

# 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 club  
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  
20 hour flight, never 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 dimes 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'

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 for these  
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  
Ass nigga, you cook it with no spice  
Lil B sacrifice, show me what your ho like  
Hit her with that dope dick, now she's a dope fiend  
And king, I'm lookin' for a dope queen  
Uh, first thing baby: I'm ready to rock  
Baby car goes high, man smash  
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 side  
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

Uh, it's that summertime, money time  
Gonna rhyme good time, when I'm done giving mine  
Brown smoke, white 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 dog, straight up from the south Bronx  
How 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!

[Hook]