

# Ima Boss-Meek Mill feat. Rick Ross Lyrics

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## "Ima Boss"

Look I be ridin' threw 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 neva do shit.

Cause they know that's the reason that's gone end up on a news clip.

Audemar on my wrist... BUSTDOWN!

We poppin' bottles like I scored the winnin' touchdown.

Memba 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 100, 000 before my album got drop'd.

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 ask'd me for a check, I told that bitch like "no way! "

Cause I made it from the bottom, it was neva no way.

And I neva had a job, you know I had to sell YAAAAY!

Bitch I'm a BOSS!

I call the shots.

I'm with the murder team,

Call the cops.

We in the building,

Ya'll are not.

You short on the paper, you gone ball or not?...

Bitch, I'm a BOSS!

[x2]

I plan the shots

I call the cost

We in the bitch',

It's goin' downnnnnn.

Yaaa I'm the king,

Now where my mu'fuckin' crown?

Bitch I'm a BOSS!

[x6]

I plan the shots

I call the cost

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 his shirt, let's take him for that ride.

O.g. is one who standin' on his own feet.

A boss is one who guarantee we gone eat.

Fuck a blog dawg cause one day we gone 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 runnin' back.

Hershall 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!

[x2]

I play the shots

I call the cost

We in the bitch',

It's goin' downnnnnn.

Yea I'm the king,

Now where my mu'fuckin' crown?

Bitch I'm a BOSS!

[x6]

I plan the shots

I call the cost

Couple cars I don't neva drive,

Bikes I don't neva ride,

Crib I ain't neva been,

Pool I don't neva swim,

Fool you ain't better than, I move like the president.

Err'thang black on black, you know I be strappin' that.

Ratt'n ass niggas walkin' round wearin' 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 mu'fuckin' liar...

I'm a BOSS!

You a fraud.

You cross the line, I get you murdered for a cost.

Out in Vegas, I twist them laws.

At the fight we watchin' Floyd, we on the floor.

YEAH! Scared money don't make no money,

If I eva go broke,

I'm a take yo' money,

I ain't neva dropped a dime,

You ain't take nun from me,

In the hood err'day,

Bitch I'm good, what I say?...

Bitch I'm a BOSS!

[Chorus:]

Bitch, I'm a BOSS!

I plan the shots

I call the cost

We in the bitch',  
It's goin' down.  
Yea I'm the king,  
Now where my mu'fuckin' crown?

Bitch I'm a BOSS!  
I plan the shots  
I call the cost

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