

# Ima Boss (feat. Rick Ross)

## Meek Mill

Look I be ridin' through my old hood, but I'm in my new whip  
Same old attitude but I'm on that new shit  
They say they gon' rob me, see me never do shit  
Cause they know that's the reason that's gone end up on a news clips  
Audemar on my wrist, bustdown  
We poppin' bottles like I scored the winning touchdown  
Remember Meek dead broke? Look at me, up now  
I run my city from south Philly back to uptown  
Thank god, all these bottles I popped  
All this paper I been gettin, all these models I popped  
I done sold a hundred thousand before my album got dropped  
And I'm only 23 I'm the shit now look at me  
Look at me I'm a boss like my nigga Rozay  
Shawty asked me for a check, I told that bitch like no way  
'Cause I made it from the bottom there was nothin' on the way  
And I never had a job, you know I had to sell yay

Bitch I'm a boss

I call the shots

I'm with the murder team

Call the cops

We in the building

Y'all are not

You short on the paper, you gon' ball or not

Bitch, I'm a boss (I'm a boss)

Bitch, I'm a boss (I'm a boss)

I plan the shots (ugh) I call the calls (ugh)

We in this bitch

It's goin' down

Yeah I'm the king

Now where my mu'fuckin' crown? Bitch I'm a boss (I'm a boss) I plan the shots, I call the  
calls Got so many shades they thought I had a lazy eye

Shorty rode me smooth as my Mercedes ride

No love cry when only babies die

And when I go that casket better cost a hundred thou

I pray to god I look my killer in his eyes

Snatch his soul up out that shirt let's take him for that ride

OG is one who standing on his own feet

A Boss is one who guarantee we gone eat

Fuck a blog dog cause one day we gon' meet

I'm a spazz on yo ass like I'm on e

Or a double stack better nigga double that

Jerry Jones money nigga you a running back

Herschel Walker, Bo Jack, Ricky Waters  
Better run that dope back  
Boss, and I put that on my Maybach  
Fo' hundred thou' bitch you wish you saved that  
Bitch I'm a boss (I'm a boss)I plan the shots, I call the callsCouple cars I don't never drive,  
bikes I don't never ride  
Crib I ain't never been, pool I don't never swim  
Fool you ain't better, I move like the president  
Err thang black on black you know I be strapp'n that  
Rattin' ass niggas walkin round wear'n wires fuckin up the game  
Got the hood on fire bitch I'm a king call me sire  
If you say I don't run my city you a muthafucking liar  
Bitch I'm a boss, you a fraud, you cross the line I get you murdered for a cost  
Out in Vegas, I took a loss  
At the fight we watchin' Floyd we on the floor  
Scared money don't make no money  
If I ever go broke I'm a take yo money  
I ain't never dropped a dime  
You ain't take nun from me  
In the hood err day I'm good what I sayBitch I'm a boss (I'm a boss)I plan the shots, I call the  
calls

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

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