

Idols Become Rivals (feat. Chris Rock)

Rick Ross

Yo this Chris Rock.
I'm in here with my man Ricky Rozay.
We in here drinkin' this Belaire Rose.
That's how we do it.
That's all we do.
Belaire Rose!
Eatin' Wingstop, what you know about Wingstop, nigga?
You don't know nothin' about no Wingstop.
You can't handle this, nigga.
You can't handle, sit down in the corner,
Shut the fuck up and take notes, bitch
Just take notes I used to see niggas on TV, man
I used to be like, "Yo them niggas so blessed, you know what I'm sayin'?"
If I had that opportunity, you know what I'm sayin'?
Maybach Music
Black Metaphor
I grew up on that Cash Money
Bling bling, was well known to flash money
Hit the liquor store, after my Vic authority
Quick to switch a bitch up, pick up me a thicker shorty
Pistol on me, nigga, ain't no pickin' on me
We veterans so it's better if you go get your army
A thug holiday is where your body lay
Me and Trick Daddy come from a common place
So us gettin' money, that's just a conversation
It's so hard stayin' rich and miss the confrontations
Cigars in the oval office, Ronald Reagan
Heard Barack Obama whisper asalaam alaikum
Live for the moment, die for the streets
Bible on the dash, kilos on the seat
I used to see you niggas on my TV screen
And wondered what was life like, was it all a dream?
And then I met you out on LiveNation dates
Came to the realization that your watch was fake
Damn... you nearly broke my heart
I really thought you niggas really owned them cars
I used to look up to you, nigga, uh Hard to point a finger when you live a life of sin
I'ma bring my niggas with me if I lose or win
Bought a fleet of cars, let the bitches tag along
This little thing of ours, not the ones to tattle on
Omerta the code, Met Ball, parties with Vogue
Still blowin' thick smoke while you powder your nose

Such a head rush until the day the feds rush
That's when you niggas wish you put your bread up
Leased whips, bad blood, that shit'll sink ships
Fast money comin' slow, you better think quick
Rap game, so much fuck shit done
That's why this .45 in my Trukfit trunks
Fuck a skateboard, I went and got a Wraith, boy
Catholic record labels, niggas gettin' raped, boy
Birdman's a priest, moans in his synagogue
Publishin' is a sin, repent, forgive me, Lord
Shots fired, home invasion out on Palm Isle
Red beam detonators, who the bomb now?
Look you in your eyes, nigga, 'fore I say good night
And pray that Mannie Fresh'll get to see the light
Damn, Stunna, I loved you, nigga
Hate it came to this
Maybach Music
You stole them boys pub and bought a foreclosure
Scott Storch demons in it, which is more poison
I handed over records, never charged a coin
But could sense the sentiment, I'm talkin' all along
All Miami issues, Rozay handle for him
Same way Big Ducky do for me in California
Never slippin', got relationships with the trillest niggas
Tony Draper, J Prince and ever Jimmy Henchmen
Plenty killers and I know that Diddy with it
Tyga, chinchilla, really ain't no penny pinchin'
Knew that you would never visit BG
Turk came home, take that boy a three piece
Shootin' dope, usin' coke, movin' like you the Folks
Sacrificin' half our life for your new music cult
You would give us self esteem and motivate our drive
But was in our pockets by the time we count to five
I pray you find the kindness in your heart for Wayne
His entire life, he gave you what there was to gain
I watched this whole debacle so I'm part to blame
Last request, can all producers please get paid?
Can't believe this shit, homie
I still love you, nigga
How the fuck, nigga, you touch half a billion, nigga
And your team starvin', nigga
You on an island, nigga
You came to my city, nigga
I let you in my city, nigga
And what hurt me the most, nigga
Is how you did my brother Khaled, nigga
Khaled was loyal to you, nigga
The pain I seen in my brother's eye, nigga
FaceTimin' my nigga, nigga, he took that to the chin, nigga
That's why my nigga blessed
That's why my nigga Khaled blessed
You put my nigga in the hole, homie

I don't feel you for that, my nigga
That shit hurt me, you under-dig? Uh
It's painful what you see real niggas do when they get the paper
When they get the bag
You can't never forget 'bout lil bruh and them
I'll never forget 'bout lil bruh and them
Lil bruh and them, always remember
Lil bruh and them, this for lil bruh and them
Stunna

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