

South Central Cartel "Champagne Wishes"

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[VERSE 1: Havikk the Rhime Son]

I'm high-class, wife got the mink and (?)
I'm drinkin Dom Perrignon bathtub all gold
Roll a Lexus with the Rolex on my neck, it's
Caviar, bubblebaths, hoes wanna sex this
Million dollar gee cause they all wanna hang
Givin up that putang cause all they see is the fame
Or just riches, they just bitches, unlike snitches
Penetration's what they get, ass stitches
A stretch-limo on the all-gold Daytons
Playa-hatin me is like hangin out with Satan
I own my own jet so I can swerve to Thaiti, me and my
lady
And it's a trip how me and my homies been hangin
lately
I own a mansion, I'm stackin chips
I'm eatin lobster and crab leavin bigger tips
'95 Explorer hittin corners on my cellular bent
In my jaccuzzi, watchin a movie, my life is heaven-sent

[CHORUS: L.V.]

This is the life that I want to live
Can't let nobody stop me
Dom Perrignon, a little Aliz
It's gon' be on, can't you see?
Ladies on the left, ladies on the right
This game is so exciting
But it's to be sold and not to be told
So grab your cabbage, homie

[VERSE 2: Prode'je]

I live the lifestyles of the ganster rich and the famous
Mister Playa Playa, 13 hoes with mo' anus
A black urban as I bounce in my suburban
Lookin superb off o-x and I'm swervin
So much bucks the hoes call me Scrooge McDuck
I make the tricks quack to get a crack at the sack
The '86 Lac in the back
The sanitary white Lex-o 17 inch (?)
And I dare you to try to get with this
I take baths in Mot and dry off with \$1000 bills
Still I invest in the hood

Performin c's on the block
Make the homies clock a knot
And it don't stop
My lifestyle's not petty, I rock steady
Paid in full to get the pull
And I should buy up the whole hood
Then we could live lavish with the cabbage

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Havikk the Rhime Son]
I flew overseas just so I could see
Prod and Mouthpiece put it down in italy
And the hood had me feelin the pain with strain
But things changed, now I'm the million dollar mane

[Prode'je]

Inhale, pistol grip on the hip, ten g's in the pocket
Jump out the 454 and I locks it
Eye-sockets upon my pocket
Raise the pistol grip off my hip and unlocks it

[Rhime Son]

I Rhime Son rollin a cherry-black Impala
And I ought to buy a blue, one a true one
1996 hear the cheer from the front to the rear
With caviar dreams in yo ear

[Prode'je]

And I hear all the rumours that's bein spreaded
About where we headed and who we goes to bed with
Even though I'm livin this million dollar life
You better think twice before you get sliced

[CHORUS]

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