

what it feels like.

Phony Ppl

Yeah, man, I got a high-ass voice, but fuck it
Man, I don't even need the words, baby, we in here, from the heart
All broke niggas unite, we gotta fix this

The only time I been on 5th Ave
Was walkin' by on foot, couldn't afford me a cab
Umbrella flippin' inside-out, I'm wet and I'm mad
But with my bank account flooded, I could cop me a RAV
And put some spinners on it just to say that I did
Nah, seriously, we could fuck the business at last
To my fans, see, you ain't gotta hit The Strip to hustle the bags
Riskin' a ball, not carin' at all
Before most of us get it, we end up at the morgue
Patience and persistence equals prophet to me
And if you think outside the box, there's many options to see
But not a lot of people got it without cockin' the heat
I heard it comes with problems, but I'll try it at least
And pray that that experience be d-d-different for me
'Cause I'll be savin' more than I'll be, uh, spendin' on G
But I will have to drop a bit of, bit of bread on some flee
Make sure my mama good and that my pops, pops is chilling
Yeah, explain to them that window shopping is obsolete
I major flipped the script and now money grows on trees
So anything they wanted in this world, they could keep

I wonder what it feels like to have a million dollars
I wonder what it feels like to be a fuckin' baller
I wonder what it feels like to have a million dollars (I wonder)
I wonder what it feels like to be a fuckin' baller
I wonder more than I can spend
(In my head) More than I can lend
(In my dreams) More than I can spend
More than I can lend

Oh, imagine the hood findin' out (What?)
You sittin' on a zillion inside your house
Everybody leechin' and dinin' out, yes
Even though you love the block, it could be time to bounce
Strangers actin' like they really friends to you
But all they really there to d-d-do is spend your loot
People's positions in your life beco-come questionable
All the loves in your life expendable
It depends on how great they can act, I swear
Even family could get funny when there's racks in the air
And the invisible lovers turn to passionate peers
Maybe more, they hittin' the club with a tab you can clear
I be conflicted to tell the difference of who been sincere
From who been schemin' with a motive tryna use me for rent
Probably gotta work twice as hard just to keep what I get
But with my day ones close to me, ah, you bitch

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