

Paradise Lost

Rick Ross

Magic City

Where the palm trees and the bright lights look so pretty
Don't lose your soul chasing that pot of gold I'm trying to go where I can't go
Trying to be what I can't be
I wanna teach you what I can't show
We gotta reach what we can't reach
Trying to shine when the sun won't
I gotta grind as I gun toke
She's rolling weed as I'm doing me
I kept the G's, she can count on me
Wonderful times, lay a head for a young nigga
Like the day she told her that I was a drug dealer
That explains how the cars came
And all the big money at the card games
I roll dice with the low-lives
Timb boots and the coat nice
New Porsche, smoke lights
Young nigga, get your dough right
Get your money right
Children gotta change, but they don't have a thing
All this drug dealing, it's killing our brother, mane
The cost of feeling freedom, but they don't understand
If we don't do it now we really don't have a chance
My sister, my brother, get your money right
Live for a celebration, build your mastermind
It's time to make a living, my brother, get your money right Magic City
Where the palm trees and the bright lights look so pretty
Don't lose your soul chasing that pot of gold
I wanna go where I can't go
In Dubai smoking dank smoke
No charges for the cellphones
But I charge 'em just to sell for
Peach Ciroc and the L's long
Get to meet Barack, rub elbows
We the ones that never got the Pell Grants
Fuck FullSail, let your mail stack
I just wanna sign another lease
Mentality of a young nigga in the streets
But I think it's time to buy that home
And if you got it give your man a loan
And if you bought it we can leave it 'lone
My niggas write it on their teeth of gold

All gold grills, but to each his own
Got in power to put my people on Get your money right
Children gotta change, but they don't have a thing
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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