

# Slumdog Billionaire (feat. Kid Ink & Nucci)

## Red Cafe

Dearly Beloved, We are gathered here tonight,  
In celebration of a new day, A new voice  
A new world

Yeah, trick or treat, mask on its halloween  
Above the clouds so im drinkin like im Charlie Sheen  
outfit inspired by the last fashion week  
Contemplatin takin my bitch to a brassery,  
after class i had the misses do my homework,  
while i smoked a J, then i bone her,  
billion dollar dreams i'm getting closer  
politicin with my jewish friends keep it kosher  
Went from poverty, to buyin property,  
To having R-N-B b\*tches ridin on top of me,  
Now the fake rap niggaz is makin a mockery,  
of the culture we've built worst than a robbery,  
Critically acclaimed, 3 syllable name,  
Cleaner than mineral water in a criminal vein,  
Married to the game, dress her in Vera Wang?,  
Shake down to the casket.

chorus:

Mom's had to struggle, pap's wasn't there  
Raised by the streets middle finger in the air,  
I'm a billionaire, a slumdog billionaire.  
Back from the dead, strap no fear  
east to the west, say my name and i appear,  
i'm a billionaire, a slumdog billionaire,  
a slumdog billionaire.  
all black sipping white wine  
we've been waiting for this night for a life time,  
you can hear the pain through the mic line,  
speakin from the heart dear valentine  
Slumdog fresh outta the kennel,  
Headed to my suite, but the label wont pay for my dental,  
On the road to riches, Came a long way from a demo,  
still sleepin on me, see the drool stay on your pillow  
Somebody betta wake em, tell em where i came from,  
pop's wasnt there, nigga stay caged up,  
i was playin toss with the neighbors, so if you see em,  
tell em i dont needa favor, im good, (good)  
Smokin on that good, swisher sweet no backwood,  
gettin show money, no pay stubs,  
I dont give a fuck in this bitch, kanye shrug

chorus:

Mom's had to struggle, pap's wasn't there  
Raised by the streets middle finger in the air,  
I'm a billionaire, a slumdog billionaire.  
Back from the dead, strap no fed,  
east to the west, say my name and i appear,  
i'm a billionaire, a slumdog billionaire,  
a slumdog billionaire.  
Ask around the town  
broke it down with the coca leaves  
shout out to these hating niggas swear that they be knowin me  
got my lawyer money up so i keep the semi close got the dope music  
here goes a daily dose  
fish grease fish scale all above  
fake niggas throwin salt ...real niggas showin love  
about to have the team lookin like they hit the lotto  
back to back them maseratis and them kawasakies  
... big bodies, rolling them big blunts, the escalade resemblin a Brinks truck  
a pound of the sticky what I call the paper planes  
these fag\*ot niggaz better go and get they paper straight  
im still heavy in the trap with the substance  
my shoes and belt together nigga thats a months rent (cash)  
and even when i try to pass go  
there's no way i can keep the profile low  
[chorus:]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>