A Millie

Lil Wayne

A 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 and leak on the sheet of the tablet in my mind,
Cuz I don't write shit cuz I aint got time,
Cuz my seconds, minutes, hours go to the almighty dollar,
And the almighty power of dat chit cha cha chopper,
Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Father motha f**k a copper,
Got da maserati dancin on the bridge pussy poppin,
Tell the coppers..hahahaha you cant catch em, you cant stop em,
I go by dem goon rules
if you cant beat em then you pop em,
You cant man em then you mop em,
You cant stand em then you drop em,
You pop em cuz we pop em like Orville Redenbacher,
Young money[Cory Gunz]
A Millie in here wit them Young Money Millionaires,
Think you really pop a wheelie in air,
Mac Milli..the Vanilli's in here.. im a rascal don't get whopped,
I get brats who don't give top,
I get tassel, pass you wit a flow you could never put a brake on,
An I break on anything a nigga take on,
Feel the napalm from my trey arm, straight long, throw a nigga like im Akon,
Cuz I make cons.. Where the base gone, get the base blown,
Let the Pistons on that chopper come on cops im kamikaze drop a rock wit them Obamas,
Illie in the mind, really wit the nine, millie when I rhyme, silly anytime,
Fine, chilly gitty on da grind, Shitty on a dime, Penny on the line,
Plentys in me, any guinea's wit em bigger than a mini and remind im..
Illie and its all off G piece and a P..G walk by beep beep,
Wit a freak, skeet, Hawk Out, big feet on a jeep..
She caught by Weezy F, we be the best,
Truely to death prove me the rest,
Groupies confess, you be the ref, 'scuse me I left..HaHaa millionaire im a young money millionaire
what y'all really wanna? nah
y'all don't really wanna do it
if hip hop is dead i am the embalmment fluid
and I don't care who it be, I'm steppin to it
notice I say "it" cuz to me, "it" ain't shit

get "it".
call me whatcha like trick
call me on my sidekick
never answer when its private
man I hate a shy chick
don't you hate a shy chick
I had a plate of shy chick and she ain't shy no mo'
she changed her name to my chick
hahaha, yea boy that's my girl
and she pops excellent up in waynes world
totally dude you should
see their faces when they see that
this robot can move
and it say
ha, yea
and it go
that's rightA millionaire I'm a
young money cash money fast money
slow money mo' money neva no money
what is that, who is that, I never heard of it
I will take your picture and make a "rest in peace" shirt of it
someone should take this beat and make a "rest in peace" shirt of it
becuz I killed it now don't tell no one you heard of me
its like, the beat was screamin, murder me
and I'm a murderer
so I murdered itand you niggas is what i eat and I'll make sure of it
and he who don't believe me I'll make dessert of him
sherbet him, I mean
shame on him, or her
Carter, Father of
this rap thang, this is my race
gon' take a lap man weezy babys nursery
now gon' take a nap man, its nap time
I'll holla back at you at snack timeWeezy F. yea, ok
they say I'm rappin like Big, Jay, and Tupac
Andre 3 Thousand where is erykah badu at
who dat
who dat said they gon' beat Lil Wayne
my name ain't bic, but I keep that flame boi
who dat wanna
do dat boy
y'all knew dat
true dat swallow
and i be the shhhh
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
hahaha
and I'd rather be pushing flowers,
than to be in the pen sharing showers
see 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 girls like I'm Mike Lowry
even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt meman, life, just ain't life, with out me
hip hop just ain't hip hop, with out me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/