## **Usual Suspects (feat. Nas)**

## **Rick Ross**

Maybach Music, it's deeper than the verse baby
It's deeper than the rapDoin' 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 rushYou 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 sprugYoung 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' poolI 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 summerLotta 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 suspectsAnd 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 walletTry 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 wristsWas 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 clocksNow 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 JamiacansDoin' a 150 miles and runnin'

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You know us we the usual suspectsIf 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 acrossI 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 hoesAsk ma feddi grow, fuck a feet of spaghettio'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 upI 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 upDoin' a 150 miles and runnin'

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