

Rick Ross, Ten Jesus Pieces (feat. Stalley)

God forgives, He's so honorable
But living amongst thieves and niggas like myself
You will not have that luxury

I wake up excited, I made it through the night
Things I did in the dark, will it ever see the light?
My nurse should be a wreck, I got a bad chick
She keeps me erect, she loves my ad-libs
I think I'm a genius, hundred grand a fucking feature
I do at least three a week, roll up the fucking reefer
Went from Benihana to Bimini in Bahamas
Ten chains, no luggage, I'm a big timer
Niggas claim that they thugging when they dick-riding
My niggas rather walk, do they own brick climbing
On the block in my all white sneakers
Lord knows that my ten Jesus pieces
Pray for me cause you know a nigga doing wrong
My homie in the cell, so I had to write a poem
Count mills for the times that we had it hard
Asking for a hundred mill as I pray to God

I do this for my niggas facing hard times
Empty on them corners if you hustling part time
Ten chains on, Eric B with mob ties
Rakim flows, coming from the far side
Blood diamonds and my pieces from apartheid
Quick, quote a prayer, pull it from the archives
I pray for every soul that this music reaches
Bury me a G, ten Jesus pieces

Young nigga coming up, they wanna gun you down
Drinking vodka in the memory of my nigga, damn (I miss you Peanut)
Riding real slow on them all golds (we had them nigga)
Shopping for them Os when the mall close
Repping for your homies when they all gone
Get empowered then you put your dog on (Real shit)
All black tees, ten gold chains
At the Super Bowl, but we in the dope game
Ten years strong in the same trap
Ten years blowing on that strong path
Lord knows that I wanna live right
But Lord knows what that Club Liv like (right)
Forty dollar tab meaning forty grand
Lord what he got it rolled up in a rubber band
Holding on the forty in his other hand
Ten chains on, smoking in the motherland

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I'm his poltergeist, niggas know I'm more than nice
All these jewels on, all boys are nice
I could see it in the sparkle cause it lackluster
Black card maxed out, damn black brother
White collar, black market
Chrome Smith and Wesson, back pocket
Eight shot, bitch I'm a top shotta
Screaming your affiliations, but that don't matter

I'm flyin' first class as the snakes slither
Never blackmail a motherfucking killer
On trial and they wanna execute me
It's really sad, just the fact they never knew me
True G to the core, feel my texture
A true G keeps it raw in his lecture
Keep it simple, white tee, new sneakers
Dope boy style, ten Jesus pieces

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[Stalley:]

Versace shirt, Jesus laying on the chest
Man I swear Big did it the best, I mean
Nas did it fresh, Jay did it fresh, I mean
Ye did it fresh, but man Big did it the best
And I was so impressed that I went and got ten
Now I'm stunting on these niggas cause I couldn't back in
Rose gold, yellow gold, a couple platinum
And I wear them all at once, I ain't trying to match them
I remember bumping Mac 10 and that deuce in the corner
Scraping up for a sandwich and a soda
Now my strength is up and I'm dangling chains off my shoulders
But no Jesus piece on mine, cause at times I feel ashamed
For the reason that I rhyme
And they say, cause I'm Muslim I shouldn't think about the shine
Or even put it in a rhyme
It's better things I could talk about or put my money towards
But for now, I'ma wear these ten chains and floss

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