# Rick Ross, Where My Money (I Need That)

# [Chorus:]

Where my money? I need, I need, I need cash
Where my money? I need, I need, I need cash
Where my money? I need, I need, I need cash
Where my money? I need, I need, I need cash
Where my money? You don't wanna be the one I blast (Ross)
Where my money? You don't wanna be the one I blast (Ross)
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Where my money? You don't wanna be the one I blast (Ross)
Where my money?

### [Verse 1:]

Never try me like a thug If you do you betta duck Ima hit em' in his body, Somebody patching you up Ima bust a nigga head, Somebody wrapping you up When I ask you for ma shit, Nigga am i asking too much? Ridin' dirty in ma Seven deuce Its dirty, you can tell tha truth Im dirtier than a reverend Fighting internal revenue Ima get mine, You can call me Uncle Sam Used ya for your services, And i dont give a damn Slap bush with ma stash All these taxes and this cash Got these bitches sellin ass Homicide for tha cash Homicide for tha cash Ridin around gunnin mass Summertime son of sam Triple C gon gun you down Twenty birds on this surb Posted up on tha curb Got a lotta pistol game So we at ya A-Day If you owe me a dime Boy you better give me mine Cuz im pullin ma nine With one thing thats on ma mind

#### [Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

Still waitin on tha call
Homie supposed to be my dawg
It done been more then a week
He caught himself runnin off
Yea he bought two, two
But I fronted anotha three, three
But ima get him marked off

fo no less than a quarter key Yea I broke him off. Now I gotta break him off He think he using his head, I gotta take it off Therefore im loosing his head And then im taking off Mashing in the grand national Wont break it off Lemme break it down I see fifty off a chicken Everytime I break it down Bad little Bitches shake it when they break it down Lemme break it down I Broke it down. To the smallest slab Cuz im so fat I got the fiends callin cabs Im out here for my stacks Im out here for my stacks From the side of the bridge, You gotta cross the tracks Dade county D Boyz at yo front door Three in tha mornin and ya know what dey knockin fo'

## [Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:] Im like a professor, I weigh and i measure Triple beam on tha dresser Couldn't be fresher Cookin's my pleasure Cookies my treasure Hustle couldn't be better Muscle you couldn't measure Niggas feelin tha pressure Pressure they bust pipes I'm cool with your bitch Your bitch fuck nice (See I need that) Fly hoes on my team (See I need that) My hoes will gimmie anything Grinding back in Savana Climbing back through Atlanta Shoot the makin, See what shakin My shit white as Miss Vanna Its Rick Ross Rolls-Royce when I floss Ima big boss And I neva took a loss (See I need that) (See I need that) I might of took a loss

But it wasnt like that (Ross) So Im back on my grizzle Got the streets on sizzle Its Ricky Rizzle The rich nizzle Tha rich nizzle Now bitch

# [Chorus:]

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