

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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