

# Rick Ross, Pirate

I guess there ain't no nice way to tell you niggas it's game over, huh?  
Pray for me

Hallucination of money, while nigga's stomach just rumble  
Had to fuck with the Haitians and break a kilo to crumbs  
Nigga living in rubble, within him labelled the rebel  
Any nigga wan' rumble, somebody hand me a shovel  
Gotta silence the lambs, get on my Buffalo Bill  
Stepping off the Sonoma with the black duffel bag filled  
Got a cute bitch with me; favor Kimora, for real  
Got Meek Mill on the celly, that nigga worth a few mil  
I multiply what I manage, I manage to multiply  
Witness real niggas fail, and watch you fuck niggas strive  
Witness bitch niggas pale, Jabar just got twenty-five  
At this point in my life, I'm just trying to survive  
Homicide stay on my mind, Christopher Wallace of my time  
R.I.P. to the legend, 2Pac Shakur with a nine  
Makaveli returns, it's God forgives, and I don't  
Resurrection of the real, time to get the richer than Trump

I'm rolling the dice, four, five, six  
Young nigga, nineteen, four or five bricks  
Praying on you niggas, sinners full of hate  
God forgives and I don't, only hustlers relate

Trying to keep my head above water, nigga  
We pirates out here, nigga, just trying to stay afloat  
And I ride for my niggas

Fascination with fortune afford me mansion and Porsches  
Panamera abortions, marijuana imported  
Dreams of getting cream and never to be extorted  
Seen so many things, be preposterous not to record it  
Product is in demand, profit not far behind  
Got on my mother pearl, she fucking up father time  
Babies be having babies, I'm talking 'bout how I grind  
Niggas thinking its voodoo the way bricks be multiplying  
Affiliated with wealth, associated with death  
Self-made millionaire, snatch a triple beam off the shelf  
Straight Grim Reaper, Air Jordans walking the streets  
Blackberry boss one call, ya put to sleep

I'm rolling the dice, four, five, six  
Young nigga, nineteen, forty five bricks  
Praying on you niggas, sinners full of hate  
God forgives and I don't, only hustlers relate

The Lord is my light and my salvation  
But I see none of you fuck niggas  
Fuck what you heard, nigga  
I need to feel it  
I need to smell it  
I need to see it