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)