

Blessing In Disguise (feat. Scarface & Z-Ro)

Rick Ross

I live just enough for the city so I get by
Money never changed how I felt, would I risk my
Life for a dollar, homie? Nah, I don't think so
Greed breeds jealousy, nigga, out here when getting fo's
Catch a nigga slipping, put a bullet in his temple
Homie, it's the same rules, money talks, simple my kinfolk
Call it what I'm living like the high life
Only if he knew what I had to do to keep my mind right
I tell you I got 20/20 hindsight
See it in the distance, hieroglyphics keep the rhymes tight
My mind like, game recognize that
Real recognize real, steel .45 strapped
Underneath the white tee, Zimmerman get shot down
Hero, it ain't nothing but a sandwich, call the cops now
Fuck the police, stop running
White boys terrorize nigga' neighborhoods, gunning
Down the innocent, and then the beginning ends
You was doing 50 in the 35, the ending is
You fit the description of the subject in this incident
We gon' have to take you downtown for some questionin'
Damn, a blessin in disguise if you ask me
I was just about to hit the highway with my last key
Could it be that maybe God is intervenes
With my life like he did so many times in between
A half a block away from the crime scene
A minute earlier and that was me, think
I've been knowing Ross since he was Teflon
Same nigga now it was back then, nothing stepped on
Dopeman, dopeman yelling
Cook it 'til it's rock hard, bag it up, sell it
Aroma so loud, so loud that you can smell it
Kept to them niggas getting caught go and tell it
Every time I turn around, y'all got something to say about me
But y'all don't know a damn thing about me
Just what you see, that's what you judge me on
Every time I turn around the guilty be pointing fingers at me
Homie, I'm just trying to be all I can be
But not for free, that's why the fuck we roll
I need that
Can't even believe this day here, my nigga
I remember us sitting in the parking lot talking about getting money
Cracks in the wall, standing
in the puddle
Sunny south Florida, a cold motherfucker

Ready for a war, barely wanna talk
Ballys on, my nigga, as they walking back and forth
Makes you wanna hustle, take care of my brothers
Raymond passed away, here's something for his mother
It never is enough, trying to show her that I love him
We were fishing buddies, breed the dog, split the puppies
Pictures on the wall, bitches we done raw
Niggas getting robbed, the only shit that we can solve
We all wanna get it, ball for a minute
Accept collect calls, tell our dawgs that we did it
Plenty money orders, that what uncle Kenny taught us
Keep your face clean when you're out here bending corners
Always keep in mind, you fall in love a thousand times
Regardless what we went through, I'm still right here by your side
Artificial homies, worse than the agents
When you parking all your cars, they wanna know the payments
Rose petals dripping on the casket
Baby boy done grew into a bastard
On that lean, you know I fuck her fantastic
Work white as Rita Ora in that plastic
Took shots, shed tears, that's war
Bust bottles on yachts, stand tall
Catch a case, don't talk, that's raw
Scarface, Rick Ross: big boys
Big boys, Scarface, Rozay, we big boys
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Homie, I'm just trying to be all I can be
But not for free, that's why the fuck we roll
I need that I need that

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

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