

Turnpike Ike

Rick Ross

I told her that, she can't fuck me like I'm a king no more
I told her she gotta make love to me like I'm an emperor, her emperor
Man, I done got money everywhere, nigga, but particularly that Turnpike South
It's been a blessing to a young nigga like Renzel(M-M-M)Indictment on the way, got Sadow on
the case

When you get your first kilo, it should be on your face
Nigga movin' like the Mob, hundred thousand Francs
Dry land when you wanna be out on the lake (Swish)
Determined to be one of the fortunate men
Bitches come from everywhere once the hustlin' commence
I see you prayin', testified and forgot the time
Bottom line, your car should get shot up like it was mine
Twenty round, but the voodoo let no harm be allowed
My voodoo, they all know the spirits when I be aroused
Made it to Star Island, started with a nickel rock
Who thought a project nigga get to get a yacht
Two million dollars cash in the Range Rover
Opa Laka Airport, let's get the plane loaded
I put it on the Turnpike
Gold rims, whip wheel, blue bills, ducking the termites
I'ma let one of my bad bitches tell you how much paper I got
Baby, what we livin' like? (Twenty houses)
What else? (Fifty cars)
Yeah? (Haha) What I make you feel like? (Priceless, baby)
Ugh, you live for me? (Every day)
You would die for me? (Right now)
Ugh (Haha) Double M G Turnpike, real earner, Ted Turner (Me)
Whippin' in the kitchen, that boy was a fast learner
Time to live it up, two million tucked in that new Bentley truck
Ain't too many I can trust, so shooters is a must
I reminisce when it was hit or miss (Ha)
I was innocent until I hit a lick (Haha)
Seven figures on a nigga' mama couch
Don't wanna hear nobody talkin' 'bout a drought (Boss)
I'm chillin on a yacht in my Mitchel and Ness (Ugh)
Stitches in my britches, 57S
Swishers, you could smell 'em on the internet
Ain't beefin' with nobody 'cause I'm killin' that
I tossed a pistol on the car chase (Wooh)
Then walked into the church just like the boy Ma\$e
I'm the man out in Barcelona
Got a couple bad bitches out in California

Real language, biggest
Tell these niggas some more shit, bae
(Baby, you the biggest, the biggest boss, you're my boss, baby)
How much money we gon' get? (We gon' get all of it, baby, we gon' take it all, honey)
Turnpike Ike, ugh, ha (You the biggest, baby, you the boss)Go get a room right out of town and
I'm in Oprah's Yacht
I'm makin' moves with all my rounds, you better call the cops
Second weekend I just had to go buy me a drop
Slick remarks and I'm in county, yeah look at me shop
Cold games, I gotta step out and mold 'em in furs
Gil Green the way I capture the moment with words
City mine, I keep the killers that fill up a church
Swear to God, a quarter kilo won't get you a verse
Bring mine, stay on time, and that's where we resign
Meanwhile, we be having such a meaningful time
Spiritual nigga, baptized every G5
With bad bitches who idol still with Nicki Minaj
Rags to riches, now I move with beautiful women
Knew from the beginning that one day that I'd grew to be winning
If you lookin' for me, catch me on the Turnpike
And when you see me, I'ma show you what this work like, niggaFuck you think this is?
Turnpike Ike, nigga, Isaac Hicks, rest in peace OG
Big Mike, Michael Delancy, free Michael Delancy
Kenneth Williams, long live Black Bo
Carol City shit, nigga(He a thoughtful nigga, boss)
(There won't ever be a boss as big as you, baby
You the biggest, the biggest boss, you the biggest
The biggest boss, you the boss, you the boss)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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