

## DJ Khaled "A Million Lights"

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[Intro - DJ Khaled]

Believe that  
It's DJ Khaled  
It's that We the Best, YMCMB  
We the Best Forever

[Chorus - Kevin Rudolf]

A million lights and a kick drum, the floor is moving  
slow  
I've got a feeling about this one, and we still young,  
you know  
I'm breathing fire in your club  
It's not my fault if your heart's grown cold  
It's not my fault if your heart's grown cold

[Verse 1 - Tyga]

Uh, new Hermes duffle bags  
On the plane, see the sky through a little glass  
Twenty 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 till the night pass  
Damn, I ain't trying to fight that  
But if we fall too fast, will the feeling last?  
Now I'm looking over my shoulder, shoulder  
Champagne, good dining 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  
I'm still shining

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Mack Maine]

We the Best, YMCMB baby  
Bitch, I'm Mack Maine  
You getting old and your heart turn cold  
Time-line froze, mad at the world because 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 trifling 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  
your life

Lame ass nigga, you cook it with no spice  
Lil B sacrifice, show me what your hoe like  
Hit her with that dope dick, now she's a dope fiend  
Leo lined king, I'm looking for a dope queen  
Up first lady baby: Young Money's Barrack  
Baggy cargoes high, mismatched socks  
Meet Gunz, Millz, Tyga, we give them the chills  
Keep riders, get birth control pills  
Uh, Young Money

[Verse 3 - Jae Millz]

Uh, bright lights  
Lord knows I live for these nights  
You're damn right, I'ma sip champagne till it blurry my  
sight  
Kicks for the captain, to the front like Jeter  
And my diamonds ain't fierce like an episode of  
cheetahs, Jesus  
Mouth jewelry, loud speakers  
Blowing loud weed with some loud divas  
Millz

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Cory Gunz]

Young Money, Cash Money, We the Best, Khaled!  
Uh, it's that summertime, money time  
Going to rhyme good time, when I'm done giving mine  
Loud smoke, quite engine out the silly lines  
Pretty toes hanging out the window to the finish line  
Spikes poking out my kicks like a porcupine  
Young Money, Cash Money, We the Best, fall in line  
Uptown, thoroughbred from the South Bronx  
Hot drops in Miami, Khaled outcome  
We made us, they hate us, just to say the latest  
Life nothing like a movie, I just day to day this  
Remember it was hard trying to page wagers  
Nice spitting hard rhymes on the mainest stages  
Independent, yeah I told them major later  
We some independent niggas getting major paper  
Shout to Tune, Stunna, Slim, Mack  
We play for keeps, so they always gone get our back  
YMCMB, lights, camera, action!

[Chorus]

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