

[Eligh]

No diamonds would be bought by this man  
If I took a lucky strike and hit the jackpot  
Would I rot in hell or prosper  
Cottontail the offer  
Or just plot to tell the officer  
Of the demons in the missions that I've been in  
Let us keep continuing  
Say the bank account was millions  
And I lived in a skyscraping building with high ceilings  
Would I fall to the bottom where the serpent catches prey  
In the form of spending money frivolous each and every day?  
Would I give it to the homeless or go buy a house in the Bay?  
I know I'd pay my mama's mortgage, helping out the family  
Take it to the next century, build a solid foundation beneath me  
I don't think I'd be stupid with it, I'd just handle it generously  
Curiosity killed the cat  
Just think about that when you got the fat stacks  
And can't find your way back  
Bottom line is music is my number one  
And nothing made of paper can cut through my vapor  
Vibrations stabilize my able eyes

[Chorus: N8 and Eligh]

Who would I be with money?  
What would I do?  
Would I stay true?

[N8 the GR8]

Who wants to be a millionaire? Me!  
Is that your final answer? I'm pretty sure it might be  
Matter a fact, the fatter the stack  
The more likely to see us ahead of the pack like fleas  
Get a house, pay my debts, and my spouse  
And my Moms, a couple of cars that run the college fund  
Fix my teeth, lace my peeps, fulfill the dreams that made this beat  
It'll be strange at first I think, but I'll adjust fine  
Make my money worth my time and all of us shine  
Invest in my friends' success, independent  
I'm blessed to still be in my skin so stop trippin'  
Would if I could but we're good so we can't  
No matter how ugly of a picture its paint  
Leave a stain with my small frame  
Ain't got a damn thang  
Nothin' to lose and everything to gain  
[Chorus x2]

[The Grouch]

Now if you literally had a million in the bank  
Who would you thank? Would you do crank?  
How would you paint  
A picture to fit the dreams you dreamt your whole life?  
Exempt from old strife  
Would you know pain's name anymore?  
You came in the door with just a shirt on  
Now you have a name brand suit to kick dirt on  
Word on the street's you keep the cash on you  
East of California, peeps they flash on ya  
Bodyguards for yards and autographs for days  
A lot of laughs and lays, I wouldn't pass I'd play  
Looking glass my way and I can see futures  
Powerful business and little Grouch juniors  
Figure out sooner not later how major  
Plug yourself in as a player, cry later  
I'll take my advance now, spend it on a chance to just that  
Not a chain to enhance style when my homies are broke  
You must be lonely, no folks, or just a joke.

[Chorus x2]

[Krush]

If you're in the search of the treasure  
Walkin' pathways of pleasure  
And pain is the only way to gain a thang  
You can count on me to remain the same  
Maintain, see I'm here to only lace your brain with game  
Sustain finances substantially growin' annually  
Residuals for individuals who plan to be rich  
Instead of diggin' a ditch  
No way a felon, so listen closely to everything I'm sellin'  
If that's what it's all about  
Chasin' the fame and clout  
Listen, your first mission is just to turn the party out

Be sure to keep writin' flows, providing exciting shows  
For all those in attendance  
Bear witness to every sentence  
Keep dodging opposition and remember to stay focused  
Form like locus on hopeless, forever displaying dopeness  
And hope this encourages all to get up off they asses  
Passes to the masses  
Before the scene collapses  
The fact is we need more support from our sport  
Of course I soar because I pour it with force

[Chorus]