

Santorini Greece

Rick Ross

Sometimes I be wanting to say "fuck the world!"
I don't give a fuck!
Shoot it out with all you bitches
Bitches don't love me
Young black nigga, nigga fighting the world, nigga
Everywhere you go bitches throwing rocks nigga
Man, a nigga in a Lamborghini Seen a Cuban kilo I was 15
Dealing yayo never had my teeth cleaned
Restricted license but I'm so divisive
I know the snipers and I flow the nicest
Fresher than Groovy Lou at a Coogi shoot
A multiple weapons in my new Gucci boots
The bank account done caught the holy ghost
I say the bank account done caught the holy ghost
Hot pastrami for my Jewish chicks
Eight days of Christmas, every day a newer gift
I'm Michael Jackson to the rich niggas
That leather jacket, baby, with the 6 zippers
Suicide, or rather crucified
I prophesize your whole crew demise
Mutulu wife reside in Cuba nigga
Shoot you, let you bleed out, it's how they do it nigga
Huh! Huh!

These niggas don't believe in God
From this very moment, you should believe in God Half of my niggas headed to Attica
Either trafficking or destined to be a janitor
Diabetes rampant in my blood line
That why fat boy be happy to see the sunshine
I'm here for results baby let's cut to chase
Sticky fingers and paper
D.A. will drop the case
Art Basel with Lyor I blew 300 with 'em
2 seaters for all the soldiers who running with 'em
Ask 100 women, yeah they wanna hit 'em
I be half awake and still be running in 'em
Two new liter sprite to get me through the night
Bowling alley in the basement but we still shooting dice
Rich forever, killa take my old advice
Better yet, take my old bitches and mold 'em right
And if I want her back I come and take her back
Santorini Greece, I put it on the map
Some points you niggas gotta be grateful

Mutulu Shakur

I know your dreads touching the floor nigga
We in the last days, these racist agendas
Blatant double standards because I'm a nigga
Jesse Jackson on them people payroll (fuck him)
When you black, lips chapped cause the game cold
I'm giving niggas jobs when I sing songs
White man love me when I get my bling on
But you hate me buying real estate in foreign land
Respect my genius, all my people Portishead
Room full of cloaks and they count votes
Million man march and I'm taking notes
Made it to the top, you thought they saw a ghost
Facing tax evasion, niggas sell they soul
So selling dope was the path we chose
And now it's boats in the Bel-Air rows
Rich niggas in the set and stone
Neck rocky, Sylvester Stallone
See me in Capris or them Andes
Santorini, Greece with a dime piece
My money long, you know I'm out your reach
Only fat nigga jogging on the beach
Versace underwear but see the ass crack
Oblivious to how rapid my cash stack
I'm a pistol toter, fuck I'm voting for? (fuck 'em)
If I could, I'd drop a bomb, let's take em all to war (fuck 'em)
My favorite shorty out of Baltimore (yeah)
Every Chanel you know I bought it for her (I got that)
All the arguments she never called the law
I was never home but hid the money in the walls
Constant visits from the A.T.F
So I copped some cribs in the ATL
Martha Stewart decorated both
Snoop Dogg donated the smoke
This Chinese arithmetic, and it all add up
It all add up
Big Dog, Big Boss
Huh! Huh!

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

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