

# Elvis Presley Blvd. (feat. Project Pat)

Rick Ross

Hood Billionaire  
Nigga need that quinine  
I'm making more with the baking soda, don't hate on me  
You know where I'm at though I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the dog food, the soft nigga and the hard  
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the boy, got the girl and I got the heart  
Tell them pussy crackers they can bring the dogs I got Priscilla, I got Priscilla  
I got vanilla, boy, I got vanilla  
I been that nigga, I been that nigga  
I bend that corner, I'm stacking scrilla  
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the dog food, the soft nigga and the hard  
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs  
My face familiar, my face familiar  
Half a milli for the whip, this bitch'll hurt your feelings  
I could fly Priscilla, send her in the mail  
She got Meek Milly cellphone in the county jail  
I'm at the car wash off on Elvis Presley BLVD  
That nina hit your van, your ass gon' holla "good God"  
You feel that itch, you feel that itch  
That heroin moving fast, boy, I'm getting rich I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the dog food, the soft nigga and the hard  
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs  
Run up in the trap, I push the panic button  
Lil' 'Toine snorting coke, he ain't scared of nothing  
Bumping Playa Fly until a player die  
Charged 'em for the nine gram, but I gave a five  
My baking soda fine, I'm baking over dimes  
I got them brown bags, I bet they know it's mine  
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Can I park an airplane in a nigga yard? I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the boy, got the girl and I got the heart  
Tell them pussy crackers they can bring the dogs Crushing them sleepin' pills up, I'm steppin' on  
the dawg  
Bringing down a half a thing, mane, get these puppies off  
Hard work pays off, get more if you selling soft

Catch you slipping out here though, my dog, we knock your melon off  
They cannot stunt, shoot them rifles long like African  
Got them young boys shooting shit up like Africans  
Me gold in me mouth, 'round my neck like leprechaun  
Lamborghini or Ferrari, watch these bitches come  
Stacking funds off the drugs, me go quick to rob the clubs  
Nigga mouth was full of slugs, left these bodies full of slugs  
Met me on the south side of the city with the whole thing  
Iced 'em with the heater, took his shit, it's a cold game  
His niggas know I done it, now it's rumors they want my head  
Got my Russian bitch sleeping with me right in the bed  
My niggas killing about this shit, for realling about this shit  
Fuck around and get a hundred years, dawg, about this shit I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
I'm riding down Elvis Presley BLVD  
Got the dog food, the soft nigga and the hard  
You can tell them crackers they can go and get the dogs  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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