

## MILLER 2010

### Problem

Yeah

Its Miller, man

Huh. A nigga head all fucked up, bread all fucked up.

Half the homies in jail are dead, all fucked up

The other half wanna see me dead, all cuffed up

But I survive off instincts by knowing what's what

Never scared, buck buck

Fuck you, tough luck

Untuck and leave a dirty nigga tucked stuck as I'm looking at my rear view

Haters getting further, but the devil's getting closer

But that's who I'll never kneel to

Conquer all odds, obstacles, get killed

Feeling like a god every time a nigga peel through

All dirty jobs, dirty money and we will do

Whatever it takes nigga, my tie up and tape, niggas

We do it all for the papes, nigga

BJ's Maserati full of scrapes, nigga

Three K's and a shotty for the fake niggas

Saving hoes in my Louis V cape, nigga

Not a bird, not a plane, boy it's Miller

Lighten up the skies with all this jewelry on me, nigga

It's the fourth of July with all my jewelry's on me, nigga

UFO the glow, give the whole US a show

Money coming back at fourth, this shit is fantastic

Don't nothing last forever, but this is everlasting

They say never, say never, so whatever

I'm just smashing and you can never tell me no

Cause you will never have me asking