

Poison Clan "Spoiled Rotten"

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Verse 1

[Debonaire] Everybody that we see'll be shocked and stunned
'Cause it's me Debonaire the man that's done
The impossible. Now the people stop and stare
I got richer than the richest man of the year
JT Deb and Drugz better known as the Poison Clan
Made a plan to get even richer than
The Rockefellers and any other fellas
Now we own docks bond stocks swellers
Other investments to stay on top
You would need a reservation to shop where I shop
I be drinkin' Moet in a private jet
Thinkin' shit I'll put down on New York just yet
When I talk about buyin', my partner says ...
[JT Money] Yo, I'ma buy the White House and rent it out
to the Prez
'Cause I'm rich as hell, my (bitches wail/bitch as well)
Got clientele, because the records sell
Take champagne baths, girlies make me laugh
They be pantin' and sweatin' just to get on my staff
Made the President a resident on Money Street
Since I'm Money, money talks so I don't have to speak
Wear designer clothes, macks out on the road
Got a dog named Dollar with a mouth full o' gold
My lifestyle seems fancy; all my fans see
The Money-Man is grand; the Clan enhanced me
Try to creep the Clan, you better out run
A solid gold silver-bullet-shootin' shotgun
I'm spoiled rotten, and you can plainly see
That your boy Richie Rich ain't got nothin' on me
But now that we're rich, our old friends are forgotten
Now that the Poison Clan's spoiled rotten

Verse 2: Debonaire

I make bucks deluxe, wear a tux to chill
So fly, I'd die and get my face on a bill
Any hoe that ain't freakin', I ain't speakin' 'cause
Even when I wasn't rich I had the hoes that was
That was spendin' off sluts, but the choice of the girls
'Cause Teddy Rux sucks when compared to pearls
Friends speakin' I'm the best, I never brag

But the ladies pledge allegiance to me like a flag
I use dollar bills for napkins, a golden spoon
Got service doin' chores for this tycoon
I got a fort identical to Scrooge McDuck's
And my cash is transported in army trucks
I got enough paper to buy a skyscraper
I used to own an acre; now I own Jamaica
I'm never caught braggin' 'bout a cellular phone
I'd rather talk about the crib I call home sweet home
In a sauna, if I wanna, I'll relax 'till dawn
All I do is think about it and the lights come on
All you see is champagne, never juice or punch
And a single drop of water and a pill makes lunch
With the book of world records, I gotta agree
That the only person rich as me is JT
And none of my old friends are forgotten
Now that Debonaire's spoiled rotten

Verse 3: JT Money

Mr. Jackpot, on a yacht and whatnot
I hate to brag, but check it out: I got
Style and finesse, dollar sign on my chest
I guess my guests get impressed when I sport guests
So I do. Must have been God-sent
'Cause I donate to charity every car I dent
Burn dollar bills for incense, imported mink -
This describes my carpet, so I can't spill drinks
Play shuffleboard aboard my hip when aboard
Ain't a thing these days that I can't afford
Got silk pajamas, I own llamas,
Half the Bahamas, clothes designers
People need to let me know my gear's ready
Cash seems petty when treated like confetti
My amount amounts too high and steeps solo
I wear Polo while playin' Polo
I'm rich as fuck, so the bitches fuck
Don't ask me why, I guess it's just my luck
To have a chauffer, and minks of fur, my own gopher
Fat bank account - somethin' to think about
Spoiled rotten lifestyle is state of the art
It's so rich we play Poker with credit cards
But now that I'm rich, my old friends are forgotten
Now that JT Money's spoiled rotten

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