

# Half-A-Mill, Milliato

Yea, uh huh, Milliato  
uh huh, street regulated

(Verse 1)

I seen it all from robberies to extortion and shit  
I seen family business get tossed to a place  
Mafioso kiss, Gotti jr. put a rolli on my wrist  
Satir day ridge told me Tony owe me this  
Peep the Brooklyn gangsta  
Where I'm from niggaz'll pump 21 in ya  
They got orders to replace ya  
Ain't no loyalty in these streets  
Especially when niggaz givin up 20 G's for your wig piece  
My heart neva skip a beat, street hotter than fish grease  
Still a nigga pitchin 'em ki's, switchin 'em V's  
Gun stay cocked don't hesitate to squeeze  
I'm real Vendetta 'cated y'all niggaz make believes  
Playa haters, 2003, dunn still spankin 'em Gators  
Trench mink, waves is plus, we armed dangerous  
Niggaz can't bang wit us  
Your next in the news, you still can't hang wit us

(Chorus: Half-A-Mill) \*\*repeat 2X\*\*

Milliato -- lives to ride another day  
That's what I heard 'em say

\*\*Talkin in the background\*\*

Yea, from the projects, all through the streets  
hood to hood, yea, OT to OC, Milliato

(Verse 2)

Uh, we been there done that and still doin it  
Smack Boheemians I want six on the first, two on the fifth  
Catch me in the hood Indian spliff  
Rock silk Polo crowns like a low life  
Filthy chips, I use to go clothes up the back  
Now I go up to Hack-a-sack  
Deep in the woods where the crackers at  
Ya'll plan to take back New York, we want half of that  
Been in this since the '20's  
In 1941 Grandpa Lou Henry copped two Bentley's  
Taught Italians the rules of the city  
Dunn I move swoofly, in this world niggaz loose Kidney's  
Livers and Lungs, get hundereds like the Kennedy's  
I'm on some Big Pun shit, ride for my family eat well  
Ya'll crab motherfuckers don't get nuthin kid  
We livin well while y'all rottin in the slum and shit  
Yo I'm on some other shit, I can bring Hummer shit

(Chorus: Half-A-Mill) \*\*repeat 2X\*\*

\*\*Talkin in the background\*\*

Yea, soul survivor, uh, came from the dirt  
and made it worst, uh ya know, yea  
the robberies, stick-ups, stick-up kids

(Verse 3)

My coast is nostra, niggaz sniff Coke til they nose dry  
Sit wit punk can't even open they eyes  
Notice the ties, illest cats that drovin the five  
Guerilla skin hat, coat to match, roll wit the wise  
Open the wine from Spain smoke haze of all kinds  
Remember the broke days no Coke ain't a sling  
No shine, but those the older days

Nowadays its the Rover days  
Stress 600 Benz wit Shover days  
Six will ends, goin to hell livin since  
And if L give me another chance I'm livin again  
Winnin again, platinum teeth grinnin again  
360 ways spin, life is no beginnin or end  
I spin to win, Cuban Cigars littin the bend  
Shootin through heart, the God took the spirit of man  
These words are harsh, you prolly won't hear 'em again  
Words on the street is the niggaz done did it again

(Chorus: Half-A-Mill) \*\*repeat 4X\*\*

\*\*Talkin in the background\*\*

Uh, yea, word, Desperado style  
uh huh, from the survivor, yea what!  
livin the prophet days, yea, uh huh y'all know  
official, gangsta, thorough, thugged out  
yea, uh huh, y'all know, uh, welcome to the sunset