

Cash Money Millionaires

Lil' Wayne

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

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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 weedy the king or call me weedy 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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