

# Champagne Wishes

South Central Cartel

I'm high-  
class, wife got the mink and I'm drinkin Dom Perrignon bathtub all gold  
Roll a Lexus with the Rolex on my neck, it's  
Caviar, bubblebaths, hoes wanna sex this  
Million dollar gee cause they all wanna hang  
Givin up that putang cause all they see is the fame  
Or just riches, they just bitches, unlike snitches  
Penetration's what they get, ass stitches  
A stretch-limo on the all-gold Daytons  
Playa-hatin me is like hangin out with Satan  
I own my own jet so I can swerve to Thaiti, me and my lady  
And it's a trip how me and my homies been hangin lately  
I own a mansion, I'm stackin chips  
I'm eatin lobster and crab leavin bigger tips  
'95 Explorer hittin corners on my cellular bent  
In my jaccuzzi, watchin a movie, my life is heaven-sent  
This is the life that I want to live  
Can't let nobody stop me  
Dom Perrignon, a little Alizé  
It's gon' be on, can't you see?  
Ladies on the left, ladies on the right  
This game is so exciting  
But it's to be sold and not to be told  
So grab your cabbage, homie  
I live the lifestyles of the ganster rich and the famous  
Mister Playa Playa, 13 hoes with mo' anus  
A black urban as I bounce in my suburban  
Lookin superb off o-x and I'm swervin  
So much bucks the hoes call me Scrooge McDuck  
I make the tricks quack to get a crack at the sack  
The '86 Lac in the back  
The sanitary white Lex-o 17 inch And I dare you to try to get with this  
I take baths in Moët and dry off with \$1000 bills  
Still I invest in the hood  
Performin c's on the block  
Make the homies clock a knot  
And it don't stop  
My lifestyle's not petty, I rock steady  
Paid in full to get the pull  
And I should buy up the whole hood  
Then we could live lavish with the cabbage  
I flew overseas just so I could see  
Prod and Mouthpiece put it down in Italy  
And the hood had me feelin the pain with strain  
But things changed, now I'm the million dollar mane  
Inhale, pistol grip on the hip, ten g's in the pocket  
Jump out the 454 and I locks it  
Eye-sockets upon my pocket  
Raise the pistol grip off my hip and unlocks it  
I Rhime Son rollin a cherry-black Impala  
And I ought to buy a blue, one a true one  
1996 hear the cheer from the front to the rear  
With caviar dreams in yo ear  
And I hear all the rumours that's bein spreaded  
About where we headed and who we goes to bed with  
Even though I'm livin this million dollar life  
You better think twice before you get sliced