

## 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  
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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