

**E-40****"Millionaire"**Visit "[Millionaire](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Man,  
Coz we see what's comin (comin, comin x 3)  
Niggas be like yo cash  
How come you ain't droppin tapes  
How come you ain't been droppin shit for niggas here  
Well, now they got it  
Ain't that right Bangladesh  
Hahaha  
Wait till the next shit niggas hear  
Oh man  
I might have to quit the clubs, haha

See the rich, see the chains  
See the diamonds and the rings  
Doin it big, that's my shit  
Boy this shit'll never change  
Ahh, coz I'm a millionaire boy  
Ahh coz I'm a millionaire boy

See the loots, see the coops  
Of the hoes that are troops  
Ballin like we salutes  
In the jeans or the suits  
Ahh, coz I'm a millionaire boy  
Ahh, coz I'm a millionaire boy

Master lock pick  
Don't stop us from ace hardware  
I'm from the swayer where suckers don't like to play  
fair  
I'm a millionaire, never wear the same underwear  
Fuck the spare, I get a flat tyre, I leave the car there  
My sick with a chain, got more colours than Froot Loops  
My regular watch got more cash than veggie soup  
(veggie soup)  
'06 Bently, electric candy blue coupe  
Hit a check every 30 days, PNB freely recoup  
Rest your head in this V.I.P bottle service  
Make more money on accident than most y'all do on  
purpose  
Slide through the back, I got this here thang on lock

(lock)  
Pull up to my house, drive way look like a car lot (car lot)  
Money, sex and dough  
Bustle real estate and invest in a fat burger  
I ain't went nowhere, I'm still in  
Your money newborn, mine's a thing you shoulda seen

See the rich, see the chains,  
See the diamonds and the rings  
Doin it big, that's my shit  
Boy that shit'll never change  
Ahh, coz I'm a millionaire boy  
Ahh, coz I'm a millionaire boy  
See the loots and the coops  
Of the hoes that are troops  
Ballin like we salutes  
In the jeans or the suits  
Ahh, coz I'm a millionaire boy  
Ahh, coz I'm a millionaire boy

We flew to the west, we landed in the G2  
And bounced to the club, we poppin bottles what we do  
(that's what we do)  
Stunna shades on, we rockin Birdman boots  
I'm in the bay, nigga rollin on them 22's  
Keep tha strap arm length on the hustle fool  
And what happened at the source, nigga you had to  
And like a G nigga I went and bought a G2  
I found a Range Rover nigger and a six too  
And my ice is so chunky, got my neck bright  
And I got a fist so fly, keep a game tight  
A full doe car niche, California beige white  
It kept me in the kitchen, cooked the same thing twice  
We overflowed it, overload it, nigga hard white  
We sold a dossier so we blew a nigger all night  
And hit the streets with them hoes, tell them get it right  
You got a self made millionaire, so pay the price

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