

# Millions (feat. Rick Ross)

Pusha T

You know what happen when G.O.O.D. Music and MMG get together, right?

We get that moneyMillions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closetMillions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closetThis that shit that y'all wanted

This shit cook up hard, don't it?

Y'all gotta beg my pardon on it

But this shit sound like God don't it?

Yuugh, I'm tired, nigga and y'all gotta pay your tithes, nigga

Call my Phantom the holy ghost, church on chrome wheel tires, nigga

Pop tags when I'm paranoid, cause the pawn shop was my paradise

I was dead pop when that powder came for that knot saved in that shoe box

Blue tops, blue tops, bad bitch in that blue fox

This big face is in Blu-ray and these black diamonds like boondocks

I restore the feelin' of when niggas made a killin'

Hidin' choppas in the closet, half a million in the ceiling

And them hoes with angel faces, cryin' loud with ill intentions

Just so I can buy them Christians, have 'em shittin' on all they bitches, ah!Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closetMillions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Millions millions in the ceiling

Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet I'm haunted by horror stories, wanna-be home owners  
 Horrible outcome, a dope boy got one motive  
 Cries when he convicted, cried on every visit  
 I'm cryin' sayin' his name, ride for all my niggas  
 Used to fiddle my finger 'til I found me a fortune  
 Finger fuck a Ferrari, south of France early morning  
 Did drugs with Donatella, Versace my A Capella  
 Never see me in Neiman's, niggas committin' treason  
 Soft loafer preferred, frost, organic herb  
 Stay away from the Forbes, if I only could tell you more  
 I got this I got that, I got that I got this  
 Got a kilo for 20, my choppas say I'm the shit Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet  
 Choppas choppas in the closet This that shit y'all ask for  
 Make a nigga mash on the gas, floor  
 Two-door, four-door, roll through the hood like task force  
 Fast forward--oops! They say they wanna see proof  
 My record sales ain't much as theirs and we still ride the same coupes  
 How we still fuck the same hoes, why we still buy the same clothes  
 How we both got the same watch, I'm just keepin' y'all on y'all toes  
 Dope boys, gold mine, that price drop and that coke rise  
 Then set it over that blue flame then hang it dry like clothesline  
 I restore the feelin' of when niggas made a killin'  
 Hidin' choppas in the closet, half a million in the ceiling  
 Got the razor on the counter, Arm & Hammer in the kitchen  
 Just to keep my feet in Christians and keep fuckin' all y'all bitches Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Millions millions in the ceiling  
 Choppas choppas in the closet

Choppas choppas in the closet  
Choppas choppas in the closet  
Choppas choppas in the closetMillions millions in the ceiling  
Millions millions in the ceiling  
Millions millions in the ceiling  
Millions millions in the ceiling  
Choppas choppas in the closet  
Choppas choppas in the closet  
Choppas choppas in the closet  
Choppas choppas in the closetThis that shit that ya'll wanted  
This shit sound like God don't itThis that shit that ya'll wanted  
This shit sound like God don't itThis that shit that ya'll wanted  
This shit sound like God don't itThis that shit that ya'll wanted  
This shit sound like God don't it

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>