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## T. Mills "4140"

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well I was never meant to work but right now its fuckin crunch time grab your trays and get served like a highschool lunch line bitch

they love you when youre hot but they hate you when youre not when i pull up to the spot i make your girls jaw drop ive never been shy and your lucky im alive because if i wasnt here youd have no way to get inspired damn and you know nobody higher look up in my eyes and you can tell i blow that fire call that shit desire, the shit that makes you tighter im just trying to stack some money up and then retire show me the money like jerry mcguire cruisin down pch with my own driver im great, like tony the tiger bowl of frosted flakes eat it every single night cuz im makin my grand entrance in the room and im trying to play it cool but im trippin off shrooms and i cant tell up from down left from right but your diggin my sound this goes down when i sing my hooks make the girls fall in love open up like books this shit is bananas just like gwen stefani and i swear your girls trying to be my babys mommy the girl in my car is the girl at the bar she says your a lame man your chillin subpar i got wood like tiger, man they wanna flaunt me i have dreams about my past and that shit haunts me now im just trying to live my life the best i can making moves so the money ends up in my hands some bitches hate me and the other ones are fans its cause i put it down like no one else can oh no im about to go back in again chillin in a room with seven white women

sinnin again swimmin in money because i love it i be poppin bottles in public like FUCK IT been waitin on my time to shine found my hustle, found my grind im only gonna tell you motherfuckers this one more time

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