

Mr. Mills

IDK

(Sex, drugs, money)
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Ok cool now we gonna go on pace, you ready?

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I guess I figured it out
Money ain't shit
I guess I figured it out
Money is a dick
A bitch will tell you your shit is good
If your money long
Even if your dick is shorter than Gary Coleman
She moan
Luckily that ain't the case (pause)
For me
My shit is in a different court
My ball is on a different porch
Got stolen from the bad kids across the street
They been plotting on this robbery for months and weeks
They name is IRS, Sally Mae
Circuit court, Penn State
Bad Bitch, Saks Fifth
New car, bathing ape
Jewelry, food to eat
Nigga mentality
Coonery
Make my pockets in need of a eulogy
I'm spending everything I got
On everything I don't need
More weed, more weed
I should be smoking no weed
Matter fact I quit...
Cause every time that I start to smoke
That's when the paranoia begin

I put my hand on the bible
My other hand in my pocket
I pull it out that's my wallet
I take the dough out and cop it
But I don't do it for profit I do it for show stopping
I'm fucking up that's the topic
My hand still on the bible
I'm tryna shit on my rivals
I don't do shit for survival
I'm greedy, I gotta gobble
I gotta fuck all the models
We gotta pop all the bottles
We balling out full throttle
The bum wanted a dollar I told him

Mula, Mula
It's all in your thoughts, your thoughts your thoughts
Mula Mula
It's all in your thoughts your thoughts your thoughts
Mula, Mula
It's all in your thoughts, your thoughts your thoughts
Mula, Mula
It's all in your thoughts, your thoughts your thoughts

Sometimes I talk about money that I ain't got
I'm lukewarm but I rap like I'm already hot
And I ain't got a car but I'm working towards the shit
So if it don't matter if I exaggerate just a bit
Vroom, that's the 6
That's all on my forehead
The back of my head laid on couches with no bed
Two pockets with no bread
Some friends that help out
Will equal my only chance to success and a way out of the PG
Mentality that had me in the streets
I'm CC'ed on emails
With the label chief
My friends see
They say sheesh
He got lots of cheese
It's probably from the smiles that they see on my IG
But them smiles ain't really me
I got piles of money owed
But I got me a gold chain
So you niggas will never know

Hold on bro I got a call. One second, settle down, settle down
Hello who is this?
[Brian Arsinal:] Hello my name is Brian Arsinal, I'm calling from Star Alliance Collection Agency. I'm trying to get in touch with a Jason Mills?
[Mr Mills:] Yeah that's me
[Brian Arsinal:] Mr. Mills, this is an attempt to collect the debt. Says here you owe a grand total of thirty-thousand dollars to a Midway Recording & Production company. I almost don't know why I'm even making this phone call
[Mr Mills:] Hey bra, don't talk to me like that bra
[Brian Arsinal:] You the type of nigga that motherfuckers just come and look for, Mr. Mills
[Mr Mills:] What the fuck is this nigga talking about?

Thirty-thousand, for a recording and production company?
Like what are you, a rapper or some shit? If this was the mob, you would be dead right now! You realize that? Your family would be dead! Your kids would be in a dumpster!
Right next to your fucking mixtape nigga