

Millions (Edited Version) [feat. Rick Ross]

Pusha T

You know what happen when G.O.O.D. Music and MMG get together, right?

We get that moneyMillions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closetMillions millions in the ceiling

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This that shit that y'all wanted

This shit cook up hard, don't it?

Y'all gotta beg my pardon on it

But this shit sound like God don't it?

Yuugh, I'm tired, nigga and y'all gotta pay your tithes, nigga

Call my Phantom the holy ghost, church on chrome wheel tires, nigga

Pop tags when I'm paranoid, cause the pawn shop was my paradise

I was dead pop when that powder came for that knot saved in that shoe box

Blue tops, blue tops, bad bitch in that blue fox

This big face is in Blu-ray and these black diamonds like boondocks

I restore the feelin' of when niggas made a killin'

Hidin' choppas in the closet, half a million in the ceiling

And them hoes with angel faces, cryin' loud with ill intentions

Just so I can buy them Christians, have 'em shittin' on all they bitches, ah!

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Choppas choppas in the closet I'm haunted by horror stories, wanna-be home owners
Horrible outcome, a dope boy got one motive
Cries when he convicted, cried on every visit
I'm cryin' sayin' his name, ride for all my niggas
Used to fiddle my finger 'til I found me a fortune
Finger fuck a Ferrari, south of France early morning
Did drugs with Donatella, Versace my A Capella
Never see me in Neiman's, niggas committin' treason
Soft loafer preferred, frost, organic herb
Stay away from the Forbes, if I only could tell you more
I got this I got that, I got that I got this
Got a kilo for 20, my choppas say I'm the shit Millions millions in the ceiling
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Choppas choppas in the closet This that shit y'all ask for
Make a nigga mash on the gas, floor
Two-door, four-door, roll through the hood like task force
Fast forward--oops! They say they wanna see proof
My record sales ain't much as theirs and we still ride the same coupes
How we still fuck the same hoes, why we still buy the same clothes
How we both got the same watch, I'm just keepin' y'all on y'all toes
Dope boys, gold mine, that price drop and that coke rise
Then set it over that blue flame then hang it dry like clothesline
I restore the feelin' of when niggas made a killin'
Hidin' choppas in the closet, half a million in the ceiling
Got the razor on the counter, Arm & Hammer in the kitchen
Just to keep my feet in Christians and keep fuckin' all y'all bitches Millions millions in the
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