

Rick Ross, For Da Low

(Ladie and Gentlemen)

Ladies you are tuned into the best

Sho' Nuff songs

Jazze Phizzle
Rick Ross
Let's go Daddy

Rick Rizzle

M-I-YAYO

[Verse 1:]

Candy all in the paint, rims deep in the dirt
gotta car full of work, nigga pocket full of (?)
choppa on the front seat, sucka if you want beef
im in dade county, im the mayor you can come see
look here im well known, what you say? (I'm well known)
Kush by the el-bow, I love when it smell strong
otherside of the bridge, niggas die just to live
you want a beach, dont sleep 45 to ya wig
Represent Carol City, Dirty South ride wit me
M-I-Yayo on the map now it's my city
Pullin out the Seven trey, ever-other day
got bout 40 in it, hit ya hoe for 40 minutes

[Chorus:]

Pull up on them 24's, while I leanin on the doors
and I'm letting sucka's know, that I get it for da low
I get it for da low (ROSS), I get it for da low
I get it for da low (ROSS), I get it for da low
Pull up in that white on white, know you wonder what its like
know you wonder whats the price, aint nothing to a boss
I get it for da low (ROSS), I get it for da low
I get it for da low (ROSS), I get it for da low

[Verse 2:]

Niggas know how I does, neighborhood full of thugs
everybody sellin drugs, task force duckin us
load up the big guns, got so many which one?
everybody get to buy a house when the bricks come
hoes know my whole name, famous for co-caine
yea im bout to blow game, but im bout to blow mane
Rick Rizzle clockin' dough, inventory gotta go
if a nigga want it hard cook it like papa (doughs?)
Fat boy super cool, got something you can move
when I did what I do she got like a swimmin pool
oh boy real wet, so boy hell yea
I'm a millioniare but where I'm going I aint there yet

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

Go on let ya top down, fuck it blow a couple grand

treat her like an animal, make her do a hand stand
Club Rolexx (lex), you can stunt yo
I stood on a rolex smokin on a blunt hoe (ross)
I'm heavy mane, off in this chevy game
dip it in the pretty paint, chromed out everything
take it back to the block, triple C across the top
in an oldschoool motor brand new out the box
got bout a hundred killas runnin' wit a hundred niggas
tell it there to ya face, don't nobody want it wit us
niggas dead broke, they better shake it off
skycap ass niggas mad that we takin off

[Chorus:]

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