Millionaire Dream

Whazzup This the life nigga Check

I got ten round my neck, twenty on my wrist Million dollar luck ah, million dollar kiss Pull up in my Lexus, sippin on Dom P Call me lil' baby but you ain't know it was C.M.B. I floss everyday wootay Knowin to shine like a crushed wined face Roley What the deal on the real it's all about scrill Pretty grills, pretty broads, and plenty mills ah Ridin to myself up in my baby benz Playin tens, goin shoppin with my lady friends Flyin to Nashville, me and bob splittin eighty Then I chill on Washatona with Slim and Baby See the \$ on my back symbolize my click See the \$ around my neck symbolize we rich Always wonderful, but Baby gotta see it to believe it All this ice and rich heights man it's off the heezy Fifteen and I'm workin wit a hundred and better And you can put that on my diamond Gucci bezel What

I got ten around my neck (mm mm) And baguettes on my wrist See we ball till we fall (la la) Livin a millionaires dream (wootay)

Since I done hit me a lick, I done got some shit That most niggas out chere can't fuck wit Sixty- Five on rims to get they mind right Then took the Cash Money piece and put twenty all night Now I'ma ball till I fall if it kills a bitch Check the crown of the Roley from the flick to the wrist Six figures ain't enough for this game that I'm in If I can make a hundred G's then I can make a million Rice and Baby in a loader fuckin around with them hoes Me and Slim was parlaying makin deals in the rose Wayne and Manny in a hummer spit 'n game to a bitch B.G. and Juvi in a benz bumpin hot boys this Big Tymers oh it's nothing nice I ain't sellin for shit If it's a Bentley that I want, it's a Bentley I get Drop-top, CD changer, come equipped with the phone Cash Money Big Tymers and we ride on chrome Playa Haters want to picture me fallin' If you could picture 'Pac rollin, then you can picture me ballin Living good, lookin good, playin cards with the ??? CMR Hot Boys Big Tymers for life, nigga Yeah we drinkin diamonds and gold For the nine scrilla, biatch

Nigga I got million stashed so I can buy these buildings And duck these killings And tipping these niggas tryina have billions I just wanna raise my two children Going to these white folks and demandin millions Havin 'em saying Cash Money worth figures

Big Tymers

And tippin 'em just like Suge Knight did 'em And I done did my dirt in the process tryna' make millions See I done did a lot of shit in my lifetime Like, makin money, committing these stupid crimes But I still got my ghetto stripes When I'm pimp in the game Cuz, I love to hustle all through the night Cuz, when I hit my block it's like the Pope done stopped I have them lil' children sayin, "Baby please don't stop" Worth six figures and I'm rich and these hoes and right Hustlin all night so Lil' Bryan can eat right I'm going holla at my people in Melph to make sure shit right ??? so I'ma cruise to the next life Me and Bryan got to bitches we goin fuck tonight If they don't give up the pussy hotel they get left tonight That's how it be worth some G's Man you can play them hoes like they ain't worth shit You dig

Young niggas wearin cracka gators All my life eatin steak and potatoes Valet please get the beige Mercedes It's beautiful, la la, don't hate us Back up for the most spectacular, cake stackular Performance like Acura, got these stayin like Dracula Vroom, how you like that diamond bezel Blindin everything up in this bitch when I hit the shiny pedal It's marvelous, the life I live Smile pretty child got plenty Crystal to give Rolex's for everyday of the week Blowin gars in all kinds of cars will my brother Keith Steaks and fetuccini, lil' girls in bikinis Maybe Baby might let me use his beige Lamborghini Givin all these project hoes the weenie On radios and videos y'all hoes seen me Life styles of the rich and richer Look on any bad bitch wall you goin see my picture Wildlife on my feet everyday of the week Now how that shit hit you Look here Baby I'ma get wit you