

Too Much On The Beat

"Illion"

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Verse 1 (Joe Flizzow)

Yo there's more to life than just credit cards and money
Now why we ballers sweatin' crazy chasin' hunnies?
You know it's funny but it's all good though
'cos like everybody else I got a dream to make a million yo
Now what? You thought we got crazy bank?
You know I'm sleeping in a tent cos I couldn't afford the rent
But if I was rich, I'd buy me mad bling blings
And fat chains that'll make ya neck hurt and platinum ring rings
Just to get the feeling, nows lets pretend we dealin'
With big bucks and persian silk rugs and pushin' big trucks
And 4 wheel drives wit' tv screens and mad audio
Got personal trainers to take care of my cardio
And Playboy Bunnies to bring me milk and oreos
A dozen hunnies in bikinis and parios
To chill wit' me and my boys at our pool parties
My make believe crib yo you know be always rowdy
My neighbour Britney, she complainin' but she just jealous
'cos Jenny Lo across the road gets to hang wit' us fellas
Makin' money makin' money makin' money
Don't wake me up fool im busy with all these hunnies

Chorus 2x

I wanna make a million
Illegal got a billion
Yo Joe take a trillion
Malique got change for a zillion?

Verse 2 (Malique)

Well if I had a million you know I'd spend buff fees
So I can get sicillians and go kidnap puffy
Haha, takeover Bad Boy and merry Jenny
Sign Joe, chill with 112 and sip Henny
This might sound crazy but Imma do a song with Jay Z
With Dre on the beats and libs by Slimshady

And do this video you know like really ill, word
**** a Hype Williams now gimme Steven Spielberg
And remember one thang, I want all rappers in it
North, south, east to the west, they all represented
And bring some R&B dudes too, prolly Usher
So he can do that nose wrestle scene we planned with
Busta
And at the end we all say, Rest in Peace Big Pun
Now guess where I'm gon' be at once the videos done
I'll be in Cuba, frontin' with a new pouch bag
Wit' the help of James Bond I'll try to bring Tupac back,
what.

Chorus

Verse 3 (Joe Flizzow)

If I had mad loot, I'd fill my storeroom wit Tim Boots
And start my clothing company sellin' see through
Negligees and brassieres, heck 'd sell thongs wit
peacock feathers
And zebra prints and market my product for sigle
grandmothers
And tell my agent to get hold of the president
Make an offer can't refuse for his residence
Then renovate the crib jac'causezi balconies
Hire Chef Wan to make me cheese and macaroni
Mad tight security, ain't no papparazzi
Gon'take shots of me and my boo invade my provacy
If not I'll buy an island just off South China Sea
Escape mad city life and let my conscience free
Under shady palm trees, Kawasaki jet skis
And sip pineapple juice in peaceful harmony
So that's my story and dreams ya'll fools don't laugh at
me
'cos one day my fantasies might be reality

Chorus (4X)

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