

# Beautiful (feat. Game & Rick Ross)

Jeezy

"I got a bad bitch from Vogue. Told her strike a pose,  
Step to the side and look at them thighs. That bitch beautiful..." "I got a Lambo, two doors. Two  
seaters, two hoes, Yokohamas, no Vogues. Man, that bitch beautiful..."  
"Champagne fountains. Crib in the mountains, 2-mile-long driveway. Man, that ho' beautiful..."  
"I got a condo up in the sky. 'Fore I fake it, I'd die,  
Foreign bitch, no lie. Man, that bitch beautiful..." "Came up in the, projects. Dreamin' 'bout  
them mansions,  
With' the coke-white, walls. Flow like bowl-in', balls,  
Merci in my ga-rage. 'Course it is supercharged,  
Wake up to a mé-nage. They give me a mas-sage,  
Closet filled with' de-signer. Donatella recliner,  
Suede head-liner. All that whip in Chi-na,  
I ain't talkin' Sprite, when I say I need, Soda  
Bought my first Ca-price. Put fifty in the, motor,  
Bricks, they was beautiful. Yeah, Mona Lisa,  
The streets introduced me to money. 'Nice to meet 'cha.', ... Ray Charles in these Ray Bans.  
Why? Yeah, I touched them keys with both hands,  
If I die, remember me like Don Killuminati,  
Bury me on the left, right next to John Gotti,  
Play nothin' but that Cocaine Muzik, that Yo Gotti,  
Tombstone ready, 'Took shit from nobody... "" "I got a bad bitch from Vogue. Told her strike a  
pose, Step to the side and look at them thighs. That bitch beautiful..."  
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Yokohamas, no Vogues. Man, that bitch beautiful..."  
"Champagne fountains. Crib in the mountains,  
2-mile-long driveway. Man, that ho' beautiful..." "I got a condo up in the sky. 'Fore I fake it, I'd  
die,  
Foreign bitch, no lie. Man, that bitch beautiful..." "Mirror, mirror, in my ga-rage,  
Tell me which Lambo I should park at the L'Ermitage Pull up at the The Mirage, it's Phantoms  
and Mazis, out here,  
Expensive taste. My car is camouflage,  
Speakin' of camouflage. R.I.P. to Camoflauge,  
Just drove through Savannah, Georgia. That shit beautiful,  
And this. 45, is unusual, Push your shit back like nail shops do cuticles,  
Snowman, tell these niggas that we livin' it,  
Front yard like a soccer field, & we kickin' it, Sick condos. pockets full of Rondos,  
Choppers with' extended clips long as El Segundo,  
Jeezy like Versace, so we rented out the mansion,  
Fuckin' European models, skin white as Marilyn Manson,  
Came a long way from a nigga first advancement,  
Test drive the new Bugatti. Hold that bitch for ransom..." "I keep me a Jet model... Keep a black  
bottle,

Meal ticket wrapped in plastic. That bitch beautiful..."  
"Keep some rose gold on my arm... Bottle of Avion,  
F.N.H. with the drum. Maaaaan, that bitch beautiful..."  
"Baby Girl she out of Broward... Smooth with the powder..."Tatts on her neck, straight checks,  
that bitch is beautiful..."  
"Gotta a condo in the sky... 'Fore I fake it, I'd die,  
Foreign bitch, no lie. Maaaaan, that bitch is beautiful..."My Chevrolet a seven-trey...  
Dade Country dopeboy, I'm talkin' heavyweight,  
I hustle everyday. We squashed the beef to get the money,  
We set examples for rich niggas in Maserati's. My killers in the lobby,  
Bitches keep my name ringin'. 'Boss! ' Execute a nigga; Abe Lincoln,  
200 squares for the same ticket,  
Out in LA, I'm with my main bitches,  
Tip... toein' on marble, got me trippin' on these pain killers,  
I'm still the same. I never changed nigga  
Went from razorbladin' rocks. No more holes in my socks,  
Fuck her like a champ. Got me livin' like I box,  
Sugar Ray Leonard, nigga I just want the drop,  
First nigga with the Wraith, underneath the stars,  
Better look me in my face. Tell the tears' for my dogs,  
Fuckin' the same hoes, but we got them different cars,  
... (Ugh!) Beautiful, are my arts..."I got a bad bitch from Vogue. Told her strike a pose,  
Step to the side and look at them thighs. That bitch beautiful..."  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>