

# Rich Niggaz (Feat. Turk, Lil Wayne & Paparue)

## Juvenile

Why, why, why  
Why, why, why  
Why, why  
Cash Money, rich niggas  
Look Loud pipes, big rims  
Nigga, that's my life  
When I pull up at the club sorry that's my night  
I know a lot of haters probably sayin' that that's not right  
Well, my diamonds so much bigger  
So, that's my life  
Bling Bling  
Now, I only carry big faces and you hear the ching, ching  
Now, you can ask your wife and she will say the same thin'  
And your children be amazed when they see me on the big screen  
Ha, ha, ha  
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 and took the ink up out 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 B-12  
And we was next  
Then that's when I pull up in the B-E-L  
Le-Le-Lex I'm on fire  
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot  
We on fire  
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot Juvenile used to be R-T-A bound  
Now I be bustin' these bitches head when I come 'round  
Acting like a nigga that ain't never had shit  
Look into my bed sayin' that's a mad hit  
I'll damned if these diamonds and golds ain't shinin'  
My Rollie ain't windin' my bank ain't climbin'  
You lookin 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 say it  
Teach it like I preach it, now, put that in your head

Nigga, bet a thousand, shoot a thousand, ain't nuttin'  
Smoke a pound, pop the Cristal and drink somethin'  
Meet me in the casino, way in the back  
Losin' money like a motherfucker, still shootin' craps  
Tomorrow I'll be back, I got millionaire status  
We make so much money IRS be lookin' 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 livin' large  
Got the baddest hoes after me  
Picture me, a young nigga ballin' out of control  
Playing with millions, laying in condos  
Nigga I shine, shine through the fuckin' week  
The fliest ride with Cristal in the passenger seat  
Don't hate me, cause I'm a little baller  
Got more weight than Angola  
Fucking your girl Carla  
Nigga I stunt  
And I'mma 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 in order for hoes to 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 crew I'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, hot It's like, monkey see, monkey do  
Rollin' with the Cash Money runners I stay true  
Cause when were runnin' and climbin' on the million-dollar scene  
Holding together, know what I mean, know what I mean  
When I bring out the rubber around the Hummer  
Don't nobody have a Benz or the Lex Bubble  
When I start they said I had no fame  
Now all the girls just end up calling my name  
Ten G's to (?)  
Fax the contract to big Cash Money  
Cause you know this whole clique right with me

They're right with me  
Sip-pe-di-dy  
Won't count the diamonds just around my neck  
X amount of dollars on a bankroll check  
If you want to really come and sing with me  
Those that got me wicked, then I do some free  
For free

Songwriters

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