A Milli (Seattle Study Remix)

Lil' Wayne

Young Money! You dig?
Mack, I'm going inA millionaire, I'm a Young Money millionaire
Tougher than Nigerian hair
My criteria compared to your career just isn't fair
I'm a venereal disease, like a menstrual, bleed
Through the pencil, I leak on the sheet of the tablet in my mind
'Cause I don't write shit, 'cause I ain't got time
'Cause my seconds, minutes, hours go to the almighty dollar
And the almighty power of that ch-cha-cha-chopper
Sister, brother, son, daughter, father; mother-fuck a copper
Got the Maserati dancing on the bridge, pussy poppin'
Tell the coppers: "Ha-ha-ha-ha
You can't catch him, you can't stop him"
I go by them goon rules, if you can't beat 'em then you pop 'em
You can't man 'em then you mop 'em
You can't stand 'em then you drop 'em
You pop 'em 'cause we pop 'em like Orville Redenbacher
Motherfucker, I'm illA million here a million there
Sicilian bitch with long hair, with coke in her derriere
Like smoke in the thinnest air
I open the Lamborghini, hopin' them crackers see me
Like, "Look at that bastard Weezy!"
He's a beast, he's a dog, he's a mothafuckin' problem
Okay, you're a goon, but what's a goon to a goblin?
Nothin', nothin', you ain't scaring nothin'
On some faggot bullshit; call 'em Dennis Rodman
Call me what you want, bitch! Call me on my Sidekick!
Never answer when it's private, damn, I hate a shy bitch
Don't you hate a shy bitch?
Yeah, I ate a shy bitch, and she ain't shy no more
She changed her name to My Bitch
Yeah, nigga, that's my bitch; so when she ask for the money when you through, don't be surprised, bitch!
It ain't trickin' if you got it
But you like a bitch with no ass; you ain't got shit
Motherfucker, I'm ill; not sick
And I'm okay, but my watch sick, yeah, my drop sick
Yeah, my Glock sick, and my knot thick; I'm it
Motherfucker, I'm illThey say I'm rappin' like B.I.G., Jay, and 2Pac
AndrÃ© 3000, where is Erykah Badu at? Who that?

Who that said they gon' beat Lil Wayne?
My name ain't Bic, but I keep that flame, man
Who that one that do that, boy?
You knew that, true that, swallow
And I be the shit, now you got loose bowels
I don't owe you like two vowels
But I would like for you to pay me by the hour
And I'd rather be pushing flowers
Than to be in the pen sharing showers
Tony told us this world was ours
And the Bible told us every girl was sour
Don't play in her garden and don't smell her flower
Call me Mr. Carter or Mr. Lawn Mower
Boy, I got so many bitches, like I'm Mike Lowrey
Even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt me
Motherfucker, I say: "Life ain't shit without me."
Chrome lips poking out the coupe, look like it's pouting
I do what I do and you do what you can do about it
Bitch, I can turn a crack rock into a mountain; dare me!
Don't you compare me, 'cause there ain't nobody near me
They don't see me but they hear me
They don't feel me, but they fear me; I'm illy, C3, 3 Peat
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