A Milli (feat. Bueno)

Lil Wayne

Young money
Ya dig
Mack I'm goin' inI'm 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
Threw the pencil and 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 cha cha cha cha chopper,
Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Father motherfuck a copper,
Got the Maserati dancin' on the bridge pussy poppin',
Tell the coppers, ha ha ha ha you can't catch' em, you can't stop 'em,
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 RedenbacherMotherfucker I'm illA million here a million there
Sicilian bitch with long hair with coconut derriÃ¨re
Like smokin' the thinnest air I open the Lamborghini
Hopin' them crackers see me like look at dat bastard Weezy
He's a beast he's a dog he's a muthfukin' problem
OK you're a goon but what's a goon (to a goblin)
Nothin' nothin' you ain't scarin' nothin'
On some fagot 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 yea I ate a shy bitch
She ain't shy no more she changed her name to my bitch
Yea 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 OK but my watch sick
Yea my drop sick
Yea my glock sick
And my knot thick
I'm itMotherfucker I'm ill,

Yeah seeThey say I'm rappin' like BIG, Jay, and 2pac
Andre 3000 where is Eryka Badu at
Who that
Who that said they goin' beat Lil Wayne
My name ain't Bic but I keep that flame man
Who that one that do that boy ya knew that true the Swallow
And I be the shit now you got loose bowels
I don't O U like two vowels
But I would like for you to pay me by the hour
And I'd rather be pushin' flowers
Then to be in the pen sharin' 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 Lowry
Even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt me
Motherfucker I say life ain't 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 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 but they hear me
They don't feel me but they fear me I'm illiC three three peat

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/