

# Rick Ross, MOVIN BASS (feat Jay Z)

Ross is a real boss, cause real bosses don't go to jail feel what I'm saying?  
So that's what I want y'all to know, you know what I mean?  
As far as like his thinking patterns you know what I mean?  
You know I admire y'all  
The way y'all think you know what I'm saying?  
And I also admire that I was apart of that foundation from day one  
You know y'all was the good homies  
Y'all took the baton and ran with it  
The thing is that I was working towards was  
The empire is what I was working towards  
And y'all took the baton and ran with it so its nothing but love man  
Anything y'all need me to do from behind these walls, I'mma do it  
You know what I'm saying, without no question

The pop wars, temp rises, a hot boy  
Is the fat boy, skinny ties  
Don't empty mine nigga  
Tall ceilings, chandeliers, I'm authentic  
Gettin' long money, short winded  
Lets go and get it nigga  
Bang bang, bitch niggas caught drinkin' chase  
Roll that double M, get shot and your finger waves  
Twenty chickens watchin' and I still be movin' that base  
Gave a job to the children you scared to raise  
Chain swangin', name rangin'  
Shots fired, same nigga  
We movin' weight I'm at a different pace  
I'm out in Haïti with my lady screamin' "n'ap boule"  
I'm hard to kill, Dade county, Versace Neil  
Fourteen for that tattoo worth that dollar bill  
Only one man got the combination to the safe  
Grammy nominated once, but I'm still moving base

[Jay Z:]  
See them plaques on a nigga wall  
We still movin' bass  
Got them records jumpin' off the store  
We still movin' bass  
Copper tried to knock us off  
We still movin' bass  
Haters throwin' shots through a niggas door  
And we still movin' bass

Fallin' from the sky, the money bad the bigger  
Angels tatted all on me, pray for a lord sinner  
Rolls Royce Corniche, sweepin' me off my feet  
New bitches they by the fleet and we do em' all by the week  
Taz Angels just wanna chill, jewelers just wanna meet  
Weed man expnsive, three trips a week  
Misses just wanna freak, feds stay up the street  
Know they tellin' us close so we leak what we wanna leak  
New mob, suit sharp, my suit Farrahkhan  
In the house of the lord, my niggas bearin' arms  
His eyes wide, nose runny got what he fiendin' for  
I'm movin' base, we outta state you know my speakers low  
Put the pistol to your mouth now show me to the safe  
Grammy nominated once, but I'm still movin' bass

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You see the plaques on the wall but the yayo still in the spot  
See me cousin off to college, I see that it costs a lot  
Tallons fillin' the jammy, Miami still in my heart  
Niggas playin' the corner, guess their playin' their part  
Early coppin' the coupes, ladies stay on our feet  
Your brother went to duplex  
Smell the dope from across the street  
Hoodies come in all flavors, all black if you think you sweet  
Arabs sellin' grenades by the box, you'll get it cheap  
Schoolin' the little niggas, kilos all in the campus  
A passport is necessary visa with all the rubbers  
I beef with all of the red cappers  
Head to the shop for some tobacco (blocka, blocka, blocka, blocka, blocka!)  
BR-80 just a plus don't mention the dust  
R-O-C double M kill anything we touch

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