

Birdman f/ Bun B, Drake

"More Milli"

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[Birdman] Make it so fresh, YM So fly so priceless, CMB
bitch Just another day on the Top floor of the balcony
bitch Live it how we live it Mula, Drizzy You what it is,
young appreciate that It's big money poppin baby boy
Ain't none of that lil biddy More, mo more milli More,
mo more milli Yeah,.. pearl white candy paint job fly Big
timer on the loose Got a bitch riding five And everytime
I pull up you know I'm iced up When I step up in the club
I light the bitch up Back on my saddle throwing purple
out the truck Candy paint rally stripe shining like us
Pearly white maybach, hatchback automatic straps
stash spots under the rack bitch, ready to spray that
Foreign grinds hard times Getting mines, you know up
town Big time doing time You know, Harley Davis baby
Cash money is pay me so you pay me how it weigh
Baby, black, gold 100 mill off the floor Never told now
you know how it go bitch One hundred, one hundred
[Drake] Yeah Your now fucking with the most
requested The young nigga that everybody is so
obsessed with And balck on black 62 float majestic Me
and stunna in it, boy I'm just so connected Caught up in
a popularity contest It's about to reach my dreams and
I ain't even got my arms stretched Thank me later first
week I'm taking all bets Because a million copies isn't
really far fetched I keep credit cards in cash knots I
keep my darkest shades on til the flash stops It's for
my LA girls getting them implants And all my DC girls
getting them ass shots Got em for a reason shortie, go
ahead buss it open I keep a secret baby, nothings
heard when nothings spoken Haters talk it like my buzz
isn't enough promotion And I just lost a Gucci sandal in
the fucking ocean Damn, I guess the problems of a
teen star Are confused all the conversations between
y'all And dog that's funny, pay me what you know
nigga All cash money

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