

Surrounded by Millionaires

Busdriver

We rub elbows with the super rich
Showing up exuberance
We're futurists, we shoot the shit
So we need our computer fixed
My peoples for the usefulness (that's why)
I'm surrounded by millionaires
The OG cliques and class
No opiates en masse, we scoping graphs
I'm surrounded by millionaires
But they stitch flags with dishrags
Kick a jab any prick with a badge till he screams

I'm surrounded by millionaires
We making millions
No, we made of millions
There's no difference
We breaking ceilings
We making millions
No, we made of millions
There's no difference
We breaking ceilings
We making millions
No, we made of millions
These ancient dealings
They be breaking ceilings
These ancient dealings
They be breaking ceilings
I'm made of millions
I made it

When I kill the game, it's not murder
I'm now suspicious and the cops murmur
They push the border of the blocks further
So they mythologize their top earners
My squadron ain't hot rhymin
Place a squad car across from the knee [?]
Niggas just like us

Chinchilla skin graft, full-length
Except for the bear's feet stitched to the bare feet
And when I bare teeth it's karats
Fuck floss, boss up, nigga, be tossed off
A refusal to be refused
Like a motherfucker let loose
Ever been a uzi, 'scuse me (blah)
Two times (blah, blah)
Come up off of everything you got up in the backpack, back that
Give me fifty feet I'll walk a mile, follow
Give me fifty cent I make it rain by tomorrow
Swallowed every pill I'm on a million while you talking
Keeping it one hundred nigga what you really feeling
An age when the odds of a black astronaut were astronomical
We turned whips into spaceships
Found a place in between a nightmare and a dream to build castles, don't mind if they makeshift
Motherfucker we make shit
Revolution's an industry, who the fuck makes it

We can taste it
Bitter like a fizz but I bet you go numb when the bass hit
Born a bass head, it's a birthright
Let it kick and ensnare in the first fight
Grab the mic get the first slice spit a verse like it was life on the line i
n a hearse right behind her and waiting with doors ajar
Shoot whatever it was sworn I'mma sport the car
And skirt the block and watch for skirts
And cop the gat and rock the ice and freeze the frame and trace the plot
Embrace the end inevitable
Endeavor to get the cheddar inevitable
But never amenable
Spit every letter with the tenor of a venerable boss on the backs of million
s
I don't look at the cost