

# Cash Money Millionaires

## Juvenile

I keep pimpin', I keep pimpin', I keep  
I keep pimpin', I keep pimpin'  
I got a bitch in the back, got a hoe in the front  
One cookin the crack, one rollin' the blunt  
You get pussy and ass from a beautiful broad  
If you lookin' for that, holla at ya boy  
I'm a m-m-mack mack a pimp, I spit out shrimp  
I pull up clean I get out lim, I walk like limp  
I talk like bitch bitch get here  
Best player on my team when I ball women cheer  
And they love the way I dumb out with the gear  
This jacket, these shoes don't come out this year  
So if you love your girl don't let her come out this year  
If you leave her out there, then she comin' out here  
And that ain't fair, but I don't care  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire, yeah  
Who you think you fuckin' wit' bitch  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit' bitch  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire, yeah  
Who you think you fuckin' wit' bitch  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit' bitch  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire, yeah  
I got 25 dollars on my dresser and if I give it to my hoe  
She gon' bring back more, not a minute go she ain't gettin' that loot  
And if you ain't got no money she ain't gettin' at you  
I like 'em sexy, high, yellow if you fittin' thats you  
Ooh boo you can come and get in that coupe  
Take a hit of that fruit get high wit' Wayne  
Fly wit Birdman Jr. wave hi to planes  
Say bye to lames don't buy they game  
If he don't score in the first half, bench his ass  
If you play wit my money I'ma lynch ya ass  
I John Lynch ya shit don't tempt me bitch, oh  
Wipe me down 'cause I'm filthy rich  
If gettin' money's a crime then I'm guilty bitch

And that ain't fair, but I don't care  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire, yeah  
Who you think you fuckin' wit' bitch  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire, yeah  
Who you think you fuckin' wit' bitch  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire, yeah  
I sit' low in the car sit high in the truck  
Lay at the front of the plane lay in the back of the bus  
I got ladies for days, got women for months  
Leave ya girl at home on may 21  
I got that thang on chrome blade 21  
Got them thangs inside, make me empty one  
Pull it over to the side by a pretty one  
Like whats good mami come make a cloud your pillow, come fly wit' me'  
My diamonds sing, my weed is rap  
Call me weezy the king or call me weezy the crack  
If pimpin is dead then I'm bringin it back  
Matter of fact it never died so I take that back  
If your shoes too small shorty take that back  
'Cause you gon' walk all day 'til you make that back  
And that ain't fair, but I don't care I'm a motherfuckin'  
Cash money millionaire, yeah  
Who you think you fuckin' wit' bitch  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire, yeah  
Who you think you fuckin' wit' bitch  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
Who you think you fuckin' wit'  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire, yeah  
Whats really good mami? it's ya boy W E E Z Y F  
Baby so high in the sky I'm so fly watch out for  
The power lines ya know get wit me one pimp daddy  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire  
I'm a motherfuckin' cash money millionaire

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