Tycoon

C-Bo

* Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
Ohhhhhhhhhhhh Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Now see I be the man with all the plans
Trips and personal leer jets across the land
See me in bently in front of billboard live
Sipping on cristal crushed ice and lime
While I flex baggets and rubys on my wrist
My niggas be the shit like rotweilers and pits
Top dollers and fits markeys to kiss
Your four keds on my pinkie might crease your lips
Got offshore accounts swizes in japan
Need money machines to count the cash at hand
Push a candy green navy on unleves with four tvs
Gold real smiling like flaming young key I'm all about the money
And I mix it with the hunnys but not a trick
Hoes can't get none from me
Catch me in rag benz count my ends I don't hate we move tapes
State to state
Surprise to see me riding your town
So much ice it'll melt the whole city might drown
Forever stay a playa and ball with tycoons
Bentlys and mansions with like 15 rooms
Fall to my doom all I wanted was the cash
Lambouginis ferraris benz convertable jags
Rolex on my right bravado on my left rollin in sweat
On my personal leer jet tycoon

All I wanna do is to have the better things in life
I'm a tycoon diamond rings and live this life that's all I knew
Was to hustle day and night stack my chips and rub this ice
that's a playa's life ohhhhhhhh yeahhhhhhhhhhh

Double r's and movie stars wanna know who we are
Quarter million dollar cars in six car garage
It's like a mirage when you step out on the deck
All I wanted was the best so I built the rest
And iced the neck then I spiced the deck with swimming pools and hot tubs
Private flights to met cico puerto rico peruvian flakes
Metro rap cakes that I'm getting for eight
I'm straight don't use it never do I touch
I put this 40 carrots and diamonds and get them crushed
Lost the fourtune and fame I'm pushing the caine
When the fourtune put us stressed to get the fourtune I gained
And still remain the same nigga swerving the lanes
With a cup full of crushed ice pouring the champagne
Smoking the dank while I'm holding a drank
West coast my motto toting all the dank tycoon

I be a star to those who supposed to be hoes
But only hoes like those in skirts in tight cloths
And those a dealers played out with kangols
Had troppaz so I swooped up the range rolls
Got better hoes gucci sweater cloths
And went from V.S.O.P. to X.O.
From quarter karats to cares girlfriend

Then marriage with a baby to cherish
And a mansion for my parents
Timex to Rolex all gold to diamonds
Now I "Bling Bling" like Cash Money cause I'll be shining
My broad stays smothered down
And Victoria's Secret from a disc to her ass crack
Right price to peeping in all
I'm not a pimp I just live when I walk
Karl Kani boxers is fence because of my deal with warlock
Staking lobsters from pork chops
From pissing on lingers and knolies
To pissing criss down at the yacht tycoon

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