

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
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