

# 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 knowmean?  
fuck the ki's, fuck the coke, fuck the hoes  
(word son), you gotta take some hoes wit you  
(thats true, thats true) knowsayin?  
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, knowmean?  
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