

Nobody's Favorite (feat. Gunplay)

Rick Ross

Big blunt still burning in the black big Benz
Bad bitch sucking dick, 'bout to dent my rim
Duffle bag full of hunnids, let her spend my tens
Khaled told you pussy niggas all I do is win
(another one)

Rolex full of boogaloos, my dawgs in the pen
I'm fucking with a bitch, then she gotta be a ten (ten)
Diamonds on her neck (neck), diamonds on her wrist (wrist)
I put her diamonds in her mouth 'cause it's diamonds on my dick
I got diamonds on my hands (hands), diamonds on my chest (chest)
G5, nigga, twenty thousand, I done made a mess
All the feds taking pictures so I pose for the hoes
Got the Phantom in the front, shooters at the back door
All the strippers know to tip us, very big difference
Got a gold chain swinging in my name, eight figures
Time to let your soul glow with a hundred bullet holes
Now you screamin' to the Lord, why them boys done do you wrong?
'Fore I paint the picture, better read the scripture
Here come the Grim Reaper, he in a pair of black Dickies
Life is such a dirty game as you walkin' through the flame
Stackin' all the bodies as they callin' out your name
See me at the new arena, best seats at the
game

Haters still send subpoenas but my snipers got a aim
Sell a lot of records, not the money that I made
All the bitches that we fuck 'cause we share a lot of names
All the jewelers give me watches 'cause they wanna take a picture
I be moving all the product, my new house is on the river
(My new house is on the river, my new house is on the river)
(My new house is on the river) My new house is on the river
So I had to buy a boat, better yet, it's called a yacht
I was then labeled a boss for the yayo that I cop

Peace

Huh

And I was raised to be a killer but I grew to be a hustler
Beg your pardon, say you sorry, I don't argue with the customer
(Yeah, I don't argue with the customer, yeah, I don't argue with the customer)
(Yeah, I don't argue with the customer, yeah, I don't argue with the customer)
And I got two bad bitches and they crying for the white
Play the cards in my hand right, they dyking by tonight
Call the plug, bad news, tell the story 'til it's boring
Sounding sketchy and they know it, I don't care, I need my coin
And that's word to this dirty, I ain't lying on my groin
Any time, get in line like a rhyme in a poem
White lines in my foreign, hit rewind on the porn

That's your main? She my side, couple times, paid my bond
Got a thousand eight grams of that glitter, come and get it
Gettin' bands with the yams, fuck the fans on the Twitter
Fuck the 'Gram, stop playin', white grams, I get rid of
White bitch sucking dick, I'll leave her class on her sweater
While I mash on the pedal, talking shit to her, tell her
That I'm mad that I met her, bitch, don't ever push your head up
Got the smackers on call,
sliding bare face and all
No shells, so well done, I let 'em take the vault
Three C's, two M's, one G up in the Benz
One litre of the lean, your main squeeze up in my lens
(Your main squeeze up in my lens, your main squeeze up in my lens)
Fake litre of the lean, your main squeeze up in my lens
Huh
I was raised to be a hustler, but I grew to be a killer
I be moving all the product, my new house is on the river
(My new house is on the river, my new house is on the river)
(My new house is on the river) My new house is on the river
So I had to buy a boat, better yet, it's called a yacht
I was then labeled a boss for the yayo that I cop (that I cop)(Maybach Music)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>