

# Rick Ross, 30 For 30

Good news, they just let me off house arrest  
So get the beach house ready, yeah  
Let's do something special  
Young Rizzale, Young Rizzale

Write you niggas rhymes, they should call me ghost face  
Barely take my time, I'm just tryna motivate  
Moving up the co-sign of my first apartment  
True enough, I fuck around but it's you regardless  
Caught her on the cameras, got me enrolling in college  
Gold Rollie, Polo ghetto, wardrobe of a scholar  
We used to smoke weed on the PS3  
But now I pop Percs with the codeine  
Seen things, she a senior on the drill team  
Graduated all honours, she the real thing  
Told her I would cop her all designer gear  
Straight to the mall when the wire clear  
LA Reid and Steel calling back to back  
20 mill, new deal and that's half the text  
Can't rap with a nigga who ain't got a rap  
It ain't trap music if you never had to trap  
Don't ask 'bout it if you can't handle the facts  
My whole rap style built for the counter attacks  
The late night walks on the beach though  
Fuck her, legs in the air. I'm licking each toe  
Bread sticks, she want the sushi with the Miso Soup  
Glass of Bel-Air Rose, I keep the weed rolled  
Chauffeurs always told to use the key code  
Parked outside, the condo look like a casino  
She ask what I use for the sex drive  
I'mma have to get her tools for the next time  
Fuck her 'til the mouth dry, I need a rest break  
You be right back on my dick 'fore the next take, Rizzale