

Juvenile "Rich Niggaz"

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Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why
Cash money, rich niggaz
Look

[Lil' Wayne]
Loud pipes, big rims
Nigga, that's my life
As I pull up at the club, sorry that's my knife
I know a lot of haters probably saying that that's not
right
Well, my diamonds so much bigger
So, that's my life
Bling, bling
Now, only carry big face and 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
Got a little 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 me with no ice is like a prince concert that ain't
crowded
They see the beam, and the truck, and the b-12
And we was next
Then that's when I pull up in the b-e-l
Le-le-lex
Ha

(1st chorus)
I'm on fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

We on fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

[Juvenile]

Juvenile I used to be
R-e-t-a bound
Now I be busting these bitches when I come around
Acting like a nigga that ain't never had shit
Look into my bed saying that's a mad hit
I'll damned if these diamonds and golds ain't shining
My rollie ain't rinning
My bank and climbing
You looking at a multi-millionaire in the flesh
Might don't have it now, but I just got me a check
I can 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 nothing
Smoke a pound, pop the crystal and drink something
Meet me in the casino
Way in the back
Using money like a motherfucker
Still shooting crack
Tomorrow I'll be back
I got millionaire status
We make so much money irs be looking at us

(Repeat 1st chorus 1x)

[Turk]

I got more ends than bonnie have in a factory
I'm lil turk, I'm living large, got the baddest hoes after
me
Picture me, a young nigga bawling out of control
Playing with millions, laying in condos
Nigga I shine, shine through the fucking week
The flyiest ride with crystal in the passenger seat
Don't hate me, 'cause I'm a little bawler
Got more weight than angola
Fucking your girl carla
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 what the fuck
Rolex crushed out with the bezel
And all the foes that get close to me got to be on my
schedule
I got so much money

I don't know what to do
Buy isles and cars
And break bread with my crew

(2nd chorus)

I'm on fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
We on fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
B.g. on fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

[Paparue]

Uh, uh, uh
Hear me
It's like, monkey see, monkey do
Rolling with the cash money runners I stay true
Cause when were running and climbing on the million-
dollar scene
Holding together, mo-de-ming, mo-de-ming
When I bring out the rubber around the hummer
[???] benz, or in the lex bubble
When I start they said I had no fame
Now all the girls just end up calling my name
10 g's to [???]
Fax the contract to big cash money
Cause you know this whole clique right with me
They're right with me
Sip-pe-di-dy
Won't count the diamonds just around my neck
X amount-a dollars on a bankroll check
If you want to really come and sing with me
Those that got me wicked, then I do some free
For free!

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