

## Too Phat "Illion"

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### Verse 1 (Joe Flizzow)

yo there's more to life than just credit cards and money  
now why we ballers sweatin' crazy chasin hunnies?  
you know it's funny but it's all good though  
'cos like everybody else I got a dream to make a million  
yo  
now what? You thought we got crazy bank?  
you know I'm sleeping in a tent cos I couldn't afford the  
rent  
but if I was rich, I'd buy me mad bling blings  
and fat chains that'll make ya neck hurt and platinum  
ring rings  
just to get the feeling, nows lets pretend we dealin'  
with big bucks and persian silk rugs and pushin big  
trucks  
and 4 wheel drives wit' tv screens and mad audio  
got personal trainers to take care of my cardio  
and Playboy Bunnies to bring me milk and oreos  
a dozen hunnies in bikinis and parios  
to chill wit' me and my boys at our pool parties  
my make believe crib yo you know be always rowdy  
my neighbour Britney, she complainin' but she just  
jealoues  
'cos Jenny Lo across the road gets to hang wit' us fellas  
Makin' money makin' money makin' money  
Don't wake me up fool im busy with all these hunnies

### Chorus 2x

I wanna make a million  
Illegal got a billion  
yo Joe take a trillion  
Malique got change for a zillion?

### Verse 2 (Malique)

well if I had a million you know I'd spend buff fees  
so I can get sicillians and go kidnap puffy  
haha, takeover Bad Boy and merry Jenna  
sign Joe, chill with 112 and sip Henny  
this might sound crazy but Imma do a song with Jay Z  
with Dre on the beats and libs by Slimshady  
and do this video you know like really ill, word  
\*\*\*\* a Hype Williams now gimme Steven Spielberg

and remember one thang, I want all rappers in it  
north, south, east to the west, they all represented  
and bring some R&B dudes too, prolly Usher  
so he can do that nose wrestle scene we planned with  
Busta  
and at the end we all say, Rest in Peace Big Pun  
now guess where I'm gon' be at once the videos done  
I'll be in Cuba, frontin' with a new pouch bag  
wit' the help of James Bond I'll try to bring Tupac back,  
what.

Chorus

Verse 3 (Joe Flizzow)

if I had mad loot, I'd fill my storeroom wit Tim Boots  
and start my clothing company sellin' see through  
negligees and brassieres, heck 'd sell thongs wit  
peacock feathers  
and zebra prints and market my product for sigle  
grandmothers  
and tell my agent to get hold of the president  
make an offer cant refuse for his residence  
then renovate the crib jac'causezi balconies  
hire Chef Wan to make me cheese and macaroni  
mad tight security, ain't no papparazzi  
gon'take shots of me and my boo invade my provacy  
if not I'll buy an island just off South China Sea  
escape mad city life and let my conscience free  
under shady palm trees, Kawasaki jet skis  
and sip pineapple juice in peaceful harmony  
so thats my story and dreams ya'll fools dont laugh at  
me  
'cos one day my fantasies might be reality

Chorus (4X)

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