

## **Cox Peter**

### **"New Millennium"**

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[Chorus]

All we do is get money and get real high  
Push Benzes and 85 I's  
New World Order, got ya ready to run and hide  
New Millennium, we will survive  
All we do is get money and get real high  
Push Ranges and Benz Buggy I's  
New World Order, got ya ready to run and hide  
New Millennium, we will survive

[Half-A-Mill]

I see you stupid 'dro, still my brain cells never move  
slow  
Toke calico, deep throat the baddest hoes  
Niggas know my status quote, artistic  
I draw a biscuit, unlike Michaelangelo, I'm the Noah of  
this thug shit  
Flooded, everyday's another bucket get  
I can't front, I love this shit  
You missed the lies, now we push S5's on some other  
shit  
Blowin another clip, some say they waitin for the  
mothership  
I ain't debatin, cuz in heaven or hell, I tell God, I tell  
Satan  
I'm all about money makin, on my job like a hundred  
Jamaicans  
Runnin wit kingpins, who you gon rob  
I send a squad to kill ya squad  
Fuck ya thinkin, Firm niggas push Cadillac Jeeps,  
Navigator Lincoln's  
Global caught on my Motorola Mobile  
Off the hook books like Barnes & Nobles  
Street astroligist, heat communist, complete logic is  
I got one goal, to put goal on the streets, where the  
projects is  
We too strong to die, that's why we gotta live  
Platinum doubt in the hottest whips

[Chorus]

[Half-A-Mill]

Mill Gates, better come somethin, droppin somethin  
Catch me in the chopper stuntin  
I'm a Yankee but Jamaican cook me esquire fish and  
hot dumplings  
I rock ya Lennon suits with rocks  
On the cufflinks, lie iller you  
Curdiest Beck's, 850 I's, silver proof, imagine that  
I used to sling crills for loot  
Now I'm openin my money store like Phil Rezoot  
Keep it here, dope from get money whores  
Thought he enter the drawers  
Lois Lane platinum chain, stretch range at the Source  
Awards  
Awesome broads they carry proem and sawed-off  
One shot'll take the whole top of your Honda Accord off  
You small dog, you all lost  
No wins, you fall off, and get hauled off in the trunk of  
my Benz  
I smoke skunk, purple haze, twist it up  
Mixed it up, hit the clutch, switched it up

[Chorus]

[Half-A-Mill]

I smoke purple haze and spit phlegm  
Big Benz, forty inch rims, New York niggas got shit  
locked again  
When the glocks pop, niggas need oxygen  
Don't let me catch you slingin rocks on these blocks  
again  
I got plots, I'm out to get a hundred thou time ten  
You know my style dunn, I run with foul wild men  
With public housin, up north, we be thuggin in the  
mountain  
Out in the world, we guzzle Henny straight and no earl  
Hustle weight, stab a half a cake on your girl, skatin  
thru states  
Jets raidin the place, TV's screen big, DVD playin  
Scarface  
Son, I'm God face, hard face  
Smash you in the chest wit a sledgehammer till ya  
heart break  
Wild out, my calico pop rounds out, my shots knock  
towns out  
My whole block'll run up in your town house  
I'm like so shocked, key the coke like Sosa  
Pushin ski boat wit a chauffeur  
Up the Hudson River, I got tons of guns and ones are  
split up  
Niggas front, I got to fuck ya shit up

[Chorus 2X]

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