

A Million Lights

DJ Khaled

A million lights and a kick drum, the floor is moving slow
I've got a feeling 'bout this one, and we still young, you know
I'm breathin' fire in your cup
It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold
It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold New Hermes duffle bags
On the plane, see the sky through a little glass
Twenty hour flight, now we jet-lagged
Sipping white wine, watching the sunset
Real love this close? I ain't never had
Sitting with you all day til the night pass
Damn, I ain't trying to fight that
But if we fall too fast, will the feeling last?
Now I'm lookin' over my shoulder, shoulder
Champagne, good dine and good times, and now it's all over
But can't blame me for all that
You was bright, now your heart all black
Try to outshine the good with the bad
You a cold motherfucker, I ain't mad at you
Still shinin' A million lights and a kick drum, the floor is moving slow
I've got a feeling 'bout this one, and we still young, you know
I'm breathin' fire in your cup
It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold
It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold You gettin' old and your heart turn cold
Time line froze, mad at the world 'cause you lived your life,
but this the life that we chose
Lights on the road for the nicest road,
I mean long-ass flights with these trifling hoes
But we don't crap out when the dice is rolled, I mean no life, low life
Say my name and hopes to get more life, nigga live yo life
Lame ass nigga, you cookin' with no spice
Lil B sacrifice, show me what your ho like
Hit her with that dope dick, now she's a dope fiend
Leo lion and king, I'm lookin' for a dope queen
Uh, first thing baby, I'm ready to rock
Baby car goes high, man smash flocks
Me does, Millz, Tyga, we give 'em the chills (Millz-y)
Keep riders, get birth control pills Uh, young money, bright lights
Lord knows I live for these nights
You're damn right, I'mma sip champagne 'till it burn my sight

Yanks fitted cap to the front, like Jeter
My diamonds ain't fierce like an episode of cheetahs, jesus
Mouth jewelry, loud speakers
Blowin' loud weed with some loud divas A million lights and a kick drum, the floor is moving slow
I've got a feeling 'bout this one, and we still young, you know
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It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold
It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold Uh, it's that summertime, money time
Gonna rhyme good time, when a dime gimme mine
Brown smoke, quiet engine out the silly lines
Pretty toes hangin' out the window to the finish line
Spikes pokin' out my kicks like a porcupine
Young Money, Cash Money, We The Best, fall in line
Uptown thoroughbreded from the south Bronx
How blocks in Miami, Khaled outcome
You made us, they hate us, just to say the latest
Life nothin' like a movie, I just date a ?
Remember it was hard trying to page wagers
Nice spittin' hard rhymes on the main stages
Independent, yeah I told 'em major later
We some independent niggas gettin' major paper
Shout to 'em, Stunna, Slim, Mack
We play for keep, so how we gon' give up that?
YMCMB, lights, camera, action! A million lights and a kick drum, the floor is moving slow
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It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold
It's not my fault if your hearts grown cold

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