

Yukmouth, Sad Millionaire

(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 trifle 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)