

Dj Khaled

"Natalie Grant"

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[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 [?] 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'm a 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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