

That's Right

Amil

This how I creep on ya asses
See how the beat is building I creep on your asses
Just blaze
Let me show y'all what the fuck I mean
Uh uh, jigga man, ya heard
Amillion, ya heard
Rocafella, ya heard
The dynasty, let's go All my ladies
That's right
You pop cris
That's right
You a hot bitch
That's right
Make that nigga trick
That's right Get that dough ma
That's right
Let 'em know ma
That's right
Soon as you learn how da drive
Make 'em put you in a five mommie Yo, you got dough
That's right
Let it show
That's right
If the money's slow
That's right
You know the rest yo
Buck, buck, buck For my thug niggas
Yeah
Bust a slug niggas
Yeah, yeah
Fuck that get money
Bitch
Show love, niggas Jigga man got Grammys so grams, cops cannot stand me
Ladies want me to put cock in they hot panties
Big man on campus, six sedan
Over 100 million made niggas shipped and scanned Niggas cannot stop, knocking that big pac
Banging that big punch, poppin' my big gun quick
Run duck as soon as the gun bust
Forget where I'm from be coughin' ya lungs up Robbin Hood in the big truck, pickin' the bums up

I never know when I can be down on my dumb luck
But the flow so tough I've been beatin' the drums up
Been hot so long like I'm heatin' the sun up
Wanna come up ones as I'm beggin' niggas to run up
So I can take this heat and bang you ta next summa
Number one rapper dippin' mo mos'
Don't make me come press ya wit' this fo fo, nigga
Ladies
That's right
You pop cris
That's right
You a hot bitch
That's right
Make that nigga trick
That's right
Get that dough ma
That's right
Let 'em know ma
That's right
Soon as you learn how da drive
Make 'em put you in a five mama
Yo, you got dough
That's right
Let it show
That's right
If the money's slow
That's right
You know the rest yo
Buck
For my thug niggas
Right
Bust a slug niggas
Right
Fuck that get money
Right, right
Show love, niggas
That's right
A million make allota tricks
Hop skip
The hottest whip
Copped it
Prada shit
Rocked it
Got the cris
Pop it
Can ma spit
Locked it
The roca clique
Got us
Like Jane's cartoon's
Get props for props too
Give you something you can feel
Can't keep still

Tryin' ta see Amil
Dollar, dollar bills
Five inch heels
Bitches wanna grill
Me and my labelmates
Be makin' these cats hate
Oh, come, come now
Wanna know where I'm from now
Her's a little run-down
Bk ta uptown
Pockets kinda plump now
Haters get the thumbs down
No need for all that, I never keep small stacks
Alright y'all lights out
Floss with the ice out
Brag with the price out
Red I flights out
Overseas hideout
More inside out
My bitches time to slide out
It's ladies night out
All my ladies
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Fuck that get money
Right, right
Show love, niggas
That's right
It's roc-a-wear, nigga

I got clothes, stop it, I got hoes
Black, Asian, Malaysian, Spanish mulattoes
Look, I got whips, 4 dot 6, 6 drop shits
Bentley cop pits While y'all pop shit
Any nigga that tell you money
Is the root of all evil ain't got shit
You a lying bitch, you rather live poor
I rather die rich, 'nough said Mami girl, keep the doo rag
You know bag and shoes match
Get niggas for a few stacks
Quick to run through that
Broke niggas boo that
Bought my whole crew rap
The record I don't play around, bitch I lay it down Shit, I only roll wit'
Those who can go get
6 double 0 whips
Niggas that tips
Ice had ya hoes trip
Daddy, let ya dough flip
Fuck with loose thugs
Go collect them dubs All my ladies
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