

# A Milli

## K-Dot

(A milli, a milli, a milli)  
I?ma millionaire  
I?m a young money millionaire, tougher than Nigerian hair  
My criteria compared to your career just isn?t fair  
I?ma venereal disease like a menstrual bleed  
Threw the pencil and leak the sheet of the tablet in my mind  
Cuz I don?t write shit cuz I ain?t got time  
Cuz my seconds, minutes, hours go to the all mighty dollar  
And the all mighty power of dat chit cha cha chopper  
Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Father mothafucker a copper  
Got da Maserati dancin? on the bridge pussy poppin?  
Tell the coppers, ha ha ha ha you can?t catch ?em, you can?t stop ?em  
I go by them goon rules if you can?t beat ?em then you prop ?em  
You cant man ?em then you mop ?em  
You cant stand ?em then you drop ?em  
You drop ?em cuz we pop ?em like Orville Redenbacher  
Motherfucker I'm ill  
A million here, a million there  
Sicilian bitch with long hair, with coke in her derriere  
Like smoke in the thinnest air  
I open the Lamborghini  
Hopin' them crackers see me like, "Look at that bastard Weezy?  
?He's a beast he's a dog, he's a motherfuckin' problem"  
Okay you're a goon, but what's a goon to a goblin?  
Nothin', nothin', you ain't scarin' nothin'  
On some faggot bullshit  
Call him Dennis Rodman  
Call me what you want bitch  
Call me on my Sidekick  
Never answer when it's private  
Damn I hate a shy bitch  
Don't you hate a shy bitch?  
Yeah I ate a shy bitch  
She ain't shy no more, she changed her name to my bitch  
Yeah nigga, that's my bitch  
So when she ask for the money when you through don't be surprised, bitch  
It ain't trickin' if you got it  
But you like a bitch with no ass, you ain't got shit  
Motherfucker I'm ill, not sick

And I'm o.k., but my watch sick  
Yeah my drop sick  
Yeah my glock sick  
Am I not thick?  
I'm it  
Motherfucker I'm ill  
See, they say I'm rappin' like B.I.G., Jay, and Tupac  
Andre 3000, where is Erykah Badu at?  
Who that? Who that said they gon' beat Lil' Wayne  
My name ain't Bic, but I keep that flame  
Now who that wanna do that, boy you knew that chew that swallow  
And I be the shit, now you got loose bowels  
I don't owe you like two vowels  
But I would like for you to pay me by the hour  
And I'd rather be pushin' flowers  
Than to be in the pen sharin' showers  
Tony told us this world was ours  
And the Bible told us every girl was sour  
Don't play in her garden, and don't smell her flower  
Call me Mr. Carter or Mr. Lawnmower  
Boy I got so many bitches like I'm Mike Lowery  
Even Gwen Stefani say she couldn't doubt me  
Motherfucker I say like face shit without me  
Chrome lips pokin' out, the coupe look like it's poutin'  
I do what I do and you do what you can do about it  
Bitch, I will turn a crack rock into a mountain  
Dare me  
Don't you compare me cause there ain't nobody near me  
They don't see me, but they hear me  
They don't feel me, but they fear me  
I'm illie, C3

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