

Push Play

"Millions"

Visit "[Millions](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Pusha T]

You know what happens when G.O.O.D. Music and MMG
get together right?

We get that money

[Hook x2: Pusha T]

Millions, Millions in the ceiling

Millions, Millions in the ceiling

Millions, Millions in the ceiling

Millions, Millions in the ceiling

Choppers, choppers in the closet

Choppers, choppers in the closet

Choppers, choppers in the closet

Choppers, choppers in the closet

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

This that shit that ya?ll wanted?

This shit cook up hard don't it?

Yall gotta beg my pardon on it

But this shit sound like God don't it? (yeaah)

I'm tired and yall gotta pay your ties

Call my Phantom the Holy Ghost

Church on chrome wheel tires

Pop a tags when I'm paranoid

Cause a pawn shop was my paradise

I was there pop when that powder came

For that not safe in that shoe box,

Blue tops, blue tops, bad bitch in that blue fox

This big face and blue-ray and these black diamonds
like boondocks

[Bridge: Pusha T]

I restore the feeling of when niggas made a killin'?

Hiding choppers in the closet half a million in the
ceiling

And them niggas with angel faces cryin? out with I'll
intentions

And just so I can buy them Christians have em fuck it
on all their bitches ah!

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

I'm honored by horror stories, wanna be home owners
Horrible outcome with the boy got one motive
Prize when he conficted, pride on every visit
I'm crying sayin his name, ride for all my niggas
Used to fiddle my fingers, until I found me a fortune
Finger fuckin Ferrari?s, South of France early mornin
Get drunk with Donatello, Versace, my Acapella
Never see me in Neimans, nigga committing treason
Soft loafer prefered, frost organic herb
Stay away from the forbes of our only can tell you more
I got this I got that
I got that, I got this
Got a kilo for twenty
My niggas say I'm the shit

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Pusha T]

This that shit ya?ll ask for
Make a nigga on the gas floor
2- door, 4-door, roll through the hood like task force
Fast forward, Oops! they say they wanna see proof
My record sells aint much as theirs and we still ridin
same coupes
How we still fuckin same hoe?
How we still buy the same clothes?
How we both got the same watch?
I?m just keepin ya?ll on your toes
Dope boys, gold mind
That price drop and that Coke rise
Then set it over that blue flame
Then hang to dry like clothes line

[Bridge: Pusha T]

I restore the feeling of when niggas made a killin?
Hiding choppers in the closet half a million in the
ceiling
Got the razor on the counter Arm-N- Hammer in the
kitchen
Just to keep my feet in Christians and keep fuckin all
your bitches, aaah!

[Hook]

Visit [Push Play](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.