

# 2 Chainz, Million Dollars Worth of Game (ft. 42 Dugg)

Ton'  
And if the beat live, you know Lil Ju made it  
Yeah  
Yeah

Bitch, who? Maybach truck and the coupe  
Only time I'm goin' back and forth is for the juice  
Feds still got me in court, shit crazy  
Only time I let a bitch record when I'm writin'  
And I'm famous, but can't shit change me, nigga  
A million dollars worth of game, these niggas  
I sold green, sold white, sold lyrics  
Courtside watchin' the Hawks play the Pistons

Okay, money on my nightstand, jewelry on my nightstand  
After market extendo, I pray it don't jam  
They say it's on sight, then I guess it's on sight then  
First couple of shows, the F&N was hype man  
Way before the PJ I had a flight plan (Plan)  
Goat with me, shake his hand, that's my right hand  
A hoe'll fuck your homeboy out of spite, man  
We had so much lean the store went out of Sprite and  
Y'all don't get it, A on my fitted  
Pussy nigga sayin' a bunch of shit they ain't livin'  
Back on my pivot, kitchen, water whippin'  
All these turkey bags, they thought it was Thanksgiving  
Don't make me pull out of me, cash, I ain't trippin'  
Long ass nose on the sticks, got it pimpin'  
Let me see you shake it one cheek at a time  
Double shot with the lime, yeah, your body  
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Still remember Chief, he was three doors down  
I mean How? How you ain't last a year? Look at me now  
The reason why that bag in town  
I got bricks, no top, sad, everybody want fit  
Forever I'll sag, they don't let a nigga in, nigga  
All my bitches got a Benz, nigga  
If I can't fuck, don't text me  
You ain't gotta like it, but respect it  
That FN still my weapon  
Ayy, just step back, bitch, before I shoot  
Walk a nigga down without tyin' my shit  
Let him play crazy, he'll die in this bitch  
4s over 5s, and 6s still over 9s  
R.I.P. to Rob, now I'm trippin' for the gas  
Rolls for the winter, then I'll prolly give it back  
Still can't believe a nigga made it off of rap  
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