

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Shine

(Wayne)

What, wha, wha, wha, wha
What, wha, wha, wha, wha
Cash Mo-ney Millionairs
So take it there

(Juvenile)

Yellow Viper, yellow Hummer, Yellow Benz
Yellow PT Cruiser, yellow 'Lac on rims
Drop yellow 'Vette and a platinum Rolls Royce
That's seven different cars, everyday I got a choice
On my way to pick up Joyce, she be makin me moist
Givin me head while she hummin, she can play with her voice
And she got nice thighs, a big plump ass
She could ride a dick too, make me come fast
I like them modelin bitches, I love them swallowin bitches
Where them hoes, there they at, I'm 'bout to follow them bitches (let's go)
I know you with your folks, but that nigga is broke
You might as well open your legs up and let a nigga poke
I'm a show you what it is not to be a window shopper
Mama you can have Fendi, mama you can have Prada
All you gotta do is break a nigga off proper
You could be with your man, I ain't tryna stop ya

(Chorus-Baby)

(Shine), from my head down to my shoes
(Shine), skiiiiirtin on twenty-two's
(Shine), check my baby mama
(Shine), whip Rover's not Honda's
(Shine), I'm a spend it 'til it's gone
(Shine), don't know when I'm comin home
(Shine), pop X and drank Cris'
(Shine), My life is the shit

(Lil Wayne)

Baby named me, fire Wayne, ice and change
You can catch me in an aqua Range, squattin things
With them twenty-two inch chopper blades
Diamond face, diamond brace
More colors than the game Simon Says
Go, 'hind me
And mami on forty-fifth she told me "I'm a Lez"
But she ain't like too much of dick
But gave bombest head, and so I took it anyway
But bitch I got family get your pussy anyway
OK, let's talk about this ice that I'm carryin
All these karats like I'm a fuckin vegetarian
Niggas play, I bury them, y'all already knowin
I threw up my arm and bitches thought it started snowin
See I'm a keep it goin, Big Tymin, you heard's me?
Dog I got cake like everyday my birthday
Wait, I don't think they heard me
I say dog I got cake like everyday my birthday

(Chorus)

(B.G.)

I'm a Hot Boy, that's name brand and top of the line
Ride fly daily, all year 'round I shine
Ain't a nigga and they mama gonna stop me dog
Come through on dub-dueces, they jock me dog
Glock cocked for haters tryna block me dog
Catch 'em so low, they geezy, don't shock me dog
Well get the fuck, slide on out the way

And let B.G. ease down the shinin linen
Let the diamonds and the jewelry light shit up
Each piece of jewelry I own, I ice it up
You don't wanna put your vehicle next to us
'Cause all of our vehicles, we dress 'em up
With television, Dreamcast, DVDs
Nice sounds, buttons, it's twenties
I'm a Cash Money Hot Big Tymer nigga
That'll hold a pinky finger up and blind ya nigga

(Chorus)

(Turk)

I'm a stunt 'til I die, so you better respect it
'Cause whoever try testin is gonna be restin
I'm a young millionaire, Hot Boy, Lil' Turk
Bling blingin everyday, plus I got work (bling)
Nigga like me stay in the cut twenty-four/seven
Steady stackin my ends on dubs, twenty-four/seven
Every car you wish you had, we got it, we got it
Bentleys, Hummers and Jags, big bodies, big bodies
Love to floss, no secret stun'ner's
Niggas steady baller block, can't take nothin from us
Young nigga, livin a life surrounded by ice
Hoes be like, "Damn, them boys, they're nothin nice"
They on fire, that must be them Hot Boys
You muthafuckin right, you think this not girl?
Better think twice, get it right dog
Know you recognize, we got it on lock for all

(Chorus 2x)

(Baby talking to fade)