

# Million

YG

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My girlfriend trippin', so fuck how she feelin'  
'Cause she don't wear no ring, so she don't mean shit  
I got more money than her, so she don't mean shit  
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My girlfriend trippin', so fuck how she feelin'  
She think I'm worth a million so her panties get to peelin'  
I stop and get some condoms, so I won't have no children  
Legs up in the back seat, booty in the back seat  
The way a nigga ballin' you would think I was an athlete  
Mustard in that Benzo, I'm up in that Porsche, though  
Youse a bad bitch, why you actin' like a whore, though?  
Lean by the quart load - 16 OZs  
Mind on a million, bitch, fuck you call me?  
All my homies bangers, pistols ain't no strangers  
Pistols ain't no strangers, and pistols can't taint us  
Ratchets in the lobby, that's my type of party  
We buy or sell gangsters, my clique don't need nobody  
Rich niggas eat out, pussy niggas Mia  
Fuck it then I beast now, like peace out

I'm riding in that Porsche, mind on some money  
Niggas act funny, start makin' money  
Pussy make that label, all my niggas able  
Pull lil' bro and some killers on the payroll  
All my niggas a-holes, act like we don't give a fuck  
I bet that shorty hit 'em up...  
I had to switch it up, now I live it up  
I live it Hollywood, we at my house thick as fuck  
Pussy don't do shit for me, it's just a nut  
No homo, I can do that with my hand, bitch, what?  
Bitch I think I'm Tupac, bitch I think I'm Tupac  
Niggas talk that shit 'til they get their ass popped  
Mamas wanna fuck me, their daughters wanna fuck me  
Thee bitches think I'm ratchet and the niggas say I'm lucky  
More racks on, couple racks gone  
Double racks gone, that's 20 racks gone

I be ridin'  
My niggas we be ridin'  
Our pitchers do the fighting  
So you don't wanna rise, no  
Our money gets on  
Ciroc and Patron  
Havin' bad bitches come up out they thongs  
One rack gone, double racks gone  
Couple racks gone, that's 20 racks gone