

## Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

### "Been There, Done That"

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I been there - been there  
Done that - done that  
You got guns? - we got guns...  
Yo, I got straps - we got straps...  
A million muthafuckas on the planet Earth talk that hard  
Bullshit - 'cause it's all they worth...

No question, it's all about the D - R - E.  
So if money is the root I want the whole damn tree.  
Ain't tryin' to stick around for the Illuminati,  
Got to buy my own island by the year 2 G...  
Since way back I've been collecting my fee  
With the 48-tracks and the M - I - C.  
Got a palace in the Hills overlooking the sea.  
It's worth 8, but I only paid 5 point 3.  
Worldwide, got the triple beam, I slide.  
Listenin' to yo demo in a stretch limo.  
It's how I ride - cartel style.  
Full, stacked to the max now.  
A million-dollar smile, niggas wonder how.  
'Dre Day' every day. Trips to Montigo Bay,  
With more chips than Frito Lay.  
Flossed jewels in a tire, ain't nuthin' fly.  
Straight or illegal - it's still the root of all evil...  
Coz...

[Chorus] x 2

Young black Rockerfeller. Hell, a swiss and mozzarella.  
Pockets sweller, gettin' money like a bank teller.  
'Cause a fool and his dough soon split.  
So when you come across a fool get all that she be  
gettin'.  
Ladies, get your paper too.  
Don't expect for no man to support you.  
Keep it true,  
'Cause most niggas don't raise hoes to decide for the  
pesos.  
My woman is independent, makin' dough by the case  
loads.  
I'mma keep buildin'... make it killing.

Kick back, relax, and grow old with my millions.  
That's where it's at. You got drama, I got the gat,  
But we're both black so I don't wanna lay you flat.  
Instead let's get paper, while it's paper to get.  
Private Jet, 600 coupes that I run best  
I'm livin' on another level that y'all ain't been yet.  
Spend a mill, no sweat, water the line with my wet...

[Chorus] x 2

This is for the millionaires,  
Throw a stack in the air and watch niggas start plottin',  
Bitches start to stare.  
'Cause game is money and money is game,  
And broke niggas make the 45 flame with no shame.  
Now many people die over these dead green guys.  
Ignorance and greed take their ass by surprise.  
It's the root of all evil and sins.  
Yet and still it makes the world go around,  
Like my 20-inch rims...  
Moolah y'all.  
Platinum plaques cover my walls.  
Grindin', diamonds shinin', and without one flaw.  
Get the cash, the grass, the ass, the bounce.  
Luciano and all amounts, that's all that counts 'cause...

[chours] x2

Uh yea yea uh yea uh  
That's right haha  
All these people out there talking about who they are  
what they got...  
It dun even matter (been there, done that)  
As long as your true to your self, gotta be true to your  
self...  
I was always told if you don't stand for something you'll  
fall for anything..  
Ha ha yea nice slide  
Aftermath feeding up your ear drums  
Gotta say wasup to King T  
And my man Nash and Noe, they up in here  
Gotta say wasup to Cristal Glove g-l-o-v-e  
Haha yea that how it's going down  
Haha yea aight?  
This is how we coming, this is how we coming y'all  
You know what?

[chours]x2

