

Rick Ross, Boss

(feat. Dre)

[Chorus:]

Run how you want, boss
Chill how you want, boss
Floss how you want, boss
Do whatcha like
Go rock your chain, boss
Pour that champagne, boss
Keep getting paid, boss
Do Whatcha like
Ross, la la, la la, la la
Do Whatcha like
Ross, la la, la la, la la
Do Whatcha like

[Verse 1:]

As I'm poppin' my collar, black on black antique impala
She ain't gotta speak cuz my speakers let her know that I'm ballin
They call me the boss, I be calling the shots
It's Ricky Ross, that boy be ballin alot
That boy be ridin' big, that boy be ridin' rim's
Not the flats but the fish cuz they just swim
New York to the west, you a boss if you fresh
Scuff your shoes, wipe em down
Now get back on your two step
Stunting is boss
Shining is boss
Grand daddy kush, or the purt, yellow diamonds is boss
That dime a boss, She fine as a house
And she driving a porche, She designed for a boss

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

I'm ridin' big, I'm hoping lanes
My chevy thang, Got this chickens all insane
Look at my stones tap dancing on the bezzle
Bad baby at the rollie, lap dancing and wanna kiss me
Oh no, cuz of my chain
Cuz of my bling like a peacock standing on my ring
Cuz I'm a boss, I'm a spend it
I'm a floss, I'm a winner
You the loss, all these niggas
Sprinkle soft cuz im the pepper and the salt
Whatcha feel, whatcha like
Whatcha want, what's your type
I done seen it, done it twice, bought it up the same night
Cuz I'm a boss, its Ricky Ross
If u buy, if u spend it, fuck the cost
You's a boss, You a boss

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[Verse 3:]

Before the block got whipped
And they Pistol got ripped
Before u got any chips
You got permission from the boss
On a mission for the charts, out-smart my competition
Composition so sharp, so dark ,so vivid
26's on the old school
Pro tools session
Got the old school ho's
Acting brand new sweating
Brand new tennis chain, fancy pockets on my jeans
Headed for the walk dude, fore' they win him on the stage
Two a day, super pay
Stupid brain from a model
Triple c a hundred deep
And everybody got a bottle
Got a bottle full of purp
Full of work, no leachin'
Blew 50 last weekend, if you looking for a reason
I'm the boss

[Chorus:]

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