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

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