Maybach Music (feat. Jay-Z)

Rick Ross

What is this? Maybach music
I like this Maybach music
Sweet!
Ha ha ha!Come and take a ride
Come and take a rideBillionaire
Yayo
Justice League57 years, yes!
Blood for a D-Boy
Hand my mack 11 to the engineer to record
Got the baddest women in the world for me to feed on
Double deck yacht, docked Boss, blowing weed up
Revenue incredible, it put me on a pedestal
Columbia to Mexico, I figure there was a better route
Look at me, a model now
Models and bottles 'round
A Blood holla', ballin'
But the boys in blue, they shot 'em downGang-affiliated, colors prosecutors painted
'Cause the niggas I employed, name synonymous with Mi-Yayo
Instrumental that are mental, Maybach kind of mental
400 off the lot, the block is monumentalSome things your money can't buy
Like Heaven in the sky, even a better ride
In the rear, so many instruments I hear
Tucked behind curtain, no sign to fear, Ross!
I'm higher than a leer
This Maybach music, designer shit I wear
May cause you to lose it
Close your eyes and inhale the smoke
It's Maybach music, the realest shit I wrote, nigga
5 ounces, take a toke
Of this Maybach music, the realest shit I wrote
Boss!Young!
Fuck it then!Black Maybach, white seas, black piping
Remind me of Paul McCartney and Mike fighting
You know, The Girl Is Mine
Life's A Bitch, so The Whole World Is Mine
The six-deuce long, the curtains are drawn
Perfectly like a Picasso, Rembrandts and Rocco's
I'm a major player, 40-40's in Vegas at the Palazzo
They said it was not soCertain things that money can't buy
Like being this fly
'Til then, I'm just gonna' ride
I'm like G-Rap with better transportation

On the road to the riches, reach my Final Destination
And the lair, closer to a leer
Say a Prayer, hope I get ta' see her
When I disappear from here, baby, yeahBut I don't see the ending through these millionaire lenses
Just the Two M's on the emblem
The partition roof, translucent and Humador
Whereigerators, where Ace of Spades, or two I storeTrue story, my closet is like two stories
Straight to the happy ending, 'cause I don't do stories
Shawn Corey, real rap
The Maybach is bananas, peel back
You feel that?
Young! C'mon!Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back
Since way back, since way back
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back!
Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back
Since way back, since way back
8-track episodes, been doing this since way back!Boss!
Can't be stopped now
We got too much cakeThey pinching pennies, while I'm muscling for meals
And that muscle be that muzzle, when I stuff it in your grill
Stuffed shells, thanks to crack, I crack
Crab and lobsters, not all mobsters
Imposters, got cha!Boy, I got an eagle view, slanted on my balcony
Can only stay a week or two, so many people out for me
I bulletproofed the Maybach
Got a killer's intuition
Holding on that mack 11, Machiavelli premonitionWaiting on my Suge Knight
One nation under God, since I chose a thug's life
Guess I gotta play my part
Never will I die, my name symbolize
The hustle for young killers coming from the other sideSome things your money can't buy
Like Heaven in the sky, even a better ride
I'm large, my black car
Menagin' black broads, massage for frauds
I'm livin' large, my fat rocks
I see the kill in the field of hip-hop
Runnin' up on the car, you get popped, mopped and dropped
I'm the Boss!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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