

# Millions

## Skeme

9mm lick a shot to leave a hole  
Ridin' with them choppas if it's problems let me know  
Pull a bad bitch and tell her leave her feelings at the door  
Cause baby we don't need love where we about to go  
We are (we are, we are) bout to go a million or more, million or more, million or more  
We are (we are, we are) bout to go a million or more, million or more, million or more  
Stepped in this bitch like I'm supposed to  
Outfit match whips like I meant to do it  
Heard your shit, just drive my n\*gga  
Earring so big can't listen to it  
And I'm straight from the gut, double my cup  
So I'mma act all poe I mix this fluid  
A real n\*gga really don'tt rock with y'all  
It take a real down n\*gga like us to do it  
See I done kept it G from the flow-up  
Stayed on the bread like cold cuts  
Money never ditched paid attention like donuts  
So I'm in the fast lane I don't wish to hold up n\*gga  
Been with the business from the goal young n\*gga  
Now I'm in the Guinea with the doors up n\*gga  
I like talk about cash I don't talk too fast, y'all just listen too slow young n\*gga like  
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I don't want to leave the wrong impression  
Set work out now I'm flexing  
I get the kind of paper that'll stand out  
So now me and broke n\*ggas ain't messing (word)  
Hundreds on hundreds for the love of the money n\*gga  
Try to play me I bought mine I'm gunnin'  
Ate my plate had seconds and shit and the crazy thing is that the boys still hungry  
I stayed on the grind and the green came  
SOX n\*gga we the green gang  
Straight from the outer it's a team thing so I told her I don't wanna hear that the team came (hey)  
I ain't got the time for it (bop) and her feelings  
Got it on the floor now we throw it at the ceiling  
Y'all don't take floor act like y'all ain't even know got my dough on dough and I'm bout to go a  
million  
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Y'all ain't getting this kind of money got a Brinks truck  
Reach for what's mine get your fingers cut  
Champagne cold and the Rolex gold  
Got the wrist of a God n\*gga link me up  
Getting head out a bitch tell her pick me up  
First class in the clouds Scotty beam me up  
Hollerin' I'll be the pimp got drank in my cup  
And I'm sipping on lean with my pinkies up  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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