

Half-A-Mill, Vacation

(Intro: Half-A-Mill)

Yea, Half-A-Mill, uh huh, east west north south
it's one of 'em days man
just feel like breakin out and shit knawmean?
fuck the ki's, fuck the coke, fuck the hoes
(word son), you gotta take some hoes wit you
(thats true, thats true) knawsayin?
you might end up in Paris and shit
Aruba, Rio, you know that real willy shit

(Verse 1)

Yo they ask me -- "how I got so hard"?
I rock wallaby's in stompin yard
Eat Italian food Celasi I gaurd
Drink herb tea sash for realla
Half-A-Milla, take you on rap a Vinci
Be cautious how you spit my rhymes
They might crack your dentures
My rap is ill as the Donald Goines literature
Sinister to menace, far from the minister
In this to win this, swallow some bottle of Guinness down in Venice
Smoke a pound of that spinich, til the ground'll spit it
Walk 'round in lenin, green lizard slitherin
No beginnin or endin, no make believe or pretendin
Dunn I vacate suite and blaze 'em in the street
Executive thug my salary is deep, I carry the heat
Remove the gravity from your feet
You carried or creep, I hang you high and bury you deep
Forever you sleep, I chop the head off for a week
And sail off on a yacht and get lost for several weeks
Batman movie silence that's why I neva speak
Forever is deep

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

Shit is deep shit is real
Sumetimes I wanna get away
Fly to an Island and chill
Shit is deep shit is real
Sumetimes I wanna put down the steel
And say mothafucka them dollar bills

(Verse 2)

Eatin mangos wit my main hoes
Went from bank rolls to bank loans
Scrapin the globe in a stank rose
Steppin out the shower in a mink robe
Flower like duncan hines
Come for mine and I'm buckin the nines
Sumtimes I wanna leave this life behind
Take a vacation thats right for the mind
Relax my muscle's, relax from the hustle
Miles away from cats that wanna bust you
Miles away from the struggle, thats what it be
Weather like 100 degrees
Pine apple juice under the trees
Purple haze wrapped in the leaves
From massages by them Caribbean Queens, knawmean?
Pretty thug team, clear blue water like I'm Marine
Watchin videos on an 80 inch sub-screen
Touch cream, its like every thug's dream, nuttin in between

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

(Verse 3)

Sip on don, watchin chicks strip to they thong
Skinny dippin wit the women, cuz my Benjamin's long
Swimmin wit swans, hit my cell won't get no response
Two way me I won't reply, what the fuck ya niggaz want?
I took a vacation from Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx
Got my mind right clear some thoughts
for years holdin for fort, no remorse
No love for you haters, dunn we floss
You know what it cost, smokin opium in the Porsche
Payin cat just to drive you around and open the doors
I was suppose to score like R. Kelly, I can soar
I believe I can fly, without the henny or Lye
Bling like it ain't a thing, wings on the 8-50 eye
Vehicle came, layed back in Rio and things
And I ain't worried 'bout 'em kilos or sceno's that the streets hold
Game is to be sold, not to be told
I'm slippin in wallaby slippers from poverty to pro, yo

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

Ya heard? yea, uh huh east west north south
Yea, Half-A-Mill-ion, DJ Ali the don