

Wiz Khalifa, Millions (feat. A Boogie Wit da Hoodi)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Never gon' fall on my job
I'ma always go real real hard
Never gon' turn on my dogs
Everything I do for me and my squad
Shorty keep calling my phone
Thinking I want her but we don't get along
Papers or out of a bong
Everything I smoke real real strong
I don't get regular dome
Come to my crib, that's a real big home
I don't do nothing but cones
Hit the weed once and you will get stoned
I'm in the building, I'm with the millions
More than a little bit
I'm rolling more than a little bit bro

I did a real big show
I made a lil bit of growth
Young but I still get dough
My niggas still kick doors
Y'all niggas still rent yours
My shit is all paid for
Hop in the car, take off
Get a new broad, smash off
I just got all cash, dog
I'm rich and they cut me a paycheck
Came straight to the top from the basement
My time is money, got 'em wasted
I roll the weed up and she taste it
You prolly end up where my place is
Pulled up with a bag full of faces
Full of faces
Full of faces
Now she look in amazement

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Yeah, I know the Hills feel good
But so what, I'm still real hood
She told me the pill still good
You don't have to squeal, it feels good, yeah
Adderall pills feel good, yeah
I know they would kill for a bill, yeah
Made a couple million off the deal, yeah
But I'm still in my hood, yeah
Drop top coup in my hood, yeah
I get money, I'm good, yeah
I break hearts but I'm in love, yeah

Superbad like McLovin
I'm so good at switching subjects
I count up and make 'em upset
Purple check, I pour more Perc's, yeah
Purple drink, got syrup on deck
And everything that I said, you probably don't care
I'm only thinking about you 'cause you're not here
And I came in a Lamborghini, it ain't fair
Amiri jeans, prolly got a hundred damn pairs
Hoodie on, trust me it's a nightmare
Put a bullet on his ass 'cause I don't fight fair
Putting on my glove, feelin' like Mike, yeah

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