

Maybach Music 2 - Rick Ross Lyrics

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"Maybach Music 2"

Realest shit I ever wrote chilling in my Maybach

Whatever I send out homie I'ma make back

Can you believe it, whoa you gotta see it

I don't plan on going broke put that on my Maybach

Cause I'm in it to win now niggas can't take that

Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music

Martin Louis the King Jr.

Starting, all that stuntin' is gonna ruin ya

B.I. was alive he probably had a two tone

With the Grey Poupon

Anything yay poop on

Will explode

Cause I am the shit and this is my commode

Uh oh there they go

Talking about how ya boy clothes extra tight

I just remember that my limelight extra bright

I hit the strip club and girls get extra hype,

You hit the strip club and girls turn extra dyke
We know who not getting no sex tonight
And a lap dance will probably be a blessing right.
So all the shit you talking dead, coffin
Light the weed coughing, new crib loftin'
Where it's at? Austin, where's that? Texas
What's in front? Benz's, what else? Lexus
Well who's Maybach is this? Mr. West's
Realest shit I ever wrote chilling in my Maybach
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Can you believe it, whoa you gotta see it
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Boss!

Kush burn like petroleum

Crib need custodians

Shades in all shades

These made erodium

Use to be the Oldsmo

Hoes call it oh low

Now I got so many horses

Bitches call me Polo

5762 tell me how ya wanna move
Yea you know I got them both,
Beat your ass black and blue
I was barely getting pretty women
Now I scoop Emmy winners like kitty litter
Any winter Fendi denim like a slender nigga
Looking in the mirror I can see the real contender
Celery for even Gregory I'm on my dinner
So what the fuck is ya telling me other than your gender
I'm a boss and I'm riding like a small fault,
Niggas make your wheels and ride 'til they fall off yea Ross!
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Can you believe it, whoa you gotta see it
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Well alright,
All black Maybach
I'm sitting in the asshole
Classy as a mother still gutter like a bad bowl
Benjamin Franklin on x how the cash row
That's right them mill due like damn clothes

I eat ya mill too
We don't feel you
And we be strapping up like the navy seal do
Sweet as banana split every time I peel through,
Fresher than will smith and uncle Phil too
Watching T-V in the Maybach in traffic,
I'm on my feet like tough acting Tinactin
I'm running this shit
You should try tackling,
Lil Wayne in one word immaculate,
You see the Biggie, you see the Jay, the Tupac in him,
The Kurt Cobain, the Andre three stacks
And then I'm back to doing shit like I do sing Maybach music
Realest shit I ever wrote chilling in my Maybach
Whatever I send out homie I'ma make back
Can you believe it, whoa you gotta see it
I don't plan on going broke put that on my Maybach
Cause I'm in it to win now niggas can't take that
Listen to my Maybach music, to my Maybach music

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
