

# In Vein (feat. The Weeknd)

[Rick Ross](#)

I don't got a single sober vein in my body  
I don't got a single sober vein in my body Don't apologize, I quite enjoy messy  
I see that bottle after bottle got you goin' crazy  
And doin' shows after shows got me so lazy  
So ride it out for me, and take it off for me  
It's a good vibe, good vibe, good vibe  
Don't you ever threaten niggas with a good time  
She wanna buy a dream, I said I don't sell it  
But she can rent it for a night, I don't mind, open wide  
Cause all this fame, I earned it, I might as well use it  
Private elevator goin' straight to my unit  
All my niggas 'round me, gettin' kickback pussy  
All my killas 'round me, all be hiding in Stussy  
Can't nobody stop me, used to be homeless  
Now that penthouse at the Ritz where my home is  
Tour bus like a National Geographic Bitches runnin' wild gettin' faded in the bathroom It makes  
me smile, it makes me smile  
Cause I got it  
It makes me smile, it makes me smile Cause I got it  
All the pain, sweat and tears, just to get a piece But now we got it Man look at the kid now, can  
nobody stop me  
I don't got a single sober vein in my body  
Fuck it like a thug nigga, young nigga, new Ferrari  
Old money, I just 'fraid the lord with us  
Condo blow money, like it's all dope money  
Come short wet niggas, like a speed boat coming, oh lord  
Mo money, mo money, these rich young niggas ain't ever know money  
Bel-Air running down the Rollie on her arm  
Pinky ring six-hundred, what you know about it  
I'm the champ, baby, Real Deal Holyfield  
Got the [?] went and bought the crib 25 mil, I'm doing 25-to-life 100 acres, keep my  
shooters all through the night  
Every chandelier rented, one-mil 20 chandelier's moterfucker who real  
I just wanna show her what I live like  
Wearing a white burqa on a winter night  
Fuck a burqa now she in the Bentley  
That's when she went and tatted double M G Now I ballin' deep, deeper than the rap  
She give me brain she a mastermind to be exact  
I give her game and she give it back  
Sip syrup so I fuck slow, sip more I wanna fuck more  
Gotta grind 'till your eyes close, stay strapped till the trap close  
They scream Maybach on the cell blocks

All my dogs who used to sell Glocks  
They say the niggas in the jail talk  
How your homies commissary fell off, what make it worse he get an elbows25-to-life  
dead wrong on the cell phone  
It makes me smile, it makes me smile  
Cause I got it  
It makes me smile, it makes me smile  
Cause I got it  
All the pain, sweat and tears, just to get a piece  
But now we got it  
Man look at the kid now, can nobody stop me  
I don't got a single sober vein in my body

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>