Rick Ross, Wuzzup

Tatted tears for my worries doin' bids in they 40s
The height a nigga go to for a penthouse with garages
Keep my hand on the hammer, feds on the scanner
Bun B in my blood, Pimp C as I chatter
Ridin' dirty but my watches, I just took my bitches shoppin'
Just landed in Detroit, I got a bitches shut up
All that talkin', it ain't nothin'
Rozay comfy in the pocket
Tatted, bridge water runnin' traffic like a faucet
Heroin on hollow tips, may I sit you with the highest?
No fly zone, mufucker I'm the flyest
Go and pay your rent, my new dicky covered in lint
Canary pinky ring I've got PETA all on my dick

I just pulled up to the office, time to link up with my partners
Bring a quarter to the table, we can go and get a dollar
Put my bitches all on hold, crackers hit me up the road
They gon' break off any way or time to do it for your woes, wazzup?
They say them killas lookin' for me, wuzzup?
They say them people askin' questions, wuzzup?
They say them slidas slidin' on me, wuzzup?
They say my number's gettin better, wuzzup?

Photoshoot fresh, four cubans layin' on my chest
Nigga hatin' from the stars, still I wish 'em the best
Killa' with no regrets, chinchilla, so finesse
Testosterone hella high, survived by gettin' by
Polish up all your flaws, you can't be fuckin' row
Finally made it to the majors, stealing bases of course
Giving bitches your money, she giving it to your dog
He who pillow talkin' the longest, may you rest in the MOB
48 lost, my dogs a body ...
Duck-tape Robert Greene, make him read the Qu'ran
Dollars on my neck, BGK on my sweats
Cartier frames, Belaire on my breath

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