

# Rick Ross, Family Ties

Some things you have to see for yourself  
Francis Ford, fuckin' with them hoes  
You niggas still can't afford

Made so many mistakes I know that my niggas relate  
Just to rattle my cage, so much shit they sat on my plate  
She know me through records, but she don't know me too well  
All this game is for sale was priceless, I keep for myself  
Shots fired, man expired in his Jordan 3's  
Small talk, turn that page, that's all they ever read  
You graduated, you still unemployed  
Taken for granted, love is null and void  
No longer one and few, young Langston Hughes  
Jewish intuition, I'm followin' cues  
Niggas own Versace, don't know Nikki Giovanni  
Your paper chasin', can't see that it's runnin' from you  
My homies from the block, they labeled me cunnin'  
No excuse for my success, so they say I'm Masonic  
I keep it one hundred, fuck her, I keep the car runnin'  
How she fuck on the back, that's to keep food on the stomach

Look at me, look at me  
Realest shit you niggas ever seen  
Look at me, look at me  
Look at me, look at me

Playin' for keeps, and that's just to say at the least  
Had a few seizures, nigga refused to get me some sleep  
I let shit slide, I should see the sparks  
Now I think about my moms when I jot these songs  
I think of certain niggas when I mention guns  
Heavy artillery, death to enemies number one  
Francis Ford, flows you niggas can't ignore  
Shoppin' with them hoes you niggas can't afford  
Bellaire Rose, they thought I'd go gold, wouldn't sell anything more  
They thought I'd fail, they thought I'd fold  
Go to hell, any nigga wanna buy my soul  
Double-M, extend my hand, I see you stumblin'  
Francis Ford films budget, double-forty M's  
Godfather money, filmin' part four again  
Butterball, Magic City, so you know it's him, me

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I blaze J's, fuck the Dutch slave trade  
Fuck a net worth when I'm just trynna maintain  
Tennessee, I felt like Mr. Wendal, nigga  
When ain't nobody starin' out that window with you  
Obligated, surrounded, when you are often hated  
Left a bag of that dope when they flew off to Vegas  
It was written, Mr. Jones, a different picture  
Strong as bones like Corleones, the realest figuers  
Speakin' in native tongues, me, myself and I  
Through Michael Rapaport eyes, it's just a lost trial  
But I see the gems, I see the stars  
Diabetes and all, your name will carry on  
I pray this legacy is what is left of me  
Corporate cannabis givin' me leprosy  
Look at me, look at me  
Double-M, fuckin' G

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