

## **Big Tymers feat. Bun B , Lil' Wayne**

### **"Millionaire Dream"**

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Big Tymers feat. Bun B (U.G.K.), Lil' Wayne

Millionaire Dream

Check

[Verse 1]

I got ten round my neck, twenty on my wrist  
Million dollar luck ah, million dollar kiss  
Pull up in my Lexus, sippin on Dom P  
Call me lil' baby but you ain't know it was C.M.B.  
I floss everyday wootay  
Knowin to shine like a crushed wine face Roley  
What the deal on the real it's all about scrill  
Pretty grills, pretty broads, and plenty mills ah  
Ridin to myself up in my baby benz  
Playin tens, goin shoppin with my lady friends  
Flyin to Nashville, me and bob splittin eighty  
Then I chill on Washatona with Slim and Baby  
See the \$ on my back symbolize my click  
See the \$ around my neck symbolize we rich  
Always wonderful, but Baby gotta see it to believe it  
All this ice and rich heights man it's off the heezy  
Fifteen and I'm workin wit a hundred and better  
And you can put that on my diamond Gucci bezel  
What

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I got ten around my neck (mm mm)  
And baguettes on my wrist [Bling]  
See we ball till we fall (la la)  
Livin a millionaires dream (wootay)

[Verse 2]

Since I done hit me a lick, I done got some shit  
That most niggas out chere can't fuck wit  
Sixty- Five on rims to get they mind right  
Then took the Cash Money piece and put twenty all  
night  
Now I'ma ball till I fall if it kills a bitch  
Check the crown of the Roley from the flick to the wrist  
Six figures ain't enough for this game that I'm in

If I can make a hundred G's then I can make a million  
Rice and Baby in a loader fuckin around with them hoes  
Me and Slim was parlaying makin deals in the rose  
Wayne and Manny in a hummer spit 'n game to a bitch  
B.G. and Juvi in a benz bumpin hot boys this  
Big Tymers oh it's nothing nice I ain't sellin for shit  
If it's a Bentley that I want, it's a Bentley I get  
Drop-top, CD changer, come equipped with the phone  
Cash Money Big Tymers and we ride on chrome  
Playa Haters want to picture me fallin'  
If you could picture 'Pac rollin, then you can picture me  
ballin  
Living good, lookin good, playin cards with the ???  
CMR Hot Boys Big Tymers for life, nigga  
Yeah we drinkin diamonds and gold  
For the nine scrilla, biatch [echo]

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Nigga I got million stashed so I can buy these buildings  
And duck these killings  
And tipping these niggas tryina have billions  
I just wanna raise my two children  
Going to these white folks and demandin millions  
Havin 'em saying Cash Money worth figures  
And tippin 'em just like Suge Knight did 'em  
And I done did my dirt in the process tryna' make  
millions  
See I done did a lot of shit in my lifetime  
Like, makin money, committing these stupid crimes  
But I still got my ghetto stripes  
When I'm pimp in the game  
Cuz, I love to hustle all through the night  
Cuz, when I hit my block it's like the Pope done stopped  
I have them lil' children sayin, "Baby please don't stop"  
Worth six figures and I'm rich and these hoes and right  
Hustlin all night so Lil' Bryan can eat right  
I'm going holla at my people in Melph to make sure shit  
right  
??? so I'ma cruise to the next life  
Me and Bryan got to bitches we goin fuck tonight  
If they don't give up the pussy hotel they get left  
tonight  
That's how it be worth some G's  
Man you can play them hoes like they ain't worth shit  
You dig

[Baby Talking]

[Chorus]

[Verse 4]

Young niggas wearin cracka gators  
All my life eatin steak and potatoes  
Valet please get the beige Mercedes  
It's beautiful, la la, don't hate us  
Back up for the most spectacular, cake stackular  
Performance like Acura, got these stayin like Dracula  
Vroom, how you like that diamond bezel  
Blindin everything up in this bitch when I hit the shiny  
pedal  
It's marvelous, the life I live  
Smile pretty child got plenty Crystal to give  
Rolex's for everyday of the week  
Blowin gars in all kinds of cars will my brother Keith  
Steaks and fettuccini, lil' girls in bikinis  
Maybe Baby might let me use his beige Lamborghini  
Givin all these project hoes the weenie  
On radios and videos y'all hoes seen me  
Life styles of the rich and richer  
Look on any bad bitch wall you goin see my picture  
Wildlife on my feet everyday of the week Now how that  
shit hit you Look here Baby I'ma get wit you

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