

# 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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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 I need that

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

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