

# Rick Ross, Florida Boy (ft. T-Pain, Kodak Black)

it;s all this here for a young Florida boy  
gold rims, good hope  
make a wonderful summer  
heard I was a genius  
the number  
do it for the young fathers still singing the lease  
and all the hustlers who got something in common with me

if I got the keys  
the it's a car I'ma keep  
when I learn to represent  
I remind'em of Meech  
shootouts in Miami  
can't spend no time on the beach  
do or die  
hit a blunt  
I got a hundred ki  
brought her to Florida  
she fell in love with lobster

then I bent the corner with a couple drops  
get your money, let's do that sales  
life a test and every day we got so much to fail  
told you the world was yours  
now tou in a cell  
center of attention  
no you by yourself