

Juvenile

"Rich NGgaz"

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LIL' WAYNE]

Wha, wha, wha... (Look at them diamonds..)

Wha, wha, wha... (They shinin')

Wha, wha.... (Shinin, Shinin, Shinin)

Cash Money, Rich Niggaz.. Look..

Loud pipes, big rims, nigga, that's my life..

While I pull up at the club, sorry that's my night..

I know that the haters probably sayin' that, that's not right..

But, my diamonds are much bigger, so, that's my life..

Bling, bling.. I only carry big faces, you hear the..

Ching, ching.. Now you can ask your wife and she will say the..

Same thing.. and your children be amazed when they see me on the..

Big screen, Ha, ha, ha... I crack myself up..

I know I talk 'lot but I can back myself up,

You see that house on the beach, that's where I shack myself up,

You ain't really got more money than me, think about it..

Let's just say somebody gave me a check to think about it..

So I just bought a new Rollie and got to take a link up

out it..

And even though ice is like a Prince concert that ain't crowded..

You see the Beam, and the truck, and the V-12, and we was next..

Then that's when I pull up in the B-E-L, Le-Le-Lex.. Ha..

(1st Hook)

MANNIE: I'm on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire....

WAYNE: Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

M: We on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire....

W: Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

[JUVENILE]

Juvenile used to be R-E-T-A bound,

Now I be bustin' these bitches head when I come 'round,

Actin' like a nigga that ain't never had shit,

Look into my bed starin' at some asses,

I'll damned if these diamonds and golds ain't shinin,

My Rollie ain't rhinin, my bank ain't climbin,

You lookin at a multi-millionaire in the flesh,

Might don't have it now, but I just got me a check.

I could walk it like I talk it, play it how I say it,

Teach it like I preach it, now, put that in your head,

Nigga, bet a thousand, shoot a thousand - ain't nuthin,

Smoke a pound, pop the Cristal and drink somethin,

Meet me in the casino, way in the back...

Usin' money like a motherfucka, still shooting craps,

Tomorrow I'll be back, I got millionaire stacked chips,
We make so much money IRS be lookin' anxious.

(2nd Hook)

MANNIE: I'm on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire...

WAYNE: Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

M: We on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire...

W: Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

[TURK]

I got more ends, than Bun'ny have in a factory,

I'm that Turk, I'm living large, got the baddest ho's
after me,

Picture me, a young nigga ballin' out of control,

Playin' with millions, layin' in condos,

Nigga I shine, shine through the fuckin' week,

The flyiest ride with Cristal in the passenger seat,

Don't hate me, 'cause I'm a little baller,

Got more weight than Angola, fuckin' your girl, Karla,

Nigga I stunt, and I'm a stunt 'til I can't no more,

Chest lit up like the oaks, from the diamonds I sport,

Yo, I can't be touched..

Don't think I'm too much, nigga I'm rich with the fuck,

Rolex crushed out with the bezel..

And all the fools that get close to me got to be on my
schedule,

I got so much money, I don't know what to do..

But buy houses and cars, and break bread with my
crew..

(3rd Hook)

MANNIE: I'm on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiire...

WAYNE: Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

M: We on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiire... (Block burner, baby)

W: Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

M: G on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiire...

W: Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

[PAPARUE] (Ooh, ooh, ooh, check, hear me..)

It's like, monkey see, monkey do,

Rolling with the Cash Money brothers, an' stayin' true,

Cause when were ridin, shinin' on the million-dollar scene,

Ho's and niggas know what I mean, know what I mean,

But when I bring out the rope around the Hummer,

Don't know bout the Benz, and then the Lex Bubble,

When I start they said I had no fame,

Now all the girlies, them'uh, callin' me name,

10 G's to just to come and see me,

Fax the contract to big Cash Money,

Cause you know the whole clique right with me,

They ride with me, Hey me... with me...

Won't count the diamonds just around my neck-uh,

"X" amount-a dollars on a bankroll check-uh,

If you want to really come and see Rue-B, (See Rue-B)

Those that got me wicked, in at least a century,

For real, yea-yea

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