

Ya'll Dead Wrong

Amil

Amil outlaw fly indeed
Got every chic's man eyeing me
Think you could crush this try and see
Its the major coin i-n-c
And am too hot to just be warm
I start fire alarms from dusk to dawn
Catch me with the diamond clusters on
And Gucci feathered sandals with the mustard thong
Model Mommy
The body like a cola bottle mommy
Mulatto up in the galoino mommy
One in a Amiliyon killin' em
Might have to change my name to billioyn
Voice so ill you'll wanna speak my shit
Joints so hot you'll wanna leak my shit
Plus haters sneak peek my shit
But still I be the only one to freak this shit Y'all dead wrong
If you think you fuckin' wit this
And you'll know
That y'all got nothing on this
Y'all want that
Or you want something like this
Those who hate
Yeah y'all just fronting on this Why chicks don't wanna rap on the same song as me
You need a verse ma, its on me
See all this publishing belong to me
Just imagine how the second album gonna be
Non-stop party hopping
Roc roc rocs and keep on rocking
Everything I spit be popping
Anything A milion want she copping
(Whoop Whoop) Ain't nothing change
And I play more ballers then them rucker games
Light gray studs, ring, watch, plus the chain
Will I ever be broke what's my name?
Have you ever seen a chick like this?
Ever heard one spit like this?
I dead 'em all put my word on that
All money is legal and I murder tracks Y'all dead wrong

If you think you fuckin' wit this
And you'll know
That y'all got nothing on this
Y'all want that
Or you want something like this
Those who hate
Yeah y'all just fronting on this
Cute as a button
Can't tell this bitch nothin'
Ghetto fab whole click bubbling
Diana Ross the boss of the rock
Shit you know me I got to floss at the spot
Wit a dime as nigga who be tossing knots
Every bitch hating 'cause I'm scalding hot
It can't be because I got begets on
Cause niggas love this bitch even with seats on
I'm the A-m-i-l-ion
Strictly be on that shit major coins be on
I got joints making competition wanna drop dead
I got joints making you bop your head
I got joints that will have your eyes blood shot red
Fuck the doe I want my props instead
Stay real with it
Might pack steal wit it
You can hate but you still gotta deal wit it
Y'all dead wrong
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Yeah y'all just fronting on this

Songwriters

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