

Woke Up a Millionaire (feat. Deezle)

Master P

[Intro]

Aha, told you I was a no limit nigga
How the fuck you gonna stop me when you don't even see me move?
Let me breathe on y'all for a second
Real shit

I'm from the back woods, where they jack niggas
Couple of chromes on the porch for the crack niggas
The way we live is undeceeted
The way we play nigga undefeated
I lost it all then I bounced back
So much paper, can't count that
A ghetto nigga with some big dreams
Ice cream, no truck, this a triple beam
And I made it out the project
Went from course like the fuckin bad bitches drinkin moet
Person Miller, nigga first child
Topped off the post, nigga livin buck wild
Now a nigga got his mond right
Real niggas rollin with the 9 right
Went to sleep broke, woke up a millionaire
Last year, now this shit now it's plenty there[Hook] x 2
Went to sleep broke, woke up a millionaire
Last year, now this shit, now it's plenty there
Went to sleep broke, woke up a millionaire
Last year, now this shit, now it's plenty there
Niggas said they love you but they really hate you
Nigga think you holdin something but they never made you
Nigga long nights in the studio
Now a nigga treyna play me like Coolio
My little niggas strapped with the toolio
And I cop mo pesos than Julio
But a nigga came from the struggle
Put me in the game, get a triple double
Cereal, no milk man, we use water
Remember last year I ain't had a quota
Stomach pains in the night pain
Now I got money, nigga wanna take mine
Bad bitches want scholarship
I love money but I don't fuck with politics

Good thing I didn't put the tats in my face
Cause Compton murker sent me money every other day[Hook] x 2
Went to sleep broke, woke up a millionaire
Last year, now this shit, now it's plenty there
Went to sleep broke, woke up a millionaire
Last year, now this shit, now it's plenty there
Nigga versatile, I don't wear a suit and a tie
I could wear jeans and t-shirt
Even if you don't wake up a millionaire
But if you wake up better than you went to sleep
You should be thankful
This ain't rap, this flu
If you layin on me I guess you don't wanna be stamped
Went to sleep broke
Woke up with paper
There's no success without struggle
But when you got dreams
And you get out there
Don't work hard? Don't work you don't eat they say
You could do whatever you want if you put yo mind to it
Yo ain't gotta listen to me
You could just hate the next man but tryna do what he do
But you could do the same thing
If you get out there and do you
Haters just motivate me though
I be laughing at these niggas while I'm ridin in the Ghost
My vision too big
They can't even see what I'm doing cause
It's bigger than what you could see
That's vision
You ain't got no dreams you ain't got no money
How you gon make money if you don't have no dreams?
No limit forever, I put my trust in God, not a man
Went to sleep broke, woke up a millionaire
From the projects
To all this shit I got
Shit bigger than me
I ain't tryna get no 3-60 record deal
That's for them lil boys
This time I'm tryna take over they company and spend they money and let my shit grow
Boss shit
If you a basketball playa you should be in the gym shootin jumpin
If you a hustler you should be out there on yo grind
If you a hater you ain't gon never have shit.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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