

Millionaire (feat. Big Tymers)

Hot Boys

Damn I got platinum on both of my wrists and my pinky
and my album went platinum too
Man you know I'm a stunt'
All these other rappers, look. *NEW CASH MONEYYYYYYY*I'm sick of it, niggaz illiterate
and I need me seven zeroes or somethin legitament
I done shot at niggaz, and I been shot at
I done had a whole lotta old folks tellin me stop that
I'm sorry but them Lexus trucks, I gotta cop that
Would be even mo' sweeter, if I could drop that
You see all of them Crystal bottles, I pop that
and I'm bout to go and find me a new mall to shop at
I'm out the heart of the hood
Niggaz like to bust heads and look good
Ride on 20's with TV's leather interior and wood
Rolexes, at least 10 G's on a necklace
Pullin up at the club in two Caddy truck stretches
My click boss nigga, try to follow us get lost nigga
We'll buy a whole block no matter the cost nigga
My money long, my dick long, I'm off the chain
B.G. got it goin on respect the gameB.G. (repeat 2X)Me and my dogs we ball, just like we live
we love
Get in our path of money and your head get bust
Nigga I live like an old man, but I'm a young man
with bout three million dollar worth of cars in my name
Went to East?? bought the whole block man
Got these white folks fucked up by the mouth man
E'ry type 2000, me and Juvie got 'em
V8 350 Camaro, Fresh got 'em
Bought a million dolla Rolex, a nigga doubtin
Cartier watch for three-hundred and fifty thousand
A hundred-thousand dollar grill and a nigga smilin
Matchin platinum ink pens for four thousand
Bought a hundred-thousand Benz and I'm buckwild with it
Changin everything from the in and the out in itHow you figure you the nigga, to shut it down?
What you mad convertible Jag cause I let it down?
You know who I am, God damn
You ain't skinniness on yo' 20's; then look here nigga scam
Now what in the wide wide world of ballin is that?
Some shit that come out in 2010, you lil' chrome stuck bitch
Who made that car? I never seen that on the streets
We were in the Vibe magazine, Baby got thirty-two gold teethNow, now, now, now
I'm a stun'na, reppa, ride around in different hummers

with a dozen, heffers, fifty-thousand dollar Roley
with a crusted, bezel, niggaz can't compete with us
We on another, level, watch us scratch off in the Viper
with the windows, tinted, automatic start with VCR's
and TV's, in it, I always go out my pocket
Never penny, pinchin, that's why I'm dippin my Expedition
with plenty, women, and they wit it, wit it
Not to mention, bout my Ninja, with the extension
What about my condominium wit yo wife in the kitchen
See I gets lots of attention I'm the youngest, Tymer
Plus I step into the light wit them humongous, diamonds
See everybody know I'm Lil' Wayne soilder
Pull up in the 4 dot 6 Range Rover
Baby had me drinkin think I got a hangover
Weezy Weez nigga, Hot Boys, game over2XNigga, it's Cash Money Millionaires
Fuck with us nigga, your head get bust
We step in the light, and it and it just be
bling bling, bling, bling bling
What? My nigga B.Geezy
What? My nigga, B.eatrice
Huh, my nigga Mannie Fresh, what?
My nigga Lil' Weezy, alright then, uh-huh
My nigga Ju-vey, that motherfuckin Hot Boy
Nigga, Cash Money takin over this bitch
and we ain't lettin go yet.
{*unintelligible over DJ Clue and beat here on out* }

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>