

# Millions

## Skeme

Hook: 9mm lick a shot to leave a hole  
Ridin' with them choppas if it's problems let me know  
Pull a bad bitch and tell her leave her feelings at the door  
Cause baby we don't need love where we about to go  
We are (we are, we are) bout to go a million or more, million or more, million or more (2x) Verse I: Stepped in  
this bitch like I'm supposed to  
Outfit match whips like I meant to do it  
Heard your shit, just drive my n\*gga  
Earring so big can't listen to it  
And I'm straight from the gut, double my cup  
So I'mma act all poet(?) I mix this fluid  
A real n\*gga really don't rock with y'all  
It take a real down n\*gga like us to do it  
See I done kept it G from the flow-up  
Stayed on the bread like cold cuts  
Money never ditched paid attention like donuts  
So I'm in the fast lane I don't wish to hold up n\*gga  
Been with the business from the goal young n\*gga  
Now I'm in the Guinea with the doors up n\*gga  
I like talk about cash I don't talk too fast, y'all just listen too slow young n\*gga like [Hook] Verse II: I don't want  
to leave the wrong impression  
Set work out now I'm flexing  
I get the kind of paper that'll stand out  
So now me and broke n\*ggas ain't messing (word)  
Hundreds on hundreds for the love of the money n\*gga  
Try to play me I bought mine I'm gunnin'  
Ate my plate had seconds and shit and the crazy thing is that the boys still hungry  
I stayed on the grind and the green came  
SOX n\*gga we the green gang  
Straight from the outer it's a team thing so I told her I don't wanna hear that the team came (hey)  
I ain't got the time for it (bop) and her feelings  
Got it on the floor now we throw it at the ceiling  
Y'all don't take floor act like y'all ain't even know got my dough on dough and I'm bout to go a  
million [Hook] Verse III: Y'all ain't getting this kind of money got a Brinks truck  
Reach for what's mine get your fingers cut  
Champagne cold and the Rolex gold  
Got the wrist of a God n\*gga link me up  
Getting head out a bitch tell her pick me up  
First class in the clouds Scotty beam me up

Hollerin' I'll be the pimp(?) got drank in my cup  
And I'm sipping on lean with my pinkies up[Hook]

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>