

Rick Ross, Bound 2 (ft. Charlie Wilson, Kanye West)

I just wanna know your mindset
Here starin' at your fine ex
Damn, this where you put your time at
Unappreciated like that Timex
Let me rewind that, G-shit, let me rewind that
Check, I just wanna know your mindset
Here starin' at your fine ex
Damn, this where you put your time at
Unappreciated like that Timex
She ready for this dope boy dialect
In the kitchens with Getty whippin' that Pyrex
The East Coast meets Kanye West
Death Row reeks underneath my breath
Storage wars, all the whores, I walk away
Chad and Evelyn evidence, just a block away
Do the bitches love you when you out the league?
Will my car still crank when I hit the keys?
When did dark skinned brothers learn to ski?
Got a thing for Khloe, Lamar lost his feet
Scott Dis'nick, Taylor check me in a week
Black bottle boy, nigga blazin' peach
Such an amazin' piece, such an amazin' speech
This is easy to me
Ruthless Records, next Eazy to be
May we live long, rich forever
She can hear it in my tone, rich forever
Standin' on my own, Anderson Silva
Break a bone, nigga gone 'til November
Run in your home, put your infant in a blender
Sip on a smoothie or give it up smoothly
Don't panic, only lyrics for my movie
You couldn't handle my tender life, forreal
Hood stripes worth more than my deal
Motherfucker ain't as real
10 mil' in a duffle, make a nigga shiver
St. Bartholomews chillin' for the winter
You makin' wack songs with the nice titles
All chains, no rings, never see the finals

[Charlie Wilson]

I know you're tired of loving, of loving
With nobody to love, nobody, nobody (Uh-huh, honey)

[Kanye West]

Close your eyes and let the word paint a thousand pictures
One good girl is worth a thousand bitches

[Kanye West]

I wanna fuck you hard on the sink
After that, give you something to drink
Step back, can't get spunk on the mink
I mean damn, what would Jeromey Romey Romey Rome think?
Hey, you remember where we first met?
Okay, I don't remember where we first met
But hey, admitting is the first step
And hey, you know ain't nobody perfect
And I know, with the hoes I got the worst rep
But hey, their backstroke I'm tryna perfect
And hey, ayo, we made it: Thanksgiving
So hey, maybe we can make it to Christmas
She asked me what I wished for on my wishlist
Have you ever asked your bitch for other bitches?
Maybe we could still make it to the church steps
But first, you gon' remember how to forget

After all these long-ass verses
I'm tired, you tired, Jesus wept

[Charlie Wilson]

I know you're tired of loving, of loving
With nobody to love, nobody, nobody
Just grab somebody, no leaving this party
With nobody to love, nobody, nobody (Uh-huh, honey)

[Kanye West]

Jerome's in the house, watch your mouth
Jerome's in the house, watch your mouth