

## **Lil Wayne f/ Cory Gunz**

### **"A Millie"**

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[Background: A Millie...a millie...a millie...]

[Intro: Lil Wayne]

Young money  
PD, yeah, macka gon' her

[Lil Wayne]

I'm a Millionaire  
I'm a Young Money Millie in aire, tougher than Nigerian hair  
My criteria compared to your career just isn't fair  
I'm a venereal disease like a menstrual bleed  
Threw the pencil and leak the sheet of the tablet in my mind  
Cause I don't write shit cuz I ain't got time  
Cause my seconds, minutes, hours go to the all mighty dollar  
And the all mighty power of that chit cha cha chopper  
Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Father motha fuck a copper  
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 pop 'em  
You can't man 'em then you mop 'em  
You can't stand 'em then you drop 'em  
You drop 'em cuz we pop 'em like Orville Redenbacher

Yeah motherfucker ha

[Cory Gunz]

I'm Millie in here with them Young Money millionaires  
Think you really pop a wheelie in air  
Mac Millie..the Vanillie's in here.. I'm a rascal don't get whopped  
I get brats who don't give top  
I get tassel, pass you with a flow you could never put a brake on  
And I break on anything a nigger take on

Feel the napalm from my trey arm, straight long, throw  
a nigger like I'm Akon  
Cause I make cons where the base gone, get the base  
blown  
Let the Pistons on that chopper come on cops I'm  
kamikaze drop a rock with them Obamas  
Illie in the mind, really with the nine, millie when I  
rhyme, silly anytime  
Fine, chilly gitty on the grind, Shitty on a dime, Penny  
on the line  
Plentys in me, any guinea's with 'em bigger than a mini  
and remind I'm  
Illie and its all off G piece and a PG walk by beep beep  
With a freak, skeet, Hawk Out, big feet on a jeep..  
She caught by Weezy F, we be the best  
Truely to death prove me the rest  
Groupies confess, you be the ref, excuse me I left..Ha

[these lyrics unconfirmed in album version but present  
in mixtape version]

young money

C3

nay nay, daddys better

ok

[Lil Wayne]

A millionaire I'm a young money millionaire

What chyal really want it now

Y'all don't really wanna do it

If hip hop is dead I am the embalming fluid

And I don't care who it be, I'm steppin to it

Notice I say it cause to me, it ain't shit

Get it.

Call me whacha like trick?

Call me on my sidekick

Never answer when it's private

Man I hate a shy chick

Don't you hate a shy chick

I had a plate of shy chick and she ain't shy no mo'

She changed her name to my chick

Hahaha, yeah boy that's my girl

And she pops excellent up in Wayne's world

Totally dude you should

See their faces when they see that

This robot can move

And its like...

Hahaha, yea

And it go...

Thats right

[Lil Wayne] + [Cory Gunz]

I'm a millionaire I'm a  
Young money cash money fast money  
Slow money mo' money neva low money  
What is that, who is that, I never heard of it  
I will take your picture and make a 'rest in peace' shirt  
of it  
Tell those niggers beating to make a rest in peace shirt  
of me cuz  
I killed and now don't tell no one you heard of me  
It's like, the beat was screamin, murder me  
And I'm a, murderer  
So I murdered it  
And you niggers is what I eating I'll make sure of it  
And he who don't believe me I'll make dessert of him  
Sherbet him, I mean  
Shame on him, or her  
Carter, Father of  
This rap thang, this is my race  
Gon' take a lap man weezy baby's nursery  
Now gon' take a nap man, it's nap time  
I'll holla back at you at snack time  
Weezy... F.... yea, ok  
They say I'm rappin like Big, Jay, and Tupac  
Andre 3 Thousand 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  
Who that one  
that do that boy  
Y'all knew dat  
True that swallow  
And I be the shhhh  
Now you got loose bowels  
I don't owe you like two vowels  
But I'd like for you to pay me by the hour  
Hahaha  
And I'd rather be pushing flowers  
Than to be in the penn sharing showers  
See 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 girls like I'm Michael Lowry  
Even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt me  
Man, life, just ain't life, without me  
Hip hop just ain't hip hop, without me  
Young moola baby

