

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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