Outro

Lil' Wayne

(feat. B.G.)
[Lil Wayne]
Keep pimpin [x5]
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 p-p-pimp
I sp-sp-sp-spit out shrimp
I pull up clean
I get out limp
I walk like li-li-li-limp
I talk like bitch b-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
[Chorus x2]
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'm serious 'bout this pimpin' shit)
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
[Chorus x2]
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'm serious 'bout this pimpin' shit)
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
[Chorus x4: with Ad-Libs during the last 2 repititions]
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'm serious 'bout this pimpin' shit)
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
[Outro x4]
I'm a motherfuckin' Cash Money Millionaire, yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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