

# Valley of Death

Rick Ross

The meek shall inherit the earth  
That's what the bible says Walk like a giant, talk like a tyrant  
Faith of a mustard seed, destined for a triumph  
David and Goliath, hate me or admire  
Kush burns slow as I chase my desires Embrace my empire, batta boy eat fire  
Guns like choirs when they sing, keep quite  
Will I get to Heaven? Turn to Psalm 27  
Lord knows when I see this monkey  
I'm gon' be the devil Be him 'cause I'm clever, beat him at whatever  
You never was a G, nigga, Unit ain't together  
New York's unified down south, love dat  
When we get to shine, muthafuckas where the love at?  
Real niggas gettin' money, betta log on  
Think da games dead now? Imagine when ya dog's gone  
Imagine when this song gone  
When ya phone off, there's only one to call on I mean if I die today  
I could honestly say, thank you, Lord  
Thank you, Lord, thank you, Lord I'm bigger than a title, bigger than a name  
You could label me the biggest title in the game  
Put food on the table, fed the whole city  
Tell me who be the fool if the Feds come get me Better years are better when you call it  
trendsetter  
The world so cold hope you got a lil' sweater  
Caught a lil case but he had a lil' cheddar  
Planned out the 15, poured his life in a letter  
Very first line he called, trick daddy stupid  
Say he got aids, tellin' people that it's lupus  
Not the one just to jump to conclusions  
I'm gettin' money, small talk can be a nuisance Broke chains, reminiscent to them nooses  
Sittin' on deuces, new land cruisers  
Who the fuck you callin' losers, you niggas losin'  
Look like you could use us When I bought my first Run DMC vinyl  
And my first 2 Live Crew cassette  
I woulda cried if I knew I would be where I'm at today  
Took me 40 minutes to walk there to buy it Call ya boy, A C.O. but if I really was  
When all these niggas undercover, fuckin' niggas up  
Keep it trilla, nigga never had a gun and badge  
Kept a nice, watch smokin' on a hundred sack Back in the day, I sold crack for some nice kicks  
Skippin' school, I saw my friend stabbed with a ice pick  
Young nigga 15 with 3 C's  
From that very day I carried on the 3 C's Can't criticize niggas tryna get jobs  
Better get smart, young brotha live yours

Only live once and I got 2 kids  
And for me to feed them I get 2 gigs I shuffle shit, I CEO so we can bow our head  
And pray over the meatloaf  
I'm lookin' at the big picture  
Keep a bitch with cha, tryna get a bit richer I remember prayin' for, for me to just get the  
The opportunity to just get a record deal  
And now I sign artists  
Thank you, lord  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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