

# A Milli

Lil' Wayne

Young Money  
Ya Dig

A millionaire, I'm a young money millionaire  
Tougher than Nigerian hair  
My criteria compared to your career this isn't fair  
I'm a venereal disease like a menstrual bleed  
Through the pencil and leak on the sheet of the tablet  
In my mind 'cause I don't write shit, 'cause I ain't got time  
'cause my seconds, minutes, hours go to the all mighty dollar  
And the all mighty power of that ch, ch, ch, ch chopper  
Sister, brother, son, daughter, father mothafuck a coppa  
Got the Maserati dancin' on the bridge pussy poppin'  
Tell the coppers hahahaha you can't catch 'em, you can't stop 'em  
I go by them goon rules if you can't beat 'em then you pop 'em  
You can't man 'em then you mop 'em,  
You can't stand 'em then you drop 'em,  
You pop 'em 'cause we pop 'em like Orville Redenbacher!!  
Motherfucker I'm ill

A million here, a million there  
Sicilian bitch with long hair  
With coke in the derriere  
Like smoking the thinnest air  
I open the Lamborghini hopin' them crackers see me  
Like look at that bastard weezy  
He's a beast, he's a dog, he's a motherfucking problem  
OK, you're a goon but what's a goon to a goblin?  
Nothing, nothing -- you ain't scarin' nothing  
On some faggot bullshit call him Denise Rodman  
Call me what you want bitch, call me on my sidekick  
Never answer when it's private, damn I hate a shy bitch  
Don't you hate a shy bitch?  
Yeah I ate a shy bitch  
She ain't shy no more, she changed her name to my bitch  
hahahaha, yeah, nigga that's my bitch  
So when she ask for the money, when you through don't be surprised bitch  
It ain't trickin' if you got it  
But you like a bitch with no ass, you ain't go shit  
Motherfucker I'm ill, not sick  
And I'm OK but my watch sick, yeah my drop sick, yeah my glock sick and my k  
not thick  
IM It!  
Motherfucker I'm Ill!

Yeah  
See..  
They say I'm rapping like Big, Jay and Tupac, Andre 3000 where is Erykah Bad  
uh at? Who that?  
Who that say they're gonna beat Lil' Wayne  
My name ain't BIC, but I keep that flame man  
Who that one that do that boy?  
You all knew that  
True that swallow  
And I be the shit now you got loose bowels  
I don't owe you like two vowels  
But I would like for you to pay me by the hour

Ha ha, and I'd rather be pushing flowers  
Than to be in the penn sharing showers  
Ha, Tony told us this world was ours  
and the Bible told us every girl was sour  
don't play in the garden and don't smell her flower  
call me Mr. Carter or Mr. Lawn Mower  
boy I got so many bitches like I'm Michael Lowry  
even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt me  
Motherfucker I say life ain't shit without me  
Chrome lips poking out the coup look like it's pouting  
I do what I do and you do what you can do about it Bitch  
I could turn a crack rock into a mountain, dare me  
Don't you compare me 'cause there ain't nobody near me  
They don't see me, but they hear me  
They don't feel me, but they fear me.

I'm illie

C3

3P

Hahahaha