Rich Niggaz (feat. Paparue, Lil Wayne & Turk)

Juvenile

Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why
Cash Money, Rich Niggaz
LookLoud pipes, big rims
Nigga, that's my life
When I pull up at the club sorry that's my night
I know a lot of haters probably sayin that that's not right
Well, my diamonds so much bigger
So, that's my life
Gleam, gleam
Now, only carry big face and you hear the ching, ching
Now, you can ask your wife and she will say the same thing
And your children be amazed when they see me on the big screen
Ha, ha, ha
I crack myself up
I know I talk lot but I can back myself up
Got a little house on the beach that's where I shack myself up
You ain't really got more money than me
Think about it
Let's just say somebody gave me a check to think about it
So I just bought a new Rollie and got to take a link up out it
And me with no ice is like a Prince concert that ain't crowded
They see the Beam, and the truck, and the B-12
And we was next
Then that's when I pull up in the B-E-L
Le-Le-Lex
Ha
(1st)
I'm on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
We on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hotJuvenile used to be R-E-T-A bound
Now I be bustin these bitches head when I come 'round
Acting like a nigga that ain't never had shit
Look into my bed sayin that's a mad hit
I'll damned if these diamonds and golds ain't shinin
My Rollie ain't mine and my bank ain't climbin
You lookin at a multi-millionaire in the flesh
Might don't have it now, but I just got me a check
I can walk it like I talk it, play it how I say it
Teach it like I preach it; now, put that in your head

Nigga, bet a thousand, shoot a thousand - ain't nuttin
Smoke a pound, pop the Cristal and drink somethin
Meet me in the casino, way in the back
Losin money like a motherfucker, still shooting craps
Tomorrow I'll be back, I got millionaire status
We make so much money IRS be lookin at us
(Repeat 1st 1X)I got more ends than Bonnie have in a factory
I'm Lil Turk, I'm living large, got the baddest hoes after me
Picture me, a young nigga bawling out of control
Playing with millions, laying in condos
Nigga I shine, shine through the fucking week
The flyiest ride with crystal in the passenger seat
Don't hate me, 'cause I'm a little bawler
Got more weight than Angola
Fucking your girl Carla
Nigga I stunt,
And I'm a stunt 'til I can't no more
Chest lit up like the oaks
From the diamonds I sport
Yo, I can't be touched
Don't think I'm too much, nigga I'm rich what the fuck
Rolex crushed out with the bezel
And all the foes that get close to me got to be on my schedule
I got so much money
I don't know what to do
Buy isles and cars
And break bread with my crew(2nd)
I'm on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
We on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
B.G. on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hotUh, uh, uh
Hear me
It's like, monkey see, monkey do
Rolling with the Cash Money Runners I stay true
Cause when were running and climbing on the million-dollar scene
Holding together, mo-de-ming, mo-de-ming
When I bring out the rubber around the Hummer??? Benz, or in the Lex Bubble
When I start they said I had no fame
Now all the girls just end up calling my name
10 G's to???
Fax the contract to big Cash Money
Cause you know this whole clique right with me
They're right with me
Sip-pe-di-dy
Won't count the diamonds just around my neck
X amount-a dollars on a bankroll check
If you want to really come and sing with me

Those that got me wicked, then I do some free
For free!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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