

## Soulja Boy

### "2 Milli"

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[Soulja Boy]

I did what I wanted, n-ggas did what they could  
a lion wouldn't cheat but a Tiger would  
I only keep real n-ggas in my stable  
a million dollar chain, I'm feeling like Gucci's label  
so icey I really don't care  
haters green as a pool table and they twice as square  
had to cut a couple b-tches, them n-ggas need stitches  
I'm getting money out the tree y'all n-ggas getting  
switches  
similar to Nas, I need a mic though  
chop the bread up, Tae Kwon Do  
they pass me the game like Tom Brady  
these rappers chances looking slim just like shady

[Verse 2]

n-ggas locked behind my bars Im taking out prisoners  
sit back relax recieving my residual  
think this song is dope sh-t wait til you see the visual  
please brace yourself this sh-t about to get critical  
let it be known I got rappers on my hit list  
I got so many gifts you would swear I stole Christmas  
word to the Grinch b-tch my style will switch quick  
i knew this all along I was waiting just to hit the kill  
switch  
since day one man your boy been the truth  
broke so many records like I'm in the glass booth  
like I'm in the glass studio breaking out barriers  
back on crime I was screaming out Ellen wood(?) area  
n-gga I aint scared of ya, never ever will be  
I'm screaming I'm the best till these rappers kill me  
make the people feel me like the blind men do  
on your girl head so much like her favourite shampoo

I'm travelling where I want, soulja's vacation  
my mind is so free, (?) proclamation  
Im so hot, haters evaporating  
6 b-tches on my d-ck I'm elimidating  
Im high every friday just like smokey  
Im spitting real sh-t, these n-ggas spitting Karaoke  
hit stick with the flow just like Madden

Im so high on my carpet feeling like Alladin  
I spit hot flames b-tch just like a dragon  
and my pants saggin  
spell it backwards n-ggas  
n-ggas get heated when they see the coupe on  
i dont give a f-ck got my Pyrex suit on  
I'ma keep rapping til the fans hear the best of me  
Im cooking up the game b-tch yeah I got the recipe  
you aint gotta like me just please respect it  
hip hop is dead n-gga let me resurrect it  
microphone check it, uno, dos, tres,  
I'ma keep spitting til they crown me the best  
the rap games a mess, let me clean it up  
its a pigsty they going ham give it up

[Verse 3]

flying down the highway a million on the dashboard  
you cant start my car up unless you got the password  
I'm something like a prophecy spit so properly  
when my album drops watch how many rappers copy  
me  
haters opinions are obsolete  
don't make pop music so it ain't no pop in me  
and my brains a b-tch where she at when I need her  
ya pack nines, I pack nine kilometers  
ya did'nt want beef why would ya start it  
cameras flashing like you walking down the red carpet  
first you was nameless now imma make you famous  
hit you with the stainless and leave your ass brainless  
best rapperâ€¦!

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