

Billionaire

Travie McCoy

I wanna be a billionaire so fucking bad
Buy all of the things I never had
Uh, I wanna be on the cover of Forbes magazine
Smiling next to Oprah and the Queen

Oh every time I close my eyes
I see my name in shining lights, yeah
A different city every night, oh I
I swear the world better prepare
For when I'm a billionaire

Yeah I would have a show like Oprah
I would be the host of everyday Christmas
Give Travie your wish list
I'd probably pull an Angelina and Brad Pitt
And adopt a bunch of babies that ain't never had shit
Give away a few Mercedes like 'Here lady have this'
And last but not least grant somebody their last wish
It's been a couple months that I've been single so
You can call me Travie Claus minus the Ho Ho
Ha ha get it? I'd probably visit where Katrina hit
And damn sure do a lot more than FEMA did
Yeah, can't forget about me, stupid
Everywhere I go, Imma have my own theme music

Oh every time I close my eyes (what you see what you see brah?)
I see my name in shining lights (uhuh uhuh yeah what else?)
A different city every night, oh I
I swear the world better prepare (for what?)
For when I'm a billionaire
Oh ooh oh ooh for when I'm a billionaire
Oh ooh oh ooh for when I'm a billionaire

I'll be playing basketball with the President
Dunking on his delegates
Then I'll compliment him on his political etiquette
Toss a couple milli in the air just for the heck of it
But keep the fives, twenties, tens and bens completely separate
And yeah I'll be in a whole new tax bracket
We in recession but let me take a crack at it
I'll probably take whatever's left and just split it up
So everybody that I love can have a couple bucks
And not a single tummy around me would know what hungry was
Eating good, sleeping soundly
I know we all have a similar dream
Go in your pocket, pull out your wallet
And put it in the air and sing

I wanna be a billionaire so fucking bad (so bad)
Buy all of the things I never had (buy everything ha ha)
Uh, I wanna be on the cover of Forbes magazine
Smiling next to Oprah and the Queen (what up Oprah)

Oh every time I close my eyes (what ya see, what you see brah?)
I see my name in shining lights (uh huh, uh huh, what else?)
A different city every night, oh I
I swear the world better prepare (for what?)

For when I'm a billionaire (yeah, sing it)
Oh ooh oh ooh when I'm a billionaire
Oh ooh oh ooh

I wanna be a billionaire so fucking bad!