

# Cash Money Millionaires

## Lil' Wayne

I keep pimping  
I keep pimping  
I keep I, I keep pimping  
I, I, I keep pimping I got a bitch in the back, got a hoe in the front  
One cooking the crack, one rolling the blunt  
You get pussy and ass from a beautiful broad  
If you looking fa that holla at cha boy  
I'm a m, m, mack mack a p, p, pimp  
I sp, sp, sp, spit out shrimp  
I pull up clean I get out limp  
I walk like pl, pl, player  
I talk like bi, bitch get chere  
Best playa on my team when I ball women cheer  
And they love the way I come out wit the gear  
This jacket these shoes don't come out this year  
So if you love ya girl don't let her come out this year  
If you leave her out there then she coming out here  
And that ain't fair but I don't care  
I'm a motherfucking Cash Money Millionaire yeah! [Chorus: x2]  
Who you think you fucking with (bitch!)  
Who you think you fucking with  
Who you think you fucking with  
Who you think you fucking with  
(I'm a motherfucking Cash Money Millionaire, naire, naire)  
Who you think you fucking with I'm serious I got 25 dollars on my dresser and if I  
give it to my hoe she gon' bring back mo'  
Not a minute go she ain't getting that loot  
And if you ain't got no money she ain't getting at you  
I like em sexy high yellow if you fitting that shoot  
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 high to planes  
Say bye to lames don't buy they game  
If he ain't scored in the first half bench his ass  
If you play wit' my money I'm a lynch ya ass  
I'll John Lynch ya shit don't tempt me bitch oh!  
Wipe me down cause I'm filthy rich  
If getting moneys a crime then I'm guilty bitch  
And that ain't fair but I don't care

I'm a motherfucking Cash Money Millionaire yeah! [Chorus: x2] I sit low in the car, sit high in the truck  
Lay at the front of the plane, lay at the back of the bus  
Got ladies fa days, got women fa months  
Leave ya girl at home I made 21  
Got that thing on chrome blade 21  
Got them things inside make me empty one  
Pull it ova to the side by a pretty one, like  
what's good mami come make a cloud yo' pillow, come fly wit' me  
My diamond sing, my weed is rap  
Call me Weezy da king or call me Weezy da crack  
If pimpin' is dead then I'm bringing it back  
Matter fact it never died so I take that back  
If ya shoes too small shawty take that back  
Cause you gon' walk all day till you make that back  
And that ain't fair but I don't care  
I'm a motherfucking Cash Money Millionaire yeah! [Chorus: x2] Who you think you fucking with (bitch!)  
Who you think you fucking with  
Who you think you fucking with  
Who you think you fucking with  
(I'm a motherfucking Cash Money Millionaire, naire, naire)  
Who you think you fucking with I'm serious Who you think you fucking with (bitch!)  
Who you think you fucking with  
Who you think you fucking with  
Who you think you fucking with  
(I'm a motherfucking Cash Money Millionaire, naire, naire)  
Who you think you fucking with I'm serious  
(Who you think you fucking with) (What's really good moma)  
(Its ya boy W.e.e.z.y.F. Baby)  
(So high in the sky)  
(I'm so fly watch out fa the power lines ya know!)  
Get with me, one  
Pimp Daddy! [Repeat: x4]  
I'm a motherfucking Cash Money Millionaire, naire, naire

Songwriters

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