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