

Intro

Mike Will Made-It

Yeah

(Ear Drummers)

Uh huh

(Mike WiLL Made It, Mike WiLL)

I always wanted to stunt so hard
I always wanted to ride that whip
I always wanted to fuck that bitch
Thank you, God, I fucked that bitch
I always wanted to live this life
I always wanted to wear that ice
I always wanted paradise
I always wanted paradise

Look, now it don't take a lot to make you rich
I'm addicted to a lot of crazy shit
Man, I feel like money is the best drug
Sometimes hate can be the best love

Walkin' in like I got cameras on me
Niggas can't control me, ain't no handles on me
Shit don't get out of hand, it get handled, homie
Got a pretty young girl look like Janet on me
She a pretty penny and she know I'm doing numbers
Till we crash up the whole database
I bring it home like I'm base to base to base
Closet lookin' like Planet of the Bathing Apes
What you think this life just landed on me?
My whole city look like it's abandoned, homie
And we came straight out of those abandoned homes
Every wish we ever had got granted, homie
And I'll never take that shit for granted
Even when the marble floor and counter top is all granite
Back before I got paid any advances
Back when my rollie was ticking, no dancing
Nigga, never did I slip or I panic
Even if I was the captain of Titanic
Riding through the north Atlantic, homie
I never jumped crew or abandoned, homie
All the fruits of my labor organic, homie
Making sure my family tree got hammocks on it
And a good guy can change, 'specially if he short-changed
So fuck is my ransom, homie?

Money bag, money bag, money bag
Money bag, money bag, money bag
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Money bag, money bag, money bag

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Straight up, Finally Famous, nigga
Aw damn, damn

Aw damn, I'm illuminated, man, I knew I make it
And I get that shit accumulated
Never throwing money out, I boomerang it
Finally famous over everything, that's a numerator
Weed lit, yeah, it's luminated, room lookin' like it's fumigated
Bitch, my crew invaded, when I walk in, man, they body to body
Hol' up everybody, don't worry, man, I got it, I got it
I need a hundred dollar bill, photocopy the email and copy
Man, I'm going hard all season
These hoes goin' both ways, offense, defense
Livin' life on the deep end, F-F allegiance
Beat the odds and got even
What you think, that we just started, nigga?
Boy, the sword just got sharper, nigga
This ain't war, we just sparring, nigga
I was on the rooftop with my nigga Mike Carson, nigga
Shootin' that "Too Fake" video, my nigga, we all in
We set ourselves apart from all our apartments
Was up in Florida, no Marlins, nigga
I'm that Shawn, no Marlon, nigga
Look at my girl nigga, fuck yo' bae list
Fuck yo' night list, fuck yo' day list, fuck yo' playlist
I'm from the D, fuck your A-list
I been working 8 days a week
I don't even know what the fuck today is
I hit the booth and I just went super saiyan
I run with the purp like I play with the Ravens
These bitches rant and rave
I hope I never have to go back watching
Everybody Loves Raymond
Eating ramen, nigga, this paradise
Life's a fucking paradox and pair of dice
If they not rolling with you, then they parasites nigga
I had that vision, it was ClearSight, nigga, Sean Don