

# Heavyweight (feat. Slab)

## Rick Ross

Look at nigga Rozay, look at him  
Out there with that CrossFit shit  
Nigga think he a boxer, workin' out and shit  
Nigga done bought Holyfield crib, nigga  
Five hundred acres, a thousand rooms, nigga  
This nigga think he the champ  
Holyfield must have left a belt in that bitch for him  
Ya dig? I been touchin' that set, I made my way to a key  
I'm so in love with the trap, I bought a house 'cross the street  
Quarter key got me livin' like I'm Don King  
Heavyweight, I'm in the ring nigga, ding ding  
Nigga, ding ding  
Nigga, ding ding  
Don't make me hit you 'cross your head, nigga, ding ding  
Runnin' off with all your things, ding ding  
License been suspended, ridin' with the yay  
I shit where I eat, I trap where I stay  
Smokin', bottle poppin', Belaire Rose  
And I don't give a fuck what pussy niggas say  
Michelangelo of this trap game  
Traded fifteen pounds of mid for a half a thing  
We mix that eighteen, now it's thirty-six  
Turned that midget to a brick, that's a pretty flip  
Shout out Mally Mall, I got a few bitches  
I don't get my dick sucked, unless it's two bitches  
My trap Mike Tyson, nigga, heavyweight  
I'm sleepin' in the trap, we open every day  
I'm parkin' on my block, I'm beatin' on my street  
Twelve all in my ass, they locked my [?] last week  
These niggas know they pussy, talkin' bout they robbin'  
Talkin' bout they eatin', these niggas out here starvin'  
I been touchin' that set, I made my way to a key  
I'm so in love with the trap, I bought a house 'cross the street  
Quarter key got me livin' like I'm Don King  
Heavyweight, I'm in the ring nigga, ding ding  
Nigga, ding ding  
Nigga, ding ding  
Don't make me hit you 'cross your head, nigga, ding ding  
Runnin' off with all your things, ding ding  
Diamonds on my pinky, women on my dizzle  
Bulletproof the Lincoln, there go Ricky Rizzle  
I'm the Thrilla in Manila, Belaire, my Ciroc vanilla  
My cousin certified killer

When he died, I know I cried a river  
You come and go, that came down from the Lord  
Every night I hit Rose case like a fuckin' voice  
Hallelujah, momma screamin' "Hallelujah"  
Pray for your son cause momma, you had you a shooter  
For this cocaine, they standin' in this cold rain  
In pneumonia weather tryna move that whole thing  
Heat game, season tickets, that's for my whole team  
'88 Mike Tyson, that's with the gold teeth  
Heavyweight, Don King, Robin Givens, big dreams I been touchin' that set, I made my way to a  
key  
I'm so in love with the trap, I bought a house 'cross the street  
Quarter key got me livin' like I'm Don King  
Heavyweight, I'm in the ring nigga, ding ding  
Nigga, ding ding  
Nigga, ding ding  
Don't make me hit you 'cross your head, nigga, ding ding  
Runnin' off with all your things, ding ding

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