

Yukmouth "Sad Millionaire"

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All I know, is this Regime shit

I'm juss a thousandaire
But pretty soon
I plan to be a millionaire
Playa hatas best beware

Don't hate on mine
When you want that sim to shine
Don't hate on mine
When you want that sim to shine

Nigga, let's do it
I'm tryin to touch mo' money than Bill Gates
But know that
When you get the money they will hate

Them broads that hang around you wit the ice grill face
Be the broads that lay you and take you to an ill place
Where the doe at?
They know you ballin, 'cuz you deal weight

You better show that, nigga where the safe is at while
you still safe
'Cuz, niggas will take yo life
Probably rape yo wife
If they can't say China white, now say goodnight

To the bad guy in a ski mask guy
I been gettin' cash guy
Ever since my dad died
Me and my real boys in Mazda has

Bitches wit, cat eyes feed me lobster ya'll
If I wanna ride I cop it, dawg
If I gotta flip one for my chocolate dawg
Juss like we shop at the mall

Don't knock it ya'll
I been ballin' since the days of Genesis
And Benz's flipped tinted shit
While you just rentin' shit

Pretendin' it's, yours
Drivin' Honda Accord's and Ford Probe's
Niggas flossin' them hoes
My name is known across the globe

See me talkin' on shows
Rolex rockin' them hoes
Knockin' on my door lookin' fo yo bitch
I put the glock to your nose

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Blast the blood clot
My niggas makin' money non stop
Off the rock
Another hundred to cop

Fiends blisterin'
All action
We G's wit Mac-10's
Co captain

Boss was sworn' as a coppo
Take bread live like Macho
Push the throttle
Jet black seat pushed back in a Diablo, die slow

My niggas want it and triffle it
Hummer shit
Cover my mic 'cuz it's priceless
Ice this

Rolex piece, watch and Jeep
Niggas lose sleep
Trainin' my beasts how to feast
Where the broke eat

Approach yo block wit guns
Cops will come
Spread the bread in lumps son
My nigga John, John

He had his head on tight
Hit the pipe
Now he tweaked, high as a kite
I used to shed tears

Knew damn deep he didn't care
Hope and dreams
That was all that's there
To be a millionaire

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My niggas rock solid make the money be the object
Fuck a colleauge, I'm off the clock rockin' dollas
See us, peep us, it's juss the three of us
Me an yuk, plus Mad Max been out to get some

Feed it up soon as I get up, I got to roll a phat spliff up
Smoke 'til it burn my finger tips an lips up
Drinkin' liquor 'til I get the hic ups
Fuck bad bitches then we switch up
Fuck bad bitches then we switch up

Watch me shine in my nine, nine custom design
Niggas sniffin' lines sayin' boss committed a crime
I robbed the bomb shelter, shipped the goods off the
delta
Task asks if Phats the man wit no replica

No replica put the tech to ya
Smiff-N-Wesson ya
Here's the lesson to be learned
Don't test the young Hugh Heffener

4 point 6 snatchin' up yo bitch
An when it comes to mics I wreck this shit
Collectin' chips disrespect yo click
I come wit real shit

From the Village Oak Town raised a drug dealer
To be rappin' and stars Mo Town
On the low down, I used to blow brown
But now I blow pounds, went from bein' ugly as fuck
To havin' hoes now, you know now

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