

# Florida Boy (feat. T-Pain & Kodak Black)

## Rick Ross

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

It's all this here for a young Florida boy  
Where we play football and sell dope, man  
Gold rims and sticks, seven trays, no tops, ya dig, candy paints, yo  
Gold rims, good dope, make a wonderful summer  
Heard I was a genius, [?] the numbers  
Do it for the young fathers still signing the lease  
And all the hustlers who got somethin' in common with me  
If I got the keys, then it's a car I'ma keep  
When I learn to represent, I remind 'em of Meech  
Shootouts in Miami, can't spend no time on the beach  
Do or die, hit a blunt, I got a hundred ki  
Brought her to Florida, she fell in love with lobster  
Then I bent the corner with a couple drops  
Get your money, let's do [?] sales  
Life a test and every day we got so much to fail  
Told you the world was yours, now you in a cell  
Center of attention, now you by yourself  
Always did the shopping, now you're on the shelf  
Next time you see your daughter, bet her heart'll melt  
Pray for you niggas, if can't do nothin' else  
Pray you see the bigger picture, look at mama health  
Wake up, nigga, wake up  
Let down the top, nigga that's your pay stub  
It's hot as hell for this Florida boy  
Home of young niggas killin' with no remorse, with no remorse  
Home of young niggas killin' with no remorse

[Chorus: T-Pain]

Yeah, bitch, I'm a Florida Boy  
73s to them AMGs, now we rollin', boys  
And my mama raised me, [?] paid me  
I beat all of them cases, I'm old  
Bitch, I'm a Florida boy  
Old school, big-ass rims, sittin' like Tonka Toys  
I got a Florida state of mind now, I be on my grind now  
Let my niggas shine now, they on

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

I could've been a student, my mind was polluted  
Project unit nigga, I could smell all the raw sewage  
Told myself,

