

Dj Khaled

"A Million Lights (feat. Cory Gunz, Jae Millz, Kevin Rudolf)"

Visit ["A Million Lights \(feat. Cory Gunz, Jae Millz, Kevin Rudolf\)"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook: Kevin Rudolf]

A million lights and a kick drum, the floor is moving
slow

I've got a feeling 'bout this one, and we still young, you
know

I'm breathin' fire in your club

It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold

It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold

[Verse 1: Tyga]

New Hermes duffle bags

On the plane, see the sky through a little glass

20 hour flight, never jet-lagged

Sipping white wine, watching the sunset

Real love this close? I ain't never had

Sitting with you all day til the night pass

Damn, I ain't trying to fight that

But if we fall too fast, will the feeling last?

Now I'm lookin' over my shoulder, shoulder

Champagne, good dimes and good times, and now it's
all over

But can't blame me for all that

You was bright, now your heart all black

Try to outshine the good with the bad

You a cold motherfucker, I ain't mad at you

Still shinin'

[Hook]

[Verse 2: MackMaine]

You gettin' old and your heart turn cold

Time-line froze, mad at the world cause you lived your
life, but this the

Life that we chose

Lights on the road for the nicest road, I mean long-ass
flights for these

Hoes

But we don't crap out when the dice is rolled, I mean no
life, low life

Say my name and hopes to get more life, nigga live yo
life

Ass nigga, you cook it with no spice
Lil B sacrifice, show me what your ho like
Hit her with that dope dick, now she's a dope fiend
And king, I'm lookin' for a dope queen
Uh, first thing baby: I'm ready to rock
Baby car goes high, man smash
Me does, Millz, Tyga, we give 'em the chills (Millz-y)
Keep riders, get birth control pills

[Jae Millz]

Uh, young money, bright lights
Lord knows I live for these nights
You're damn right, I'mma sip champagne 'till it burn my
side
To the front, like Jeter
My diamonds ain't fierce like an episode of cheetahs,
jesus
Mouth jewelry, loud speakers
Blowin' loud weed with some loud divas

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Cory Gunz]

Uh, it's that summertime, money time
Gonna rhyme good time, when I'm done giving mine
Brown smoke, white engine out the silly lines
Pretty toes hangin' out the window to the finish line
Spikes pokin' out my kicks like a porcupine
Young Money, Cash Money, We The Best, fall in line
Uptown dog, straight up from the south Bronx
How in Miami, Khaled outcome
You made us, they hate us, just to say the latest
Life nothin' like a movie, I just date a (?)
Remember it was hard trying to page wagers
Nice spittin' hard rhymes on the main stages
Independent, yeah I told 'em major later
We some independent niggas gettin' major paper
Shout to 'em, Stunna, Slim, Mack
We play for keep, so how we gon' give up that?
YMCMB, lights, camera, action!

[Hook]

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