

# A Milli

## Lil Wayne

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 poppin'  
Tell the coppers: "Ha-ha-ha-ha  
You can't catch him, you can't stop him"  
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 her derriere  
Like smoke in 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 mothafuckin' problem  
Okay, you're a goon, but what's a goon to a goblin?  
Nothin', nothin', you ain't scaring nothin'  
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  
Motherfucker, 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  
Motherfucker, I'm ill They say I'm rappin' 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 owe you 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  
Motherfucker, 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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