

# Sixteen (feat. André 3000)

[Rick Ross](#)

When 16 ain't enough...  
It's funny because it's been on my mind lately  
Having a dope beat, dope idea..  
Sixteen bars ain't enough!  
How the fuck can I squeeze my whole life into a 16 bar verse?  
You know, so many different levels to living your life  
Depicting with your wordplay exactly what life means to you  
Sixteen ain't enough I know y'all gonna feel me on this one  
You gotta feel me on this one  
It's funny how things change, funny how time fly  
More than my feet travel, the more that I feel fly  
More that I make now, the more that the chicks smile  
She call me a local nigga, I opened a Swiss account  
Eisenhower status, Etta James on the dash  
Smooth as John Coltrane cruising in the Cadillac  
Seville - feel my life on the real  
We the Last Poets so this is a world premiere  
Rolling like Mick Jagger, the women just getting badder  
All I see is the money, cream, Eric Clapton  
And all I wanted was one, 16 ain't enough  
Talking that fast money, 15 every month  
When your people labelled poor, that motivated me more  
Everything I ever wore was once worn before  
Roll with the punches now it's box office numbers  
Dressed like Sammy Davis, steaming my marijuana  
Double MG's, double M fees  
We in every hood, nigga: government cheese  
Yacht to Yachtmasters, Old Dirty Bastard  
Floor seat for the Heat, paper that I'm stackin  
Better put away a penny for the rainy days  
Pick and roll, give and go, fuck a fade away  
Living like Scottie Pippen, dribble riddles for vittles  
Started off with a scribble, now I'm flowing a river  
She say my heart cold, I'm naming my son December  
Whitney died night before the Grammys -- damn, what a memory  
Trump Tower and I started with a 10 speed  
Born broke, had to use a nigga's instincts  
Now I get a hundred racks for the 16  
Waking up to turkey bacon and my thick queen  
Niggas hating, I'm just watching on the big screen  
3 stacks on the beat and the kicks mean  
When 16 ain't enough...

You know how sometimes you got so much to say but  
 They on- they only give you 16, heh..  
 Man it's like.. I mean, I got so much to say  
 The world has said so much to me, and I just wanna give right back to 'em  
 But... I only get 16, that's like a cage, you know  
 I really can't say what I wanna say, you know it's just a glimpse  
 That's all, just one uh, one little single glimpse  
 Just a page  
 But I guess I'm defeating the purpose of doing all this talking Summer '88, or was it '89  
 Or was it winter-time, ah, nevermind  
 I'm in my room, booming  
 Drawin' LL Cool J album covers with Crayolas on construction paper  
 I'm trying to fuck my neighbor, I'm tryna hook my waves up  
 I'm tryna pull my grades up, to get them saddle lace ups  
 Before lil' Marc was Jacob, before them girls wore makeup  
 Before my voice would break up, before we'd tour them shake clubs  
 Before my mama wake up, before my crumbs would cake up  
 Before they tell me they love me and we'll never break up  
 Before the time she makes love to someone that I thought was my homeboy  
 But boy, was I wrong, now  
 I don't budge, don't want much, just a roof and a porch  
 And a Porsche, and a horse and unfortunately  
 But of course an assortment of torches that scorches the skin, when they enter  
 Intruders, whose tutors did a lousy job  
 How's he God if he lets Lucifer let loose on us?  
 That noose on us won't loosen up, but loose enough to juice us up  
 Make us think we do so much and do it big  
 Like they don't let us win, I can't pretend  
 But I do admit, it feel good when the hood pseudo-celebrate  
 Hence, why every time we dine we eat until our belly aches  
 Then go grab the finest wine and drink it  
 Like we know which grape and which region it came from  
 As if we can name 'em, hint hint, it ain't, um, Welch's  
 Hell just fell three thousand more degrees cooler  
 Ya'll can't measure my worth  
 But when you try, you'll need a ruler made by all the Greek gods  
 Because the odds have always been stacked against me when back's against the wall  
 I feel right at home, y'all sitting right at home  
 All Kelly green with envy while I'm jelly beans descending  
 Into the palm of a child, looks up at mama and smile  
 With such a devilish grin, like "where the hell have you been"  
 She yelling that selling's a sin, well so is telling young men  
 That selling is a sin, if you don't offer new ways to win  
 A dolphin gon shake his fin, regardless if he gets in  
 Or out of water, most important thing for him is to swim  
 And Flipper didn't hold his nose, so why shall I hold my tongue?  
 (I miss the days of old when one could hold his gal on his arm)  
 And I set off these alarms, when camera's snap snap snap snap  
 Return fire, pa-pa-pa, pa, pa-pa, pa, pa, pa

They'll learn why, mere privacy, so essential  
They won't make no laws, I break their laws til they see out our window  
I take the fall to make them all treat human kind more gentle  
Forsake them all, I hate them all, don't like em, don't pretend to  
Yea something tells me we ain't in Kansas anymore  
All that shit that used to be cool ain't cool anymore  
All the women we were pursuing, now they want more  
And they deserve it all, don't settle for what ain't yours When 16 ain't enough... When 16 ain't  
enough... When 16 ain't enough... When 16 ain't enough... When 16 ain't enough... Does your  
mama know you see me, does she know you're freaky?  
Does she ever wonder if it's 'bout ya I am speaking?  
Do you ever ponder where I'm at when you get sleepy?  
How the hell I'm gonna tell the youth don't be me?  
Yea Does your daddy think you perfect, does he know for certain?  
Does he know how you act when you pull back all them curtains?  
Do he think I'm 2Pac cause I'm black and put the words in?  
Does he know his daughter might have caught a real merman?  
Yea

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