

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Gold Roses - Rick Ross feat. Drake

Par Rick Ross

Album : Port of Miami 2

Yeah

I'm home now, it's over now, so...

Yeah

She got a thing for Chanel vintage

That dropped before she could speak English

Do you love me or love seekin' attention, I mean which one is it?

You keep callin' me ya twin, but twins ain't this different

Mentally I'm already on next year, that's some 20-20 clear vision

You sayin' let you finish, I ain't tryna hear it

I'm all for spiritual liftin', but I don't fly Spirit

I'm all for findin' happiness, but down to die serious

All smiles, Kevin Durant trials

Had to blow it on the court, I must have blew a milli'

I'm walkin' on all charges, that's my new Achilles

I know they love to rock a check, but who gon' do it really? Really?

My depositions never surface

Tanenbaum know the logo on the jersey, it's gettin' purchased

Ten years in and y'all yet to hear my most impressive verses

Paid the cost to be the boss wasn't even my most expensive purchase

Trust when I say I'm never on the shit they assumin' I'm on

Tales about me are like corridos in Culiacán

Sashimi from Saito, you know that man two Michelin Star

Postcard from Grace Bay, sendin' my distant regards

Vision wasn't mine, told my niggas the vision was ours

Still a part of shorty even if we've been livin' apart

Roxx'll do you filthy for me soon as I give him the nod

Meanin' he'll blast for me like puttin' the 6 with the God

Hop on a float to show the city the one they appointed

The one that's rebuildin' schools and feedin' the homeless

Hang with my niggas, but sometimes I be tryna avoid it

'Cause they'll get to poppin' out of place like they double jointed

Goals was the top of the pyramid in this shitty world

"I gotta get the most of everything"

Is the axis on which it sit and twirls

Point blank period, like a City Girl and then I bring it back to 50 world

Ayy, woah

You made me this way, yeah

Before I'm gone outta this place, yeah

Put some flowers in my face, won't you?

Let me know that I did okay, yeah

Don't wait 'til some other day, no, no

They love to wait 'til it's too late, it's too late

(This different right here, yo)

I was nominated, never won a Grammy

But I understand, they'll never understand me

Lot of lives lost, but I never panicked

Lot of lines crossed, I never did a Xanny

A hundred room mansion but I felt abandoned

Love makin' love, but where will love land me?

Jealous, so their bitches be actin' like they sleepin' on us

But they speakin' on us, jewelers quote us even numbers

Still blowin' smoke as angels float above us

Love givin' back, but will they ever love us?

Chanel in the mail, FedEx from Pharrell

And what I got for sale just sit on the scale

Triple beam dream, a buck on the shades

I really seen things give mothers the shakes

I really bought cars for women on face

I know it seem odd, but money amazin'

College loans really did fuck up her credit

Discover cards, look back, I know she regret it

But we keep pushin', keep our foot on the pedal

In the mirror she a blessin', rebukin' the devil

Livin' on the edge, she keepin' me level

Money come and go, I'ma keep you forever

Money come and go, I'ma keep you forever (forever)

Slip-on glass slippers and tickle with feathers

Everywhere we go, we create a dilemma

Coming to America, really the set

I'll let your soul glow, I'm keepin' you wet

All my cold Decembers, I know she remembers

Forgiveness for a sinner, but is it that simple?

Holdin' on your hands, your body's a temple

Fly you out to Cannes, ménages with bitches

Lobsters and the prawns, thought you was Spanish

Bottles for the Don, our parties the biggest (biggest, biggest)

(Maybach Music)

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You made me this way, yeah

Before I'm gone outta this place, yeah

Put some flowers in my face, won't you?

Let me know that I did okay, yeah

Don't wait 'til some other day, no, no

They love to wait 'til it's too late, too late (Ayy)

Had a dream she was singin' to me like Gladys Knight

True love in the projects is called paradise

All your niggas left, you wasn't actin' right

But honesty itself a small sacrifice

My money bag heavy, got me packin' light

You movin' funny, can you fill my appetite?

Niggas conversations, a lot of it false

He own condos right over Carnegie Hall

Speak about your cars, but all of 'em parked

Your niggas' money light, come out of the dark

You really are my type, that's not a facade

One of the reasons why I write, we got a synopsis

I'm always at the top of barbershop gossip

After further thought, better not knock 'em

Allocate some dollars to go out shoppin'

Bitch, we on the real, it's time to stop talkin' (stop talkin', stop talkin')

Ayy, woah

You made me this way, yeah

Before I'm gone outta this place, yeah

Put some flowers in my face, won't you?

Let me know that I did okay, yeah

Don't wait 'til some other day, no, no

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