A Milli

Lil Wayne

(A milli, a milli, a milli)Ima millionaire
Im a young money millionaire, tougher than Nigerian hair
My criteria compared to your career just isnt fair
Ima venereal disease like a menstrual bleedThrew the pencil and leak the sheet of the tablet in my mind
Cuz I dont write shit cuz I aint got time
Cuz my seconds, minutes, hours go to the all mighty dollar
And the all mighty power of dat chit cha cha chopperSister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Father mothafucker a copper
Got da Maserati dancin on the bridge pussy poppin
Tell the coppers, ha ha ha ha you cant catch em, you cant stop em
I go by them goon rules if you cant beat em then you prop emYou cant man em then you mop em
You cant stand em then you drop em
You drop em cuz we pop em like Orville Redenbacher
Motherfucker I'm illA million in here, a million in there
Sicilian bitch with long hair, with coke in her derrierre
Like smoke in the thinnest air
I open the Lamborghini
Hopin' them crackers see me like, "Look at that bastard WeezyHe's a beast he's a dog, he's a motherfuckin' problem"
Okay you're a goon, but what's a goon to a goblin?
Nothin', nothin', you ain't scarin' nothin'
On some faggot bullshit
Call him Dennis RodmanCall me what you want bitch
Call me on my Sidekick
Never answer when it's private
Damn I hate a shy bitchDon't you hate a shy bitch?
Yeah I ate a shy bitch
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, bitchIt 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 o.k., but my watch sickYeah my drop sick
Yeah my glock sick
Am I not thick?
I'm it
Motherfucker I'm illSee, they say I'm rappin' like B.I.G., Jay, and Tupac
Andre 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 flameNow who that wanna do that, boy you knew that chew 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 hourAnd I'd rather be pushin' flowers
Than to be in the pen sharin' showers
Tony told us this world was ours
And the Bible told us every girl was sourDon't play in her garden, and don't smell her flower
Call me Mr. Carter or Mr. Lawnmower
Boy I got so many bitches like I'm Mike Lowery
Even Gwen Stefani say she couldn't doubt meMotherfucker I say like face shit without me
Chrome lips pokin' out, the coupe look like it's poutin'
I do what I do and you do what you can do about it
Bitch, I will turn a crack rock into a mountain
Dare meDon'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 illie, C3

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