

Million Dollar Baby (feat. DJ Drama)

Lil' Wayne

(Chorus)

One two, one two, and I say

One two, one two, and I say

One two, one two, and I say

One two, one two, and I say (Verse 1)

Sick wit' it, six digits, big engines

Get lots of head like six midgets

It just this code I live by,

Represent the road I grew up by,

And I see the game like an umpire.

Mothafuck one time, and everything combined

I am the boss, I have a nigga tell you about the gunline

I'm in the hog sometime, I'm in the Porsche redline

I drive that mothafucka like I'm tryna beat a deadline.

Holla at the boy bitch, yes I'm the boy bitch

I'm fly and your boyfriend's an ostrich

How much you cost bitch?

See I will buy you and then sell you back like an auction.

Okay? I am affiliated with DJ Drama

And this Just Blaze track has just met Jeffery Dahmer

I am a bingo on the beat like Carson Palmer

And them niggas couldn't see me with panorama.

(Haha) Niggas soft as a can of flowers

You soft as a can of tuna

You fuckin' with a piranha

The ballin' is no illusion

Paper tall as a tower

I'm paid hoe, I could change your life all in a hour

I promise I see the city skyline from my shower

I'm feeling like a gun with a bag of gun powder

Pow pow

I'm higher than Mr. Childs

Fresh from the bottom of the ant pile.

Weezy!

(Chorus)(Verse 2)

My grill is gangsta, my aim is money

The championship is beautiful but the game is ugly

They say feed the hungry, but these bitches is greedy

But I'm awfully gifted, I am simply strategic It's come to my room, I make her feel like it's Egypt

And she leave out that room feelin' like a paraplegic
My fuck game is my capital feature
I stuff her ass up like a pair of new sneakers
Back to the subject at hand
Baby I'm a wealthy ass young black man
Flow more rare than finding black sand
And, I just want some brain like a fucking cat scan
I just want some paper like a fucking trash can
Life is a maze so how's it hanging Pac-Man?
I seem to amaze, as well as advance
I'm so far ahead I gotta save the last dance.

(Chorus)(Verse 3)

Get it straight like panthers I enhance,
M.O.B., I'm all about my chips like Lance
I be with animals with animal tactics,
I swear I'm backed up like New York traffic
You dumb fucks, you're nothing but lunch ducks,
Big nuts hairs, swinging like nunchucks
Hollygrove I'm claiming it like insurance
I've been on the grind, nigga you're just a tourist,
Flowers for the dead, say hello to the florists
Fuck with me wrong bet I rush it like Borris
Now they tryna kick it but I ain't Chuck Norris
I kick it with Lil' Few and he rolling up a forest
Can't be compared, no I'm not a thesaurus
Can't be banned, I'm sorry Miss Delourous
Fuck Wendy Williams, the bitch look like a dude
Her body look chewed and her hair looks glued
But let me get back to my food
Eat the track up and leave the mic barbecued
Why in 30 lives would you ever war with I
I'm just gettin' high thinking about the Carter 5
My homies straight, my momma good and my daughter's fine
Everyday I pray and thank the great Lord of mine
Weezy baby, you're lookin' at greatness
Gangsta Grillz, no braces
Bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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