

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 limpI 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, yeahWho 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, yeahI 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' that's 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 gameIf 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, yeahWho 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 what's 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 What's 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

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