

# 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]

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