

Rich Niggaz (Feat. Turk, Lil Wayne, and Papa Reu)

Juvenile

Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why
Cash Money, rich niggas
Look Loud 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
Bling Bling
Now, I only carry big faces and you hear the ching, ching
Now, you can ask your wife and she will say the same thin'
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 and took the ink up out 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 I'm on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
We on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot Juvenile used to be R-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 windin' 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 shootin' craps
Tomorrow I'll be back, I got millionaire status
We make so much money IRS be lookin' at us I'm on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
We on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot I got more ends than Bunny have in a factory
I'm Lil Turk, I'm livin' large
Got the baddest hoes after me
Picture me, a young nigga ballin' out of control
Playing with millions, laying in condos
Nigga I shine, shine through the fuckin' week
The fliest ride with Cristal in the passenger seat
Don't hate me, cause I'm a little baller
Got more weight than Angola
Fucking your girl Carla
Nigga I stunt
And I'mma 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 in order for hoes to get close to me got to be on my schedule
I got so much money
I don't know what to do
Buy houses and cars
And break bread with my crew I'm on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
We on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
B.G. on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot It's like, monkey see, monkey do
Rollin' with the Cash Money runners I stay true
Cause when were runnin' and climbin' on the million-dollar scene
Holding together, know what I mean, know what I mean
When I bring out the rubber around the Hummer
Don't nobody have a Benz or the Lex Bubble
When I start they said I had no fame
Now all the girls just end up calling my name
Ten 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 of 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

Songwriters

BYRON O. THOMAS, TERIUS GRAYPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>