shit is gonna stop
Mama's tryna save me
But she don't know I'm tryna save her
Man, them niggas tried to play me
Man, 'til I got this paper
You're nobody 'til somebody kills you
"Blast for me" -- the last words from my nigga
On the pavement, born killers, body shivers
Drug money, dollar figures
Hustlers moving out of rentals, art of war is mental
Having sushi down in Nobu
Strapped like an Afghan soldier, nowhere to go to
So it's bang, no survivors
Only riders on my rider, murder rate rises
Stalkin' niggas on their IG's, never; I be
Still solo, Under Armour still Polo
No wire, on fire
My desire for fine things made me a liar, a shooter
Gettin' high feeling like it's voodoo
Nine lives, SK with the cooler
Makaveli in the 'Rari, still B-I double G, I, E
I pray you smoke with me
Go to bed with a kilo like Casino
Janet Reno, we all we got the creed of Nino
Pretty cars in the driveway
If you cut it then you sideways, double up, crime pays
Mama's tryna save me
But she don't know I'm tryna save her
Man, them niggas tried to play me
Man, 'til I got this paper
You're nobody 'til somebody kills you
You fuckin' wanna walk around with these niggas?
What the fuck is their culture?
Where the fuck is their souls at?

What defines you?

These niggas with these fuckin' silly looks on their faces
You wanna walk around with them or you wanna walk with God, nigga?
Make up your god damn mind I'm from where the streets test you
Niggas mix business and pleasure where the cocaine measure
The narcotics is our product
The by-product, you walk up on me, I cock it
New Mercedes as it peels off
Nothing penetrates the steel doors, gang signs, see 'em all
I said my prayer as I'm countin' sheep
Never really athletic, but I play for keeps, do you feel me?
The mortician, the morgue fillin' with more snitches
We kill 'em and taking their bitches, R.I.P
Chinchillas on a winter night
Black bottles when I'm feelin' like, you wanna know what winners like
And I'm never on that tour bus
Just a decoy for niggas, the PJ's for two of us
Ciroc boys down to die for Diddy
My niggas ride for less, keep it real, homie, made me filthy
Touch mine until it's even kill
Like I'm knowing every heathen will, closed the deal with Steven Hill
We Magic City of the networks
Cut a nigga cast off, how my nigga net worths Mama's tryna save me
But she don't know I'm tryna save her
Man, them niggas tried to play me
Man, 'til I got this paper
You're nobody 'til somebody kills you Fuck you wanna talk about?
Fuckin' jewelries and Bentley's and Hublot's
And fuckin' art that niggas ain't got on their fuckin' walls
And fuckin' mansions niggas ain't got
Niggas can't even pay the IRS, let alone their fuckin' staff, nigga
You gotta tell the truth, man
The truth'll set you free, son
The truth will set you free

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

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