Rich Niggaz

Juvenile

Why, why, why, why, why, why
Why, why?
Cash money, Rich Niggaz, lookLoud 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 biggerSo, 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 screenI 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 itSo 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, hotJuvenile 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 hitI'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 checkI 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 somethingMeet 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 usI'm on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
We on fire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hotI 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 condosNigga 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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