

Florida Boy (feat. T-Pain & Kodak Black)

Rick Ross

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

It's all this here for a young Florida boy
Where we play football and sell dope, man
Gold rims and sticks, seven trays, no tops, ya dig, candy paints, yo
Gold rims, good dope, make a wonderful summer
Heard I was a genius, [?] the numbers
Do it for the young fathers still signing the lease
And all the hustlers who got somethin' in common with me
If I got the keys, then it's a car I'ma keep
When I learn to represent, I remind 'em of Meech
Shootouts in Miami, can't spend no time on the beach
Do or die, hit a blunt, I got a hundred ki
Brought her to Florida, she fell in love with lobster
Then I bent the corner with a couple drops
Get your money, let's do [?] sales
Life a test and every day we got so much to fail
Told you the world was yours, now you in a cell
Center of attention, now you by yourself
Always did the shopping, now you're on the shelf
Next time you see your daughter, bet her heart'll melt
Pray for you niggas, if can't do nothin' else
Pray you see the bigger picture, look at mama health
Wake up, nigga, wake up
Let down the top, nigga that's your pay stub
It's hot as hell for this Florida boy
Home of young niggas killin' with no remorse, with no remorse
Home of young niggas killin' with no remorse

[Chorus: T-Pain]

Yeah, bitch, I'm a Florida Boy
73s to them AMGs, now we rollin', boys
And my mama raised me, [?] paid me
I beat all of them cases, I'm old
Bitch, I'm a Florida boy
Old school, big-ass rims, sittin' like Tonka Toys
I got a Florida state of mind now, I be on my grind now
Let my niggas shine now, they on

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

I could've been a student, my mind was polluted
Project unit nigga, I could smell all the raw sewage
Told myself,

