

English day song - 805 grade - Teacher: Alejandro Céspedes.

Travie McCoy: Billionaire ft. Bruno Mars

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
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 a 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
Aha, 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 I'ma have my own theme music
Oh, every time I close my eyes (what you see, what you see bruh?)
I see my name in shining lights (uh-huh, uh-huh, 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-oh, oh-oh, when I'm a billionaire
Oh-oh, oh-oh (let's go)
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 five, twenties, tens and fives 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, haha)
Uh, I wanna be on the cover of Forbes magazine
Smiling next to Oprah and the Queen (what up, Oprah? Haha)
Oh, every time I close my eyes (what you see, what you see bruh?)
I see my name in shining lights (uh-huh, uh-huh, 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-oh, oh-oh (sing it)
When I'm a billionaire
Oh-oh, oh-oh (oh)
I wanna be a billionaire so fucking bad