

## **Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim**

### **"That's Right"**

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That's right...  
Right right right

[Verse One]

I know you love me, I'm like a habit  
But if you had a million dollars, could I have it?  
If I was broke and starvin, would you feed me?  
If I drove a big car, would you see me?  
While I'm foldin yo' money in half  
If you was holdin on down to yo' last  
You know I need it, everything you got  
I gotta get it or we'll never see the top  
If it was a Happy Meal, or a half-a-mill  
It's the same thing baby, that's real  
Don't matter if you're holdin out, no doubt  
If you fuckin Ludacris bitch, +Rollin' Out+  
With a Chinese name, Won Gone  
Pack yo' bags, and get the fuck on  
It's understandable, why I do what I do  
Gettin money every day and I'm still comin through,  
right..

[Chorus]

I'm a woman that'll hold you down  
When the other ones can't be fou-ounnnd, that's right  
I'm a woman that'll keep you rich  
When the others want you to tri-iiiick - that's right

[Verse Two]

I need team players, to roll with  
Get down with an O.G., knowin it  
Would you mix Hennessy, with Tanqueray?  
Let me fuck yo' best friend every day  
Would you walk from Compton to Hollywood  
From Richmond to Oakland I got it good  
From the Soul Train Awards to the Grammys  
From New York City to Miami  
If I went to jail, would you bail me out?  
If I went through hell, would you help me out?  
Get a king and have better things  
Sell your grandmamma's wedding ring

Unconditional love, would you donate yo' kidneys?  
I wanna know how much would you give me  
Let my dawg hit it, matter fact let us all get it  
Break somethin off on it, right..

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I woke up one day in the A-T-L  
With a pocket full of money feelin way too real  
Thinkin bout what happened 'fore I went to sleep  
I'd be broke if it wasn't for the pimp in me  
Read my mind, I want what you got  
Top down girl, bumpin Tupac  
You got too much money in your freak pants  
That's why I keep my ladies in a deep trance  
From January to December  
She can't remember, her mind's in a blender  
Wake up in the back of a Caddy  
Don't even know who's your momma or your daddy  
The name is Too \$hort  
I'm addictive like Newports, but of course  
you can fight the feelin if you want to  
But this game might come back to haunt you, right..

[Chorus]

[Outro from "Pimpin' Ken dot Com"]

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