

Big Sean

"Hundred Dollar Bill Skyscraper"

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Feat. Mac Miller

[Verse 1: Big Sean]

Now gimme everything I ask for or end up in a cast ho
Never slowing down that's why I'm gettin' paid fast-
forward
Standing on my money, that's a cash flow (oh)
Smokin' medical, sippin' chemical I need a labcoat
From where they livin' off food stamps that's past poor
Thought about it as I got a stamp in my passport
Yeah I made it out, made it up, and I'll remain makin' it
up
Never satisfied what I make, no such thing as makin'
enough
Bitch I'm livin' like it's monopoly
Tryna dodge jail and I'm buyin' up the property
Yo wifey was down with monogamy, til' she started
massagin' me
But you can have a dollar ho, blame it on the economy
A young player at the tip-top
Bitch niggas hatin', bad bitches wanna liplock
I could show you the ropes, since I got the game in a
slipknot
From a city of G's I'm just the one that was picked out.

[Hook: Big Sean]

Wake up in the morning, first thing I need is my paper
paper paper paper
You might pass out and die if ya try and match my
labor labor labor labor
Man, everytime they see me they say boy whatcha doin
(woah)
Boy whatcha doin? boy boy whatcha doin?
Bitch I'm tryna build a hundred dollar bill skyscraper
scraper scraper stackin' my paper.

[Verse 2: Mac Miller]

Bitch, unzip my pants fore you try and take them off
Open wide, say ah then you cough
See I got so many shows, think it's a season of Lost
Get money uniform, you can see I'm on my job
Ah damn, bitch you better stand in your lane

All my jams are so insane, you just Danity Kane
Straight pussy, and no balls
Rockin' jeans and thug sandals, that's a faux pas
Have em all like (Oh God) Everytime we showin' off
True players what we is and true players don't dissolve
They evolve into a Gotti, was illa then you thought you
was
Now we in Bugattis ridin' shotty when we shoppin' for
some good shit
I don't claim no hood shit
But I guarantee you I ain't on that Hollywood shit
Hey, unless it's chilling up at Holiday Hills
And that's sixteen bars, all of em I'll (What)

Say Say Say
True players what we is and true players don't dissolve
(6x)

[Hook: Big Sean]
Wake up in the morning, first thing I need is my paper
paper paper paper
Ya might pass out and die if ya try and match my labor
labor labor labor
Man everytime they see me they say boy whatcha doin
(woah) boy whatcha doin? boy boy whatcha doin?
Bitch I'm tryna build a hundred dollar bill skyscraper
scraperscraper stackin' my paper

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