

# Lil Wayne, Cash Money Millionaires

[Lil Wayne]  
Keep pimpin [4x]

[Lil Wayne]  
Keep pimpin keep pimpin keep pimpin keep pimpin

[Verse 1]  
I got a bitch in the back i got a hoe in the front  
One cookin the crack one rollin the blunt  
I'm getin pussy and ass from my beautiful broad  
If you lookin for that holla at ya boy  
I'm a ma ma mack mack  
A pi pi pimp  
I spi spi spi spit out shrimp  
I pull out clean  
I get out limp  
I walk like li li li limp  
I talk like bitch get get chi chi chi  
The best player on my team when i ball women cheer  
And they love the way i come out with the gear  
This jacket theese shoes don't come out this year  
So if you love your girl don't let her come out this year  
Cuz if you leave her out there then she comin out here  
And that ain't fair and i don't care  
I'm a motherfuckin cash money millionaire

[Chorus 2x]  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
I'm a motherfuckin cash money millionaire

[Verse 2]  
I got 25 dollars on my dresser and if i give it to my hoe  
She gone bring back more not a minuite go she ain't getin that loot  
And if you ain't got no money she ain't getin at you  
I like em sexy high yella if you fit thats you  
Ooh boo you can come and get in that coop  
Take a hit of that fruit get hi wit wayne  
Fly wit birdman jr. wave hi to planes  
Say bye to lames don't but they game  
If he don't score in the first half bench his ass  
If you play wit my money i'ma lynch ya ass  
Like john lynch and shit don't tempt me bitch  
Wipe me down cuz i'm filthy rich  
If getin money a crime then i'm guilty bitch  
And that ain't fair but i don't care i'm a mothafuckin cash money millionaire

[Chorus 2x]  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
I'm a motherfuckin cash money millionaire

[Verse 3]  
Sitin low in the car sit hi in the truck  
Sit in the front of the plane way in the back of the bus  
I got ladies for days i got women for months  
Leave ya girl at home i made 21  
I got that thang on chrome blades 21  
I got them thang inside make me empty one  
Pull it over to the side by a preety one

Like whats good mama come make the clouds jump over us come fly wit me  
My diamonds bling my weed is rap  
Call me wheezy the king call me wheezy the crack  
If pimpin is dead then i'm bringin it back  
Matter of fact it never died so i take that back  
If your shoes too small shawty take that back  
Cuz you gone walk all day till you make that back  
And that ain't fair but i don't care i'm a motherfuckin cash money millionaire

[Chorus 2x]

Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
Who you think you fuckin wit  
I'm a motherfuckin cash money millionaire

Whats really good mommy its ya boy w-h-e-e-z-y f baby so hi in the sky i'm so fly watch out for  
The power lines ya know get wit me one pimp daddy