Rich Niggaz

Juvenile

Why, why, why Why, why, why Why, why Cash Money, Rich Niggaz Look [Lil' Wayne] Loud pipes, big rims Nigga, that's my life When I pull up at the club sorry that's my night I know a lot of haters probably sayin that that's not right Well, my diamonds so much bigger So, that's my life Gleam, gleam Now, only carry big face and you hear the ching, ching Now, you can ask your wife and she will say the same thing And your children be amazed when they see me on the big screen Ha, ha, ha I crack myself up I know I talk lot but I can back myself up Got a little house on the beach that's where I shack myself up You ain't really got more money than me Think about it Let's just say somebody gave me a check to think about it So I just bought a new Rollie and got to take a link up out it And me with no ice is like a Prince concert that ain't crowded They see the Beam, and the truck, and the $B\mathchar`-12$ And we was next Then that's when I pull up in the B-E-L Le-Le-Lex Ha [1st Chorus] I'm on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot We on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot [Juvenile] Juvenile used to be R-E-T-A bound Now I be bustin these bitches head when I come 'round Acting like a nigga that ain't never had shit Look into my bed sayin that's a mad hit I'll damned if these diamonds and golds ain't shinin My Rollie ain't mine and my bank ain't climbin You lookin at a multi-millionaire in the flesh Might don't have it now, but I just got me a check I can walk it like I talk it, play it how I say it Teach it like I preach it; now, put that in your head Nigga, bet a thousand, shoot a thousand - ain't nuttin Smoke a pound, pop the Cristal and drink somethin Meet me in the casino, way in the back Losin money like a motherfucker, still shooting craps Tomorrow I'll be back, I got millionaire status We make so much money IRS be lookin at us

[Repeat 1st Chorus 1X]

[Turk] I got more ends than Bonnie have in a factory I'm Lil Turk, I'm living large, got the baddest hoes after me Picture me, a young nigga bawling out of control Playing with millions, laying in condos Nigga I shine, shine through the fucking week The flyiest ride with crystal in the passenger seat Don't hate me, 'cause I'm a little bawler Got more weight than Angola Fucking your girl Carla Nigga I stunt, And I'm a stunt 'til I can't no more Chest lit up like the oaks >From the diamonds I sport Yo, I can't be touched Don't think I'm too much, nigga I'm rich what the fuck Rolex crushed out with the bezel And all the foes that get close to me got to be on my schedule I got so much money I don't know what to do Buy isles and cars And break bread with my crew [2nd Chorus] I'm on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot We on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot B.G. on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot [Paparue] Uh, uh, uh Hear me It's like, monkey see, monkey do Rolling with the Cash Money Runners I stay true Cause when were running and climbing on the million-dollar scene Holding together, mo-de-ming, mo-de-ming When I bring out the rubber around the Hummer ??? Benz, or in the Lex Bubble When I start they said I had no fame Now all the girls just end up calling my name 10 G's to ??? Fax the contract to big Cash Money Cause you know this whole clique right with me They're right with me Sip-pe-di-dy Won't count the diamonds just around my neck X amount-a dollars on a bankroll check If you want to really come and sing with me Those that got me wicked, then I do some free For free!