

Summer Seventeen (feat. Yo Gotti)

Rick Ross

You scared to die nigga?
Open your eyes wide and I pray you are I'm out on bond so I gotta beat it
All the dope boys say they wanna be me (boss)
I got a lick boy, I got a lick
2017 trust me boy, this one is it
I used to smoke the weed until my fingers burn
Pool of bitches fucking me, I got em' taking turns
My nigga bought the stick but you wanna fade
Made runnin' in the bank a residential thing
All my niggas mad they like fuck the world
Back to standin' on the Ave. with a couple birds
If you a killer well I'm tryna see
Cause calling the police the only thing free
I had to park that purple Lamborghini?
And pull that Chevy back out on the cement
I'm from the city where they kill for nothin'
And all Renzel do is push a button
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
(All my niggas! I'm talking all my niggas!)
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I had a quarter mil' when I was seventeen
Quarterback and quarter keys, plus I own the team
Rather you than me, rather me than you
Riding in that coupe, hanging out shooting
Glass panoramic top, I don't got no roof
Your bitch wishing on a star
I can see the moon
I can count to a million with my eyes closed, and shoot a pussy with that chopper while I'm
blindfolded
Draco, draco, draco (draco), fitted cap a halo (halo)
Activis and Faygo, no pussies on my payroll
It's 'bout to be a cold summer, hot winter
This year in march, I might make it rain 'til September
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I'm out on bond so I gotta beat it
Half a million to my lawyer cause he undefeated
Shots fired; you short of breathing

Barefoot, cause them kids took your Adidas
I'm keepin' fried fish up in my mama pan
How much y'all detectives call yo' boy the son of Sam
Zaca flesh shake up the block, that's with a hundred grand
Put that voodoo on you niggas so that gun'll jam
You know them niggas killers how they name ring
You know them niggas winners how they chain swing
All the bitches sellin' pussy charge the same thing
Richest nigga in the hood, we call him Rain Man
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
(All my niggas, let's go!)
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
I want my niggas rich by summer seventeen
Lord! I'm talking all my niggas!
All my niggas!
Every one of em, nigga
Summer seventeen nigga!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>