

100 Million

Audio Bullys

It was early, I woke up
Still had a joint, so I puffed
Shouldn't have 'coz it got me stoned
And my mum just moaned Simon, it's time to get a job
You're 20 years old and you're living like a slob
But there's so many things I wanna do, Ma
I need money and I wanna get a new car Simon, what do you mean?
I've got a plan, it'll all be clean
Got the joints and the beats rolling
Got the tunes on the decks strolling As I walk through my mind
All my thoughts are behind
When there's deals being signed
And there's walls getting climbed And there's things that we bring
When we fling with the sing
And we want to be in
From the start to the fin Is it me, is it them?
Is it you or your friends?
There's no need to pretend
That your mind's on the mend Is the past in your eyes
Are your hands on your thighs?
'Coz you cannot disguise
That you needed a rise If I had the time then I'd spend a little more with you
And if I had a 100 million then I'd probably give half to you Lord of the standard, lord of the landlords
I've been living on the shores of the Canyon
Pretty girls and ugly guys
Twisted dreams and purple skies Back to basics, forward to basics
Norms are day trips, minds are brain tripped
What's the main lick? What's the main trip?
It's like this For all my fellas that sip the Stellas
DJs, Grafters and drug sellers
To the geeks, there's no need to be jealous
We're just doing our thing If I had the time then I'd spend a little more with you
And if I had a 100 million then I'd probably give half to you I just don't know about the way
I just wished I had some more days in my book
Call you up and give you a look If I had the time then I'd spend a little more with you
And if I had a 100 million then I'd probably give half to you From the edge of the land, who's that man?
Doing things that you can't understand
Broken or fixed, token or tripped
How many things we can throw in the mix? Two thousand sales into two

Coming through, it's the Audio Crew
Don't bother doing if it don't sound smooth
As we step with nothing to prove For all my fellas that sip the Stellas
DJs, Grafters and drug sellers
To the geeks, there's no need to be jealous
We're just doing our thing

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