

Usual Suspects (feat. Nas)

[Rick Ross](#)

Maybach Music, it's deeper than the verse baby
It's deeper than the rap Doin' a 150 miles and runnin'
Get up in the way then you know that I'm gunnin'
Laugh about the doe but really ain't nutin' funny
Gettin' rich in a rush You know us we the usual suspects
The real definition of success
Throwin' money 'cause I can and I love it
From nothin' to somethin' You know us we the usual suspects
You know the boys on the block wanna take us
'Cause we bringin' all of the paper and
From nothin' to somethin'
You know us we the usual suspects
Seventeen, tryna man up
Feed the fam boy, I put that on these damn goods
All I got was diabetes and a damn ugg
People talkin' down, callin' me a damn sprug Young niggas, all you wanna do is roam free
On your own feet, gotta cook your own beef
I'm too cool for lame dudes that ridicule
I laugh while I'm doin' laps in the swimmin' pool I don't owe you niggas nothin'
Call me two fingers when you see a nigga stuntin'
Black Philip drummin', limousines of the Hummer
Penthouse sweet, pretty beach I call the summer Lotta homies pass, see 'em in the future
Moneys so fast, on the gas, never neutral
Gotta keep a shooter while I'm ridin' in the seven
Higher than a kite by the time I get to heaven
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You know us we the usual suspects And still my talent is yet to be challenged
Had new jet with my own pilot
No blastin' off, but flexin' DJ Khaled
My mom stressin' college but my crude sense of logic
Did a lude to my empty wallet Try spittin' on a green tinted Accord
Which could mean a sentence up north
Where the homie was but back then

Doe was like a hoard it goldie love, it didn't exist
 And office foley cuffs was after my wrists Was not Beverly hills where we chilled
 Imagine this, the nas 'n' rith had to get from rags to rich
 I used to stand on rooftops, with two glocks
 Figurin' how do I turn my timbalands to clocks Now reptiles was left out about a watch
 What is you thinkin'? Murk you
 Plus the muscle that you bringin' is nothin' to me
 If you thuggin, a fake and shaked on Cuban, shout out my Ricans
 Down with all of you gangstas to the roughest Jamiacans Doin' a 150 miles and runnin'
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 You know us we the usual suspects If you ballin' physics, nigga money never flow
 Meanin' every day I'm livin', tryna stay on flow
 Coming from a boss, I can predict a double cross
 Handlers managin' money, they never come across I spend in Africa, Magnamers, numbers
 involved
 AK47s singin' win or by sum or you fall?
 I dealt with brawls and those willin' to sell their soul
 Over cars and clothes, man I'm talkin' petty hoes Ask ma feddi grow, fuck a feet of spaghetti's
 I'm club poppin' in Cali shout out to Ariel
 Somebody dim the lights, triple black tuts
 'Cause associated and the flesh is tryna catch up I roam with niggas who destined to get a life
 sentence
 Get their baby mama a Lexus for them nice visits
 Ma nigga got a dub an' love to do the push ups
 I got a million cash tryna get the kush up Doin' a 150 miles and runnin'
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