

## Martin Griffith

### "Sad Millionaire"

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\*(Phats)\*

All I know..... is this Regime shit.

Chorus \*(Phats, Big Lurch)\*

I'm juss a thousandaire  
but pretty soon I plan to be a millionaire  
playa hatas best beware!

\*(Big Lurch)\*

Don't hate on mine  
when you want that sim to shine!  
Don't hate on mine  
when you want that sim to shine!

Verse 1 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Nigga. Let's do it.  
I'm tryin to touch mo' money than Bill Gates  
but know that  
when you get the money they will hate  
them broads that hang around you wit the ice grill face  
be the broads that lay you and take you to an ill place  
Where the doe at?  
They know you ballin, cuz you deal weight  
you better show that, nigga where the safe is at while  
you still safe  
cuz, niggas will take yo life  
probably rape yo wife  
if they can't say China white, now say goodnight!  
To the bad guy  
in a ski mask guy  
I been gettin cash guy  
ever since my dad died  
me and my real boys  
in Mazda-has  
bitches wit, cat eyes feed me lobster ya'll  
if I wanna ride I cop it, dawg  
if I gotta flip one for my chocolate dawg

juss like we shop at the mall  
don't knock it ya'll  
I been ballin since the days of Genesis  
and Benz's flipped  
tinted shit, while you just rentin shit  
pretendin it's, yours  
drivin Honda Accord's and Ford Probe's  
niggas flossin them hoes  
my name is known across the globe  
see me talkin on shows  
Rolex rockin them hoes  
knockin on my door lookin fo yo bitch, I put the glock to  
your nose.

\*(Chorus)\* 2x

Verse 2 \*(Phats Bossalini)\*

Blast the blood clot  
my niggas makin money non-stop  
off the rock  
another hundred to cop  
fiends blisterin  
all action  
we G's wit Mac-10's  
co-captian  
Boss was sworn as a coppo  
take bread  
live like Macho, push the throttle  
jet black seat pushed back in a Diablo  
die slow  
my niggas want it and triffle it  
Hummer shit  
cover my mic cuz it's priceless  
ice this  
Rolex piece, watch and Jeep  
niggas lose sleep  
trainin my beasts how to feast  
where the broke eat  
approach yo block wit guns  
cops will come  
spread the bread in lumps son  
my nigga John John  
he had his head on tight  
hit the pipe  
now he tweaked, high as a kite  
I used to shed tears  
knew damn deep he didn't care  
hope and dreams that was all that's there to be a  
millionaire.

\*(Chorus)\* 2x

Verse 3 \*(Phats Bossalini)\*

My niggas rock solid  
make the money be the object  
fuck a colleauge  
I'm off the clock rockin dollas  
see us  
peep us  
it's juss the three of us  
me an Yuk, plus Mad Maxx been out to get some.

Verse 4 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Feed it up  
soon as I get up  
I got to roll a phat spliff up  
smoke til it burn my finger tips an lips up  
drinkin liquor til I get the hic ups  
fuck bad bitches then we switch up  
fuck bad bitches then we switch up.

Verse 5 \*(Phats Bossalini)\*

Watch me shine in my nine-nine custom design  
niggas sniffin lines sayin Boss committed a crime  
I robbed the bomb shelter  
shipped the goods off the delta  
task asks if Phats the man wit no replica.

Verse 6 \*(Yukmouth)\*

No replica  
put the tech to ya  
Smiff-N-Wesson ya  
here's the lesson to be learned, don't test the young  
Hugh Heffener  
4 point 6 snatchin up yo bitch  
an when it comes to mics I wreck this shit  
collectin chips  
disrespect yo click  
I come wit real shit  
from the Village Oak-Town  
raised a drug dealer, to be rappin and stars Mo Town  
on the low down, I used to blow brown, but now I blow  
pounds  
went from bein ugly as fuck, to havin hoes now  
you know now.

\*(Chorus til end)\*

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