

Birdman & Lil Wayne, A Millie

I'm Millionaire

I'm a Young Money Millie in aire, tougher than Nigerian hair

My criteria compared to your career just isn't fair

I'm a venereal disease like a menstrual bleed...

Threw the pencil and leak on the sheet of the tablet in my mind

Cause I don't write shit cause I ain't got time

Cause my seconds, minutes, hours go to the al mighty dollar

And the al mighty power of dat chit cha cha cha chopper

Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Father motha fuck a copper

Got da maserati dancin on the bridge pussy poppin

Tell the coppers... hahahaha you can't catch em, you can't stop em

I go by them goon rules if you can't beat em then you pop em

You can't man em then you mop em

You can't stand em then you drop em

You drop em cause we pop em like Orville Redenbacher

(Cory Gunz:)

I'm millie in here with them Young Money Milli on aires

Think you wheelie pop a wheelie in air

Mac Milli... the Vanilli's in here... I'm a rascal don't get whopped

I get brats who don't give top, ("meaning he gets girls who play hard to give it up")

I get tassel, pass you with a flow you could never put a brake on

An I break on anything a nigga take on

Feel the napalm from my trey arm, straight long, throw a nigga like I'm Akon

Cause I make cons... Where the base gone, get the base blown

Let the Pistons on that chopper come on cops I'm kamikaze drop a rock with them Obamas

Illie in the mind, really with the nine, millie when I rhyme, silly anytime

Fine, chilly gitty on da grind, Shitty on a dime, Penny on the line

Plentys in me, any guinea's with em bigger than a mini and remind I'm...

Illie and it's all off G piece and a P... G walk by beep beep

With a freak, skeet, Hawk Out, big feet on a jeep...

She caught by Weezy F, we be the best

Truely to death prove me the rest

Groupies confess, you be the ref, excuse me I left... Ha

A millionaire I'm a young money millionaire

What chyall really want it naw

Y'all don't really wanna do it

If hip hop is dead I am the embalming fluid

And I don't care who it be, I'm steppin to it

Notice I say 'it' cause to me, it ain't shit

Get. it

Call me whacha like trick?

Call me on my sidekick

Never answer when it's private

Man I hate a shy chick

Don't you hate a shy chick

I had a plate of shy chick and she ain't shy no mo'

She changed her name to my chick

Hahaha, yea boy that's my girl

And she pops excellent up in waynes world

Totally dude you should

See their faces when they see that

This robot can move

And it's say...

Hahaha, yea

And it go...

That's right

I'm a millionaire I'm a

Young money cash money fast money

Slow money mo' money neva no money

What is that, who is that, I never heard of it

I will take your picture and make a 'rest in peace' shirt of it

Tell those n***** beatin to make a rest in peace shirt of me cause I
Killed and now don't tell no one you heard of me
It's like, the beat was screamin, murder me
And I'm a, murderer
So I murdered it

And you n***** is what I eatin I'll make sure of it
And he who don't believe me I'll make dessert of him
Sherbet him, I mean
Shame on him, or her
Cut her father up

This rap thang, this is my race
Gon' take a lap man weezy babys no
Now gon' take a nap man, it's nap time
I'll holla back at you at snack time

Weezy... F... yea, ok
They say I'm rappin like Big, Jay, and Tupac
Andre 3 Thousand where is erykah badu at
Who dat
Who dat said they gon' beat Lil Wayne
My name ain't bic, but I keep that flame boi
Who dat one
Dat do dat boy
Ya'll knew dat
True dat swallow
And I be the shhhh
Now you got loose bottoms

I don't owe you like two vowels
But I'd like for you to pay me by the hour
Hahaha
And I'd rather be pushing flowers
Than to be in the penn sharing showers
See Tony told us this world was ours
And the Bible told us every girl was sour
Don't play in the garden and don't smell her flower
Call me Mr. Carter or Mr. Lawn Mower
Boy I got so many girls like I'm Michael Lowry
Even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt me

Man, life, just ain't life, without me
Hip hop just ain't hip hop, without me
Young moola baby
C3