

Freeway

"Roc-A-Fella Billionaires"

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(Feat. Jay-Z)

Rocafella millionaires bitch, early, that's right, haha
{Hey Big Sp-, Hey Big, Hey, Hey Big Spender}

[verse 1:]

[Freeway:]

30 mill in the bank, 30 grand on the wrist-and
20 mill in the Swiss-and, 30 birds in a tank
Diamonds all in the face, blind ya face when it glisten
Ace of Spade not that Crissy, man you know what we
drink

Got my automa-k, in my new Gucci slippers
I bring my loafers from Louies, what the fuck did you
think?

When I step in the place, bitches running up to
me...yelling

{Hey big spender!}

[Jay-Z:]

Chea, Chea, Chea, Chea

I turn a nick to a dime, dime to some millions
A brick to the Roc, the Roc into some buildings
When ya nigga feeling I might see about a billion
'Fore I leave the building, now that's what I call a billing
Uh, balling, you still crawling, children, call him
When ya start walking I be wheeling, flooring
Something foreign, no ceiling, chilling...hey, hey,
hey...hahaha
{Hey big spender!}

[Chorus:]

[Jay-Z:]

{Hey big spender!} That's what them hoes say
{Hey!} Ho pouring rose-ay
{Hey!} Rose gold, royal oak, automart, okay
(Chea) Hey (Chea) Hey (Chea) Hey (Chea) Hey (Chea)
Hey (Chea) Hey
Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Chea

[Freeway:]

That's what them hoes say
Free pouring rose-ay
Rocafella millionaires, we stack that paper everyday,

yeeeah
(Hey) Yeah (Hey) Yeah (Hey) Yeah (Hey) Yeah (Hey)
Hey
{Hey big spender!}
Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Chea

[Verse 2:]

[Jay-Z:]

I'm a jet fuel abuser, now 7-4 to the 5
Hova's dough is on autopilot, I don't even drive
In the bop with my shoes up, I just took back the
Phantom
Too many fuckers could fathom, what it felt like to have
em
I just copped me an all-things, a professional ball team
Tell me I ain't the illest hustler ya'll seen
When you don't buy out the bar, you buy the bar, that's
what ya call

{Hey big spender!} Ha,ha,ha,haaa

[Freeway:]

I got some dough on the block, got some dough
getting wrists
I got a villa in Tahiti and I don't owe no rent
I got that paper for real-a, and these niggas finally
thinking
Eat my cake up in the safe and take a slice of the dilla
Three hundred grands of damn willa, why ya'll niggas
debating
I'm copping, ya'll niggas hating cuz I'm making that
scrilla
They know me F-Baby gorrilla, when I step in the
building, they saying
{Hey big spender!}

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

[Freeway:] Although I'm good with addition, the flow so
scientific

[Jay-Z:] Gold plate like Cris, so I reverse the system

[Freeway:] Came from poverty stricken [Jay-Z:] to the
top of the Forbes

[Freeway:] Now the property's listed [Jay-Z:] in high
society district

[Jay-Z:] '76 is the floor [Freeway:] '94 with the raw

[Jay-Z:] '96 with the flow [Freeway:] 2008 with the
spitting

[Freeway:] Now drop a grip up in the mall, two hundred
grand at the district, we living, bitches

[Chorus]

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