

“Billionaire” – Travie McCoy ft. Bruno Mars (EXPLICIT LYRICS)

Prechorus:

|A |C# |F#mi |E |
I wanna be a billionaire so fricking bad, buy all of the things I never had.
|A |C# |F#mi |E |
I wanna be on the cover of Forbes Magazine, smiling next to Oprah and the Queen.

Chorus:

|D E |F#mi |
Oh, every time I close my eyes,
|D E |F#mi |
I see my name in shining lights. Yeah,
|D E |A A/G# F#mi E |
A different city every night, oh I, I
|D |C# |F#mi |
swear the world better prepare for when I’m a billionaire.

Verse 1:

|A |
I would have a show like Oprah, I would be the host of.
|C# |
Every day Christmas, give Travie a wish list.
|F#mi |
I’d probably pull an Angelina and Brad Pitt and
|E |
adopt a bunch of babies that ain’t never had sh*t.
|A |
Give away a few Mercedes like here lady, have this.
|C# |
And last but not least, grant somebody their last wish.
|F#mi |
It’s been a couple months that I’ve been single so
|E |
you can call me Travie Claus minus the Ho Ho.
|A |
Get it, I’d probably visit where Katrina hit,
|C# |
and damn sure do a lot more than FEMA did.
|F#mi |
Yeah can’t forget about me stupid,
|E |
everywhere I go Imma have my own theme music.

Chorus:

|D E |F#mi |
 Oh, every time I close my eyes,
 |D E |F#mi |
 I see my name in shining lights, yeah.
 |D E |A A/G# F#mi E |
 A different city every night, oh I, I
 |D |C# |F#mi |
 swear the world better prepare for when I'm a billionaire.
 |E |F#mi |
 Ooh oh, ooh oh. When I'm a billionaire.
 |E |
 Ooh oh, ooh oh.

Verse 2:

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 fives, twenties, tens and Bens 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,
 put it in the air and sing.

Prechorus:

I wanna be a billionaire so fricking bad, buy all of the things I never had.
 I wanna be on the cover of Forbes Magazine, smiling next to Oprah and the Queen.

Chorus:

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.
 Ooh oh, ooh oh. When I'm a billionaire.
 Ooh oh, ooh oh.

Outro:

|A |C# |
 I wanna be a billionaire so fricking bad.