

## **Freeway Feat. Jay-Z "Roc-A-Fella Billionaires"**

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Roc-A-Fella millionaires, bitch  
(Hey, big spend, hey, big)  
Early  
(Hey, hey, big spender)  
That's right

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

Got my Automa K and my new Gucci slippers  
I bring my loafers from Louie's, but what the  
fuck did you think?  
When I step in the place bitches running up to me  
yelling  
(Hey, big spender)

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 you nigga feeling I might see about a billion  
'Fore I leave the building, now that's what I call a billing

Balling, you still crawling, children, calling  
When you start walking I'll be wheeling  
Flooring something foreign, no ceiling, chilling  
(Hey, big spender)

(Hey)  
That's what them hoes say  
(Hey)  
Hoe pouring rose-ay

(Hey)  
Rose gold, royal oak  
(Hey)  
Automa, okay

Chea, hey, chea, hey, chea, hey, chea, hey  
Chea, hey, chea, hey, ch-ch-chea

(Hey, big spender)

That's what them hoes say  
Free pouring, rosy  
Roc-A-Fella millionaires  
We stack that paper everyday

Yeah, hey, yeah, hey, yeah, hey, yeah, hey  
Yeah, hey, hey, ch-ch-chea  
(Hey, big spender)

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 y'all all seen  
When you don't buy out the bar you buy the bar, that's  
what you call  
(Hey, big spender)

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 and these niggas fighting and  
thinking  
Keep my cake up in the safe and take a slice of the dilla

Three hundred grands, a damn villa, why y'all all  
niggas debating?  
I'm copping, y'all all niggas hating ~cause  
I'm making that scrilla  
They know me as Baby Gorilla  
When I step in the building they saying  
(Hey, big spender)

(Hey)  
That's what them hoes say  
(Hey)  
Hoe pouring rose-ay

(Hey)  
Rose gold, royal oak  
(Hey)  
Automa, okay

Chea, hey, chea, hey, chea, hey, chea, hey  
Chea, hey, chea, hey, ch-ch-chea

(Hey, big spender)

That's what them hoes say  
Free pouring, rosy  
Roc-A-Fella millionaires  
We stack that paper everyday

Yeah, hey, yeah, hey, yeah, hey, yeah, hey  
Yeah, hey, hey, ch-ch-chea  
(Hey, big spender)

Although I'm good with addition, the flow so scientific  
Gold plate like Cris so I reverse the system  
Came from poverty stricken to the top of the Forbes  
Now the property's listed in high society district

'76 is the floor, '94 with the raw  
'96 with the flow, 2008 with the spitting  
Now drop a grip up in the mall  
Two hundred grand at the district we living, bitches  
(Hey, big spender)

(Hey)  
That's what them hoes say  
(Hey)  
Hoe pouring rose-ay

(Hey)  
Rose gold, royal oak  
(Hey)  
Automa, okay

Chea, hey, chea, hey, chea, hey, chea, hey  
Chea, hey, chea, hey, ch-ch-chea  
(Hey, big spender)

That's what them hoes say  
Free pouring, rosy  
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Yeah, hey, yeah, hey, yeah, hey, yeah, hey  
Yeah, hey, hey, ch-ch-chea  
(Hey, big spender)

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