Rick Ross, Money Dance (ft. The-Dream)

Hey give me a black bottle
I can't dance good but I'mma dance tonight, you hear me?
Baby just don't step on my feet, nigga toes hurting

Funny to see a ghetto nigga so classy
Enchanted by women who speak nasty
Tip toeing to court, went there for the past week
Leaning on my lawyer pinky looking glassy
Charges dropped, these plaintiffs just wanna tax me
Secret service wanna see me driving taxis
Hug my attorney and then we do the money dance
Whitey Bulge' your horse soldier leaving Vietnam
Pledge allegiance to the flag
Where we keep it 100 and get your money back
Pull a plug, brain dead, dope game nigga
Knew the rolls was fake and so we brought the real with us
Repertoire hustle such a tenacity
High roller, bet us another masterpiece
More Rakim then maybe Master P
Crazy nigga paid in full I'm tryna buy the beach
Caution, I'll approach you with a business mind
Slight two step as I check the time
Rub my hands when my palms itch
50 in the bank diamonds looking flawless
This the sway of a rich nigga
Praying for the day my nigga seeing 6 figures
Black bottles popping when I'm on the turf
Two private Jets what this nigga's worth

No girl under 10
No whip under a hundred grand
Man I make this money dance
I criss cross, she sun tans
Propellers out the window over our lands
Where I land
Girl we make that money dance

Top Forbes, poor formal education
Top floors, cop rooms on reservations
Gold in my grave, half a ticket in my coupe
Ex cheerleader flipping now this nigga truth
Money piles have got me out on Sunny Ave
Black with me everywhere I go he'll gun you down
Full clips, magazines yeah the Forbes list
If it's off a nickel recount it, it's boss shit
But when they right we do the money dance
Fly nigga my nigga Randall Cunningham
When she hear the slang then she know the name
Italian coupes for the suits I spend it on the chain
Pool’s so long we should take a swim
I like that ass fat, I can spread it thin
I wanna see your friends come do the money dance
Black bottle boys, we got these bitches holding hands
Caution, I'll approach you with a business mind
Slight two step as I check the time
Rub my hands when my palms itch
50 in the bank diamonds looking flawless
This the sway of a rich nigga
Praying for the day my nigga seeing 6 figures
Black bottles popping when I'm on the turf
Two private Jets what this nigga's worth