

Walkin' On Air (feat. Meek Mill)

[Rick Ross](#)

I pray we all live forever
I pray I'm a servant to all prophets
May I be rich forever Money on my head, pussy, boy, that ain't enough
Bullet to your trap strapped in my armored truck
Your mami house next, tell that bitch to duck
Ain't no sympathying in the city streets
That's all I ever heard from my older G's
She say she love me, but I know she play for keeps
Slip a black snake in a nigga's sheets
Bought a bitch a hundred acres, all red roses
Half you niggas Judas, I'm the son of Moses
Illuminated, resurrected as Selassie
Bob Marley through the trumpets on the day I die
Rolls Royces on dirt roads, we dopeboys
Baptized by the dopeboys, ordained by the assholes
My salvation is the cash flow
Woah, oh
I'm walking on air I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big
I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big
We do it big, bitch, we do it big I'm into fashion, nigga, John the Baptist
My loyalty respected all across the atlas
I can have you and your team finalized
All your kids screaming at Mount Sinai
Holy Ghost, the divine spirit
My heart pure, he a real nigga
She let me fuck early so she trustworthy
Her pussy sacred so she getting all the purses
In his name I'm Supreme Lord
The Book of Leviticus is the springboard
Jesus Christ, look at this nigga's ice
Better yet, look at this nigga's life
I'm walking on air
You already know, I give and go and I get that dope
Nigga with that O, I move that shit like tic-tac-toe
And these be niggas hating like "Meek Mill, how you get that ho?"
Cause I get that dough, and I switch that flow
Just check my style, look at that Ro'
On my wrist, on some shit, make a call, "Who is this?"
Think it's Benji on the line and he called, tried to flip
What I do? Make a call, call Papi for a brick
And papi call José, cause José got fish
Now I'm 30, 000 feet up with my feet up, rollin' weed up

Pussy niggas couldn't bluff us, couldn't beat us
Throwing curveballs in the field get you hit like Derek Jeter
Double M, yeah that's the team, I know they see us, yeah Wait a minute, wait a minute
Wait a minute, wait a minute
Wait a minute, wait a minute I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big
I'm talking big, bitch, I'm talking big
We do it big, bitch, we do it big Fuck a tutor, better get a shooter
Teach your ass a lesson when they running to ya
Fiends lining up like we having communions
This my daily bread and you niggas consumers
All I ever wanted was to make scrilla
Have a recording session with J Dilla
Selassie, Exodus
Corinthians, Leviticus
I'm on the books, I study well
Getting money, bitches know me well Selassie
Selassie
Pray I never die
Pray I never die

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