

# Maybach Music IV (feat. Ne-Yo)

## Rick Ross

What is this? Maybach music  
I like this Maybach music  
Sweet!  
Ha ha ha! Come and take a ride  
Come and take a ride Billionaire  
Yayo  
Justice League 57 years, yes!  
Blood for a D-Boy  
Hand my mack 11 to the engineer to record  
Got the baddest women in the world for me to feed on  
Double deck yacht, docked Boss, blowing weed up  
Revenue incredible, it put me on a pedestal  
Columbia to Mexico, I figure there was a better route  
Look at me, a model now  
Models and bottles 'round  
A Blood holla', ballin'  
But the boys in blue, they shot 'em down Gang-affiliated, colors prosecutors painted  
'Cause the niggas I employed, name synonymous with Mi-Yayo  
Instrumental that are mental, Maybach kind of mental  
400 off the lot, the block is monumental Some things your money can't buy  
Like Heaven in the sky, even a better ride  
In the rear, so many instruments I hear  
Tucked behind curtain, no sign to fear, Ross!  
I'm higher than a leer  
This Maybach music, designer shit I wear  
May cause you to lose it  
Close your eyes and inhale the smoke  
It's Maybach music, the realest shit I wrote, nigga  
5 ounces, take a toke  
Of this Maybach music, the realest shit I wrote  
Boss! Young!  
Fuck it then! Black Maybach, white seas, black piping  
Remind me of Paul McCartney and Mike fighting  
You know, The Girl Is Mine  
Life's A Bitch, so The Whole World Is Mine  
The six-deuce long, the curtains are drawn  
Perfectly like a Picasso, Rembrandts and Rocco's  
I'm a major player, 40-40's in Vegas at the Palazzo  
They said it was not so Certain things that money can't buy  
Like being this fly  
'Til then, I'm just gonna' ride  
I'm like G-Rap with better transportation

On the road to the riches, reach my Final Destination  
 And the lair, closer to a leer  
 Say a Prayer, hope I get ta' see her  
 When I disappear from here, baby, yeah But I don't see the ending through these millionaire  
 lenses  
 Just the Two M's on the emblem  
 The partition roof, translucent and Humador  
 Whereigerators, where Ace of Spades, or two I store True story, my closet is like two stories  
 Straight to the happy ending, 'cause I don't do stories  
 Shawn Corey, real rap  
 The Maybach is bananas, peel back  
 You feel that?  
 Young! C'mon! Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach  
 8-track episodes, been doing this since way back  
 Since way back, since way back  
 8-track episodes, been doing this since way back!  
 Realest shit I ever wrote, chillin' in my Maybach  
 8-track episodes, been doing this since way back  
 Since way back, since way back  
 8-track episodes, been doing this since way back! Boss!  
 Can't be stopped now  
 We got too much cake They pinching pennies, while I'm muscling for meals  
 And that muscle be that muzzle, when I stuff it in your grill  
 Stuffed shells, thanks to crack, I crack  
 Crab and lobsters, not all mobsters  
 Imposters, got cha! Boy, I got an eagle view, slanted on my balcony  
 Can only stay a week or two, so many people out for me  
 I bulletproofed the Maybach  
 Got a killer's intuition  
 Holding on that mack 11, Machiavelli premonition Waiting on my Suge Knight  
 One nation under God, since I chose a thug's life  
 Guess I gotta play my part  
 Never will I die, my name symbolize  
 The hustle for young killers coming from the other side Some things your money can't buy  
 Like Heaven in the sky, even a better ride  
 I'm large, my black car  
 Menagin' black broads, massage for frauds  
 I'm livin' large, my fat rocks  
 I see the kill in the field of hip-hop  
 Runnin' up on the car, you get popped, mopped and dropped  
 I'm the Boss!

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

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