Supreme

Rick Ross

I just left the New United States, embassy
Somewhere in Georgia it's 109 rooms
I saw 30 bitches and 30 rooms and I was on the wrong side of the houseAnytime me and Scott
Scorch get together you gotta call us the Illuminati
Whenever you see the G it represents God and geometry
That's what the stencil's for
I'ma tell you never be with them
Nah, I'm just fuckin' with you
Aye, Scott, I'm just fuckin' with you, baby
Yo
Speeding in the Ghost on the phone with jewlers
My new bitch out of D.C., call me Ricky the Ruler
Gotta gather my concentration while counting my stacks
I got eight car notes and just lost me a pack
On the beach, I'm up and down, women jocking my ride
300 horses in this bitch, need a jockey inside
False floors for firearms is how you should ride
Tried to murder me while in mine so that's how I survived
My deal with Def Jam just set me for life
Wanted to chapel the the BM, man, I'm just rolling the dice
Big numbers, I'm John Wall, I'm balling tonight
Just joking, my sense of humor is like one of a kind
Got them gangstes who on my line that'll blow out your mind
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Got them gangstes who on my line that'll blow out your mind
Got them gangstes who on my line that'll blow out your mind
Tell me it's real
Tell me this is real, baby
How does it feel?
How does it feel?Geechi Liberace on riches and bitch
Charm city boys get a whole city of brick
Through the wire we wetting niggas, set the shit on fire
My bitch smiling I wanna bet, now we on Fisher Island
Panamera with Tony Jacob, BK's full of paper
Made a killing on my [?] every shooter
My niggas, we grew apart, they joined the rival gang
Caught them slipping, gave them a pass throwing pistols at surviving gang
Next time boss gotta turn his back on 'em
Letting young boys *brrrrat* on 'em
Facts, never find me with the fake look
Trapping little Davis, bitch, just take me to the cakebook
Black bottles, boy, that's how our case of ace lookTell me it's real, I wanna know

How does it feel, yeah, how does it feel?Clean Maybach, but it's filthy as shit
They partitioning for the women, how busy we get
From the scotch, the large mop, bet the linking feel
It's all a dream and never wake me up until it's real
Duffle bags, that's for the homie when he coming home
He never told and he never used the telephone
He on swole and that nigga need a telephone
In a Range Rover and a real nigga got it for himYou wanna know how does it feel
I know, I bet it must feel so real
Tell me it's real, I wanna know
How does it feel to be so real=You know when hanging with billion dollar niggas
One of the perks is getting to meet all these billion dollar bitches
I just met a bitch who never gets jetlag
And spent 10 thousand dollars on not her best bag
You underdig that
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