

# Rich Niggaz

## Juvenile

Why, why, why, why, why, why  
Why, why?  
Cash money, Rich Niggaz, look Loud pipes, big rims, nigga, that's my life  
As I pull up at the club, sorry, that's my knife  
I know a lot of haters probably saying that, that's not right  
Well, my diamonds so much bigger So, that's my life, gleam, gleam  
Now, only carry big face and you hear the ching, ching  
Now, you can ask your wife and she will say the same thing  
And your children be amazed when they see me on the big screen 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 to think about 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 B12, and we was next  
Then that's when I pull up in the B E L L L L EXI'm on fire  
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot  
We on fire  
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot Juvenile I used to be R T A bound  
Now, I be busting these bitches when I come around  
Acting like a nigga that ain't never had shit  
Look into my bed saying that's a mad hit I'll be damned if these diamonds and golds ain't shining  
My Rollie ain't rinning, my bank ain't climbing  
You looking 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 feel  
Teach it like I preach it, now, put that in your head  
Nigga, bet a thousand, shoot a thousand, ain't nothing  
Smoke a pound, pop the crystal and drink something Meet me in the casino, way in the back  
Losin' money like a motherfucker, still shooting craps  
Tomorrow I'll be back, I got millionaire status  
We make so much money IRS be looking 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 living large, got the baddest hoes after me  
Picture me, a young nigga bawling out of control  
Playing with millions, laying in condos Nigga I shine, shine through the fuckin' week  
The flyiest ride with crystal in the passenger seat

Don't hate me, 'cause I'm a little bawler  
Got more weight than Angola, fucking your girl CarlaNigga I stunt and I'm 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 all the foes that 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 crewI'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, hotUhh, uhh, uhh, hear me, it's like, monkey see, monkey do  
Rolling with the cash money runners, I stay true  
'Cause when we're running and changin' on the million dollar scene  
Holding together, mo de ming, mo de ming +When I bring out the rubber around the Hummer  
Followed by the Benz and the Lex Bubble  
When I start they said I had no fame  
Now all the girls just end up calling my name10 G's to [Incomprehensible]  
Fax the contract to big Cash Money  
'Cause you know this whole clique, right with me  
They're right with me, Sip pe di dyWon't count the diamonds just around my neck  
X amount a dollars on a bankroll check  
If you want to really come and sing to me  
Those that got me wicked, then I do somethin' for free

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