

# 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 icy 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 didn't 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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