

## SoulFly

### "Spoiled Rotten"

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#### Verse 1

[Debonaire] Everybody that we see'll be shocked and  
stunned  
'Cause it's me, Debonaire, the man that's done  
The impossible. Now the people stop and stare  
I got richer than the richest man of the year  
JT, Deb and Drugz, better known as the Poison Clan  
Made a plan to get even richer than  
The Rockefellers, and any other fellas  
Now we own docks, bond-stocks swellers  
Other investments to stay on top  
You would need a reservation to shop where I shop  
I be drinkin' Moet in a private jet  
Thinkin' shit I'll put down on New York just yet  
When I talk about buyin', my partner says ...  
[JT Money] Yo, I'ma buy the White House and rent it out  
to the Prez  
'Cause I'm rich as hell, my (bitches wail/bitch as well)  
Got clientele, because the records sell  
Take champagne baths, girlies make me laugh  
They be pantin' and sweatin' just to get on my staff  
Made the President a resident on Money Street  
Since I'm Money, money talks so I don't have to speak  
Wear designer clothes, macks out on the road  
Got a dog named Dollar with a mouth full o' gold  
My lifestyle seems fancy; all my fans see  
The Money-Man is grand; the Clan enhanced me  
Try to creep the Clan, you better out run  
A solid gold silver-bullet-shootin' shotgun  
I'm spoiled rotten, and you can plainly see  
That your boy Richie Rich ain't got nothin' on me  
But now that we're rich, our old friends are forgotten  
Now that the Poison Clan's spoiled rotten

#### Verse 2: Debonaire

I make bucks deluxe, wear a tux to chill  
So fly, I'd die and get my face on a bill  
Any hoe that ain't freakin', I ain't speakin' 'cause  
Even when I wasn't rich I had the hoes that was  
That was spendin' off sluts, but the choice of the girls  
'Cause Teddy Rux sucks when compared to pearls

Friends speakin' I'm the best, I never brag  
But the ladies pledge allegiance to me like a flag  
I use dollar bills for napkins, a golden spoon  
Got service doin' chores for this tycoon  
I got a fort identical to Scrooge McDuck's  
And my cash is transported in army trucks  
I got enough paper to buy a skyscraper  
I used to own an acre; now I own Jamaica  
I'm never caught braggin' 'bout a cellular phone  
I'd rather talk about the crib I call home sweet home  
In a sauna, if I wanna, I'll relax 'till dawn  
All I do is think about it and the lights come on  
All you see is champagne, never juice or punch  
And a single drop of water and a pill makes lunch  
With the book of world records, I gotta agree  
That the only person rich as me is JT  
And none of my old friends are forgotten  
Now that Debonaire's spoiled rotten

### Verse 3: JT Money

Mr. Jackpot, on a yacht and whatnot  
I hate to brag, but check it out: I got  
Style and finesse, dollar sign on my chest  
I guess my guests get impressed when I sport guests  
So I do. Must have been God-sent  
'Cause I donate to charity every car I dent  
Burn dollar bills for incense, imported mink -  
This describes my carpet, so I can't spill drinks  
Play shuffleboard aboard my hip when aboard  
Ain't a thing these days that I can't afford  
Got silk pajamas, I own llamas,  
Half the Bahamas, clothes designers  
People need to let me know my gear's ready  
Cash seems petty when treated like confetti  
My amount amounts too high and steeps solo  
I wear Polo while playin' Polo  
I'm rich as fuck, so the bitches fuck  
Don't ask me why, I guess it's just my luck  
To have a chauffer, and minks of fur, my own gopher  
Fat bank account - somethin' to think about  
Spoiled rotten lifestyle is state of the art  
It's so rich we play Poker with credit cards  
But now that I'm rich, my old friends are forgotten  
Now that JT Money's spoiled rotten

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