

Webbie ft. Birdman and Rick Ross, A Miracle

[Webbie:]

The lil soldier with nothin clear to see wasn't nobody handin him shit
Ridin round town glamour and glistenin
Ya don't won't my position, I'm spittin facts
Couldn't relax, the whole time I had weight up on my back
Be black gon back, I got pistols on deck
They gave cause seven flat, how many niggas gon rat
Check my tats, ya neva heard of dis ya suppose to man
It had to fair, now I meet da family and dem, it packed at Madison Square
I had career, I supposed to be right back there with dem
I owed it to him, I know it I show it
Don't wanna blow it or pour it
For da streets, give me a beat I'm a roll it
Show it with dem leavin magic
But I knew I had it in savage
It got crucial I ain't panic, when ya'll want it, I ran it
I remember when my granny said anything was to happen
From slangin, hustlin, to trappin
Laughin, prayin jackin
I'm blowin on granddaddy and all my kids happy it's a miracle

[Chorus: x2]

It seem like I'm dreamin, ah somebody pinch me
Am I supposed be in da spot dat I'm in, is dis really real
All dese years, am I really here
Have I really live what they call a miracle
Birdman: how u shoot clips, put it in the air
Mean mug dem niggas and have no fear
Play the game with dem stripes, put it in his life
Ten on da mic, nigga do it da same night
It's a miracle, da way I bend dem corners on dem
Get up early on dem, get dis money on dem
A miracle, a lot I bought on, crib I paid on, thangs I got on
A miracle, fresh crush to diamond ice, place in one price, did it for one night
A miracle, I don't lived da high life
Shined in high lights, did it with gun fights
A miracle, nigga it was hell we came in
Money didn't come in, hell we went in
A miracle, no time lyin homie
Time for crime homie, time for dyin homie

[Chorus x2]

[Rick Ross:]

It's truly a miracle, dat boy still a live
Cause I was sellin bo in '95
Ridin with my boys deallin dope gettin high
Crackers tryin to give me time, and we ain't talkin 5
Niggaz talk fly so dat pistol by my side
My baby mama f**kin, all my homies on da sly
I see all through da corner of nigga eyes
So I keep my shades on, and my face up at da sky
Pistons get da power, snitchin is for cowards
I got plasmas in da shower, and my bitches snortin powder
I'm a g, my life a movie, I got rubber uzzi's in my jacuzzi
They think I'm biggie, I'm bumpin juicy with several groupies
I got beamers and business, bitch they all on duces
I got da prduct, and when ya drop it, it neva loses
Da prey get prayed on, killers get prayed for
It dis a dream, I pray I neva wake up

[Chorus x2]