Rick Ross, 30 For 30

Good news, they just let me off house arrest
So get the beach house ready, yeah
Let's do something special
Young Rizzale, Young Rizzale

Write you niggas rhymes, they should call me ghost face
Barely take my time, I'm just tryna motivate
Moving up the co-sign of my first apartment
True enough, I fuck around but it's you regardless
Caught her on the cameras, got me enrolling in college
Gold Rollie, Polo ghetto, wardrobe of a scholar
We used to smoke weed on the PS3
But now I pop Percs with the codeine
Seen things, she a senior on the drill team
Graduated all honours, she the real thing
Told her I would cop her all designer gear
Straight to the mall when the wire clear
LA Reid and Steel calling back to back
20 mill, new deal and that's half the text
Can't rap with a nigga who ain't got a rap
It ain't trap music if you never had to trap
Don't ask 'bout it if you can't handle the facts
My whole rap style built for the counter attacks
The late night walks on the beach though
Fuck her, legs in the air. I’m licking each toe
Bread sticks, she want the sushi with the Miso Soup
Glass of Bel-Air Rose, I keep the weed rolled
Chauffeurs always told to use the key code
Parked outside, the condo look like a casino
She ask what I use for the sex drive
I'mma have to get her tools for the next time
Fuck her 'til the mouth dry, I need a rest break
You be right back on my dick 'fore the next take, Rizzale