

I'm a G (Featuring Brisco & Lil Wayne)

Rick Ross

Uh I wear a gun like a girdle
Bullet proof car got me feelin' like a turtle
Shit these niggas ain't satisfied 'til they get murdered
You heard me
Yeah and I'm a G
You don't know a motherfuckin' thing about me
I tell you one motherfuckin' thing about me
Bitch I got so much money on me uhhh I'm lookin' thug in the Bentley
I gotta few slugs, don't tempt me
Khaled put me up on the fur mats
I'm a million dollar nigga, let's confirm that
I rep Carol City out in Vegas
And the Magic hundred thousand dollar bracelet
More guns than The Matrix
Neo, reload get your face twist
Cartel cocaine by the cases
Cartel more cars than the races
AK's on the lear jet
G4 Rick Ross I'm a real threat
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Bitch I got so much money on me uhhh Standin' in the blue house, chopper in my right hand
Stomach growlin' and Brisc gotta feed the fam
I gotta meet the man, the man with them kilograms
He 'bout to get jammed by the Opalocka goon
I found the needle in the hay stack
Put boy in and flood the streets I got my weight back
Now I'm known around Dade as the young don
Ain't no bitch made pussy where I come from
And them dicks ain't stoppin' shit
Eight pounds on the peak and bird fare on the wrist
So far so hood
Move around, hit his ass, it ain't look so good
Now he leavin' in the black bag
He the roach, the Brisc' be the black flag
And don't leave your dope round me
Straight gutta fo real, ask your homie 'bout me

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Bitch I got so much money on me uhhhFat paper bag, brown paper bag
Rubberband green paper cash
Fuck with it get the laser tag
Y'all niggas better wave a flag, it is over
I walk with a hand gun ride with a pump
"Vroom" it must be the coupe or somethin'
Since I love her I'm a put some candy on that hoe
I go topless no panty on that ho
See, y'all niggas think it's sweet
Sweet tooth niggas get shot in the teeth, like that bwoy
I got guns where guns ain't supposed to be
You need to get a full dose of me
I'm crackUh I wear a gun like a girdle
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You don't know a motherfuckin' thing about me
I tell you one motherfuckin' thing about me
Bitch I got so much money on me uhhhNiggas know I'm militant
Know who you dealin' with
Fuck your pretty whip
You niggas ain't killin' shit
Every bird I whip
Fuckin' every bird I'm with
I'm your Makaveli sucker with a murder hit
Y'all niggas ain't trill
Y'all niggas know the deal
Y'all niggas won't deal
What you talkin' is irrelevant
This shit would leave a hole in a elephant
So if I got it then I'm sellin' it
Need cheese cake like Fredrick
Your hear the rhetoric
Think you not a predicate
Rick in the seven-six
Six shot medal kit
RossUh I wear a gun like a girdle
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You don't know a motherfuckin' thing about me
I tell you one motherfuckin' thing about me
Bitch I got so much money on me uhhhRoss!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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