

A Milli - Lil Wayne Lyrics

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"A Milli"

Young Money! You dig? Mack I'm going in

A millionaire

I'm a Young Money millionaire, tougher than Nigerian hair

My criteria compared to your career just isn't fair

I'm a venereal disease like a menstrual bleed

Through the pencil I 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 almighty dollar

And the almighty power of that ch-cha-cha-chopper

Sister, brother, son, daughter, father, mother-fuck a copper

Got the Maserati dancing on the bridge, pussy popping

Tell the coppers ha-ha-ha-ha, 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

Mothafucka, I'm ill

A million here a million there

Sicilian bitch with long hair, with coke in her derriere
Like smoke in the thinnest air, I open the Lamborghini
Hoping them crackers see me like look at that bastard Weezy
He's a beast, he's a dog, he's a mothafuckin' problem
Okay, you're a goon but what's a goon to a goblin?
Nothing, nothing, you ain't scaring nothing
On some faggot bullshit, call 'em Dennis 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
And she ain't shy no more, she changed her name to My Bitch
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 got shit
Motherfucka I'm ill, not sick and I'm okay, but my watch sick
Yeah, my drop sick, yeah, my Glock sick, and my knot thick, I'm it
Mothafucka, I'm ill
They say I'm rapping like B.I.G, Jay, and 2Pac
André 3000, where is Erykah Badu at? Who that?
Who that said they gon' beat Lil' Wayne?
My name ain't Bic, but I keep that flame, man
Who that one that do that boy, you knew that, true that, swallow

And I be the shit, now you got loose bowels
I don't O U like two vowels
But I would like for you to pay me by the hour
And I'd rather be pushing flowers
Than to be in the pen sharing showers
Tony told us this world was ours
And the Bible told us every girl was sour
Don't play in her garden and don't smell her flower
Call me Mr. Carter or Mr. Lawn Mower
Boy, I got so many bitches like I'm Mike Lowrey
Even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt me
Mothafucka, I say life ain't shit without me
Chrome lips poking out the coupe, look like it's pouting
I do what I do and you do what you can do about it
Bitch, I can 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 illy, C3, 3 Peat

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
