

Pusha T, Millions (ft. Rick Ross)

You know what happens when G.O.O.D. Music and MMG get together right?
We get that money

Millions, Millions in the ceiling
Millions, Millions in the ceiling
Millions, Millions in the ceiling
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Choppers, choppers in the closet
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This that shit that ya?ll wanted?
This shit cook up hard don't it?
Yall gotta beg my pardon on it
But this shit sound like God don't it? (yeaah)
I'm tired and yall gotta pay your ties
Call my Phantom the Holy Ghost
Church on chrome wheel tires
Pop a tags when I'm paranoid
Cause a pawn shop was my paradise
I was there pop when that powder came
For that not safe in that shoe box,
Blue tops, blue tops, bad bitch in that blue fox
This big face and blue-ray and these black diamonds like boondocks

I restore the feeling of when niggas made a killin?
Hiding choppers in the closet half a million in the ceiling
And them niggas with angel faces cryin? out with I'll intentions
And just so I can buy them Christians have em fuck it on all their bitches ah!

[Rick Ross:]

I'm honored by horror stories, wanna be home owners
Horrible outcome with the boy got one motive
Prize when he conficted, pride on every visit
I'm crying sayin his name, ride for all my niggas
Used to fiddle my fingers, until I found me a fortune
Finger fuckin Ferrari?s, South of France early mornin
Get drunk with Donatello, Versace, my Acapella
Never see me in Neimans, nigga committing treason
Soft loafer prefered, frost organic herb
Stay away from the forbes of our only can tell you more
I got this I got that
I got that, I got this
Got a kilo for twenty
My niggas say I'm the shit

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This that shit ya?ll ask for
Make a nigga on the gas floor
2- door, 4-door, roll through the hood like task force
Fast forward, Oops! they say they wanna see proof
My record sells aint much as theirs and we still ridin same coupes
How we still fuckin same hoe?
How we still buy the same clothes?
How we both got the same watch?

I'm just keepin ya'll on your toes
Dope boys, gold mind
That price drop and that Coke rise
Then set it over that blue flame
Then hang to dry like clothes line

I restore the feeling of when niggas made a killin?
Hiding choppers in the closet half a million in the ceiling
Got the razor on the counter Arm-N- Hammer in the kitchen
Just to keep my feet in Christians and keep fuckin all your bitches,

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