

Half-A-Mill, Soprano Style

(Half-A-Mill)

Word on the street the fiends love us
Shit could see us on magazine covers
That's that kid wit the green Hummer, checked out
Pants saggin nearly got my dick out
Sippin his style I got it locked here
Son choosed a different route
Them faked mob appeared here we ship 'em out
Pistol whip you too crippled
Take your whip and your bitch too official
Infrared light through a crystal
Shoot your head off, your ice sizzles
Your life sizzles, recognize the signal
Wit my thugs that out to get you
4-5's and 9 spit through
Anythin that gotta get thru to hit you
Chill everybody wit you
I catch bodies like its ritual
Be reticle if I don't get rid of you, principle
Fuck politickin I ain't political, invincible
Communitistic, kinda criminal, show vonistic, I fire at women too
I make hoes tot biscuit and blow the whole crew
I rock Gucci and Louie Vuitton suits, denim
You see me on HBO, gettin interviewed in the coupe
We came a long way from the projects shootin off the roof
Lost shoes, we the bottles forbes, we livin proof

(Sleep Eyes)

It ain't a part time solution for a lifetime disease
Early mornin heat blow towards night time the breeze
See ballers fiend for night shine and V's
While cats like me fiend for G's
Stressin like dimes and trees
And forward blind seeds
Illuminati scams too advance to chance
To get what Giuliani plans
The lord blew breath through us
Then threw dirt next to us
That's why we thug it to death through us

(Chorus: Ali Vegas) **repeat 2X**

In this world of Warriors, niggaz wanna be Glorious
Money and power got me brainwashed to be Notorious
The streets of New York where there's more takin then givin
The Borough I live its more like inner city prison

(Ali Vegas)

They got me on the run hard
From a gun charge cuz of young rod
The young God killed his young broad and unyard
Now they got me locked in the cell
Only 500 G's could get me out of this hell
Readin cop shots I just got in the mail
Yo I ain't hit the block in a week
Ever since I got knocked in the sweep
Call home and see what's poppin wit Sleep (Wuttup)
He told me Milliato coped 'em a Jeep (Word?)
I hoped that bitch liked don't rock 'em to sleep (Stay up)
I miss bein home wit Sammy's and Shanks
Milliato throw the dice down and give me the bank
We like Claude, Jimmy and Frank, Henny and Dank
It's ill how we grew from pennies to Franks
And we gonna endure til the thrown is renowned
Ayo Mill don't even worry 'bout me, Cat n Will holdin me down

(Chorus: Ali Vegas) **repeat 2X**

(Half-A-Mill)

Dunn we fly wit Ki's, stash cash like the Chinese
Me and my crimey's we was born grimey
Now my son whipped the Bentley behind me
Takin pictures of the feds, takin pictures of me
Ill eye piece, watch me, watch me, they can't stop me
Used to cop grams, now I sell candies to Papi
Tryin to cop a space ship and leave this planet behind me
And build a thug universe around Plan and try me
Until then I'mma handle the Tommy
Keep them chicks in the strip club gettin butt scrabble it mami
Ya'll fake playas need not try me
Blast you out your mink in gators
Claim you can't and beat like Rodney

(Chorus: Ali Vegas) **repeat 2X**