2Milli (Instrumental)

Soulja Boy

I always know one day, i would become the best rapper
I just wanna thank all my fans
I dedicate this to you
2 milli.I did what I wanted, niggas did what they could
A lion wouldn't cheat but a Tiger would
I only keep real niggas in my stable
A million dollar chain, I'm feeling like Gucci's label
So icey I really don't care
Haters green as a pool table and they twice as square
Had to cut a couple bitches, them niggas need stitches
I'm getting money out the tree y'all niggas getting switches
Similar to Nas, I need a mic though
Chop the bread up, Tae Kwon Do
They pass me the game like Tom Brady
These rappers chances looking slim just like shady
Niggas locked behind my bars I'm taking out prisoners
Sit back relax recieving my residual
Think this song is dope shit wait til you see the visual
Please brace yourself this shit about to get critical
Let it be known I got rappers on my hit list
I got so many gifts you would swear I stole Christmas
Word to the Grinch bitch my style will switch quick
I knew this all along I was waiting just to hit the kill switch
Since day one man your boy been the truth
Broke so many records like I'm in the glass booth
Like I'm in the glass studio breaking out barriers
Back on crime I was screaming out Ellen wood? area
nigga I ain't scared of ya, never ever will be
I'm screaming I'm the best till these rappers kill me
Make the people feel me like the blind men do
On your girl head so much like her favorite shampoo
I'm traveling where I want, soulja's vacation
My mind is so free, emancipation, proclamation
I'm so hot, haters evaporating
6 bitches on my dick I'm elimidating
I'm high every friday just like smokey
I'm spitting real shit, these niggas spitting Karaoke
Hit stick with the flow just like Madden
I'm so high on my carpet feeling like Alladin

I spit hot flames bitch just like a dragon
And my pants saggin
Spell it backwards niggas
Niggas get heated when they see the coupe on
I don't give a fuck got my Pyrex suit on
I'm a keep rapping til the fans hear the best of me
I'm cooking up the game bitch yeah I got the recipe
You ain't gotta like me just please respect it
Hip hop is dead nigga let me resurrect it
Microphone check it, uno, dos, tres,
I'm a keep spitting til they crown me the best
The rap games a mess, let me clean it up
It's a pigsty they going ham give it up
Flying down the highway a million on the dashboard
You can't start my car up unless you got the password
I'm something like a prophecy spit so properly
When my album drops watch how many rappers copy me
Haters opinions are obsolete
Don't make pop music so it ain't no pop in me
And my brains a bitch where she at when I need her
Ya pack nines, I pack nine kilometers
Ya did'nt want beef why would ya start it
Cameras flashing like you walking down the red carpet
First you was nameless now I'm a make you famous
Hit you with the stainless and leave your ass brainless
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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