

Luniz, Sad Millionaire

(feat. Brownstone)

Can I do my thang??

[Yukmouth]

Speak on it.

[Brownstone]

Oh, oh, ohhh.

Oh, oh, ohh, hey.

[Verse 1: Yukmouth]

Uh.

Niggaz be havin the mutha fuckin blues,
like 5-0-5's

I won't lie,

homicide,

gram will cry,

pray for me that I won't die,

suicide,

I won't try,

bullets fly,

drive-by,

don't let it slide, do or die,

you an I, slide by,

catch them niggaz off my side,

wit nothin to hide body die rot,

on they porch,

when I expectin some sort of drive-by,

type retaliation,

under styles I lace, MOBBulation,

lets begin breakin down the situation,

when, the end of our frustration,

so while we racin down the block, wit a thirty-eight, an glock,

the cops is waitin to umm,

accelerate on yo vehicle,

run down yo vehicle,

even if they have to gun down yo vehicle,

nigga, up in these high-speedaz,

police they be the Rosco Bico train,

swervin in an outta lanes,

runnin from O-H-A,

what they throw away,

eh, though, eh, way,

pistol,

every mutha fucka wanna peep.

[Chorus x2: Brownstone & Yukmouth]

Millionaire!

Dreams of big millions play.

Ever seen a sad millionaire?

I thought that money make us happy.

[Verse 2: Yukmouth]

What if I was a millionaire,

huh,

a major playa on the block,

that a mac daddy, drivin a black Caddy couldn't stop,

hella strap happy,

cuz niggaz slangin all my rocks,
point yo gats at me,
I don't know where uzis to yo knot,
fo fuckin wit the big shot,
I was juss flat droppin g bannos on the ground,
be down,
that's one of my shit, an get shot,
only the baddest bitches jock,
get chosen,
global shouts,
for bitches out there who be voguein,
on the collar of poppa,
brand new hundred dolla billz, an a choppa,
where niggaz strapped fo real, like Chubacca,
who got the gonga,
cuz I be high like phone doctor,
spark on vodka,
eatin lobster, bumpin Frank Sinatra,
Smoke-A-Lot be the MOBBsta, who shot ya,
like Vinny Blanca,
come back in the end juss to haunt ya,
plus I twist a Benz like Big Poppa,
what's the big proper use,
go get yo bread an do what ya gots to be a,
millionaire playa.

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Yukmouth]

Uh.

You niggaz juss created a monsta,
fuck a type, I smoke gonga,
in the Bahamas,
fuckin yo baby mama,
doggystyle (whoo,wee!)
two wow, you wow,
doubt man,
who wow "Bout it, Bout it"
niggaz be claimin they be the Ice Cream Man,
but I doubt it, doubt it,
be rowdy,
hit the paper chasin clout it,
sky up out the ugly four day la-la-by yo Cuttie like a ballot,
smokin blunts, an crunchin weed, sex,
fresh outta drug rehabs,
spend two g's at every function I be at,
believe that, BITCH!!
Ya mind is Smoke-A-Lot,
grab bitches by the throat-a-lot,
that's what ya told the cops,
I hold the glock,
aim it an fire,
retire another nigga,
nameless,
game is fo hire,
desire chariots fire,
light as I'm a tuck her,
we're so called "potnaz", fuck 'em,
an dust em off wit a choppa, I can't rush 'em,
gotta bust 'em,
too skinny I can't trust 'em,
an when the mutha fuckaz got meal tickets you might have to love 'em,
an that's fo real.
Nigga.

[Chorus x5]

[Yukmouth: talking during chorus]

Have all this fuckin money, an still ain't happy. Nigga, still got problems wit stress, mutha fuckaz juss think you got it made, they try to rob you an shit, yo own potnaz in the hood juss wanna love you. Fuck money, I wish I didn't have it, cuz when I didn't have it it was all good, niggaz loved me when I was juss drinkin brew an shit at the store. Now ya got money everybody wanna kill me, nigga, ya own relatives wanna do you, skanless boy, this is Nine Skrillion, make a million bucks. Millionaire.