Elvis Presley Blvd. (feat. Project Pat)

Rick Ross

Hood Billionaire
Nigga need that quinine
I'm making more with the baking soda, don't hate on me
You know where I'm at thoughI'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Got the dog food, the soft nigga and the hard
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogsI'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Got the boy, got the girl and I got the heart
Tell them pussy crackers they can bring the dogsI got Priscilla, I got Priscilla
I got vanilla, boy, I got vanilla
I been that nigga, I been that nigga
I bend that corner, I'm stacking scrilla
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Got the dog food, the soft nigga and the hard
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs
My face familiar, my face familiar
Half a milli for the whip, this bitch'll hurt your feelings
I could fly Priscilla, send her in the mail
She got Meek Milly cellphone in the county jail
I'm at the car wash off on Elvis Presley BLVD
That nina hit your van, your ass gon' holla "good God"
You feel that itch, you feel that itch
That heroin moving fast, boy, I'm getting richI'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Got the dog food, the soft nigga and the hard
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs
Run up in the trap, I push the panic button
Lil' 'Toine snorting coke, he ain't scared of nothing
Bumping Playa Fly until a player die
Charged 'em for the nine gram, but I gave a five
My baking soda fine, I'm baking over dimes
I got them brown bags, I bet they know it's mine
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Can I park an airplane in a nigga yard?I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Got the boy, got the girl and I got the heart
Tell them pussy crackers they can bring the dogsCrushing them sleepin' pills up, I'm steppin' on the dawg
Bringing down a half a thing, mane, get these puppies off
Hard work pays off, get more if you selling soft

Catch you slipping out here though, my dog, we knock your melon off
They cannot stunt, shoot them rifles long like African
Got them young boys shooting shit up like Africans
Me gold in me mouth, 'round my neck like leprechaun
Lamborghini or Ferrari, watch these bitches come
Stacking funds off the drugs, me go quick to rob the clubs
Nigga mouth was full of slugs, left these bodies full of slugs
Met me on the south side of the city with the whole thing
Iced 'em with the heater, took his shit, it's a cold game
His niggas know I done it, now it's rumors they want my head
Got my Russian bitch sleeping with me right in the bed
My niggas killing about this shit, for realling about this shit
Fuck around and get a hundred years, dawg, about this shitI'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD
Got the dog food, the soft nigga and the hard
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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