

Half-A-Mill

"Milliato"

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Yea, uh huh, Milliato
uh huh, street regulated

[Verse 1]

I seen it all from robberies to extortion and shit
I seen family business get tossed to a place
Mafioso kiss, Gotti jr. put a rolli on my wrist
Satir day ridge told me Tony owe me this
Peep the Brooklyn gangsta
Where I'm from niggaz'll pump 21 in ya
They got orders to replace ya
Ain't no loyalty in these streets
Especially when niggaz givin up 20 G's for your wig
piece
My heart neva skip a beat, street hotter than fish
grease
Still a nigga pitchin 'em ki's, switchin 'em V's
Gun stay cocked don't hesitate to squeeze
I'm real Vendetta 'cated y'all niggaz make believes
Playa haters, 2003, dunn still spankin 'em Gators
Trench mink, waves is plus, we armed dangerous
Niggaz can't bang wit us
Your next in the news, you still can't hang wit us

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill] **repeat 2X**

Milliato -- lives to ride another day
That's what I heard 'em say

Talkin in the background

Yea, from the projects, all through the streets
hood to hood, yea, OT to OC, Milliato

[Verse 2]

Uh, we been there done that and still doin it
Smack Boheemians I want six on the first, two on the
fifth
Catch me in the hood Indian spliff
Rock silk Polo crowns like a low life
Filthy chips, I use to go clothes up the back
Now I go up to Hack-a-sack
Deep in the woods where the crackers at

Ya'll plan to take back New York, we want half of that
Been in this since the '20's
In 1941 Grandpa Lou Henry copped two Bentley's
Taught Italians the rules of the city
Dunn I move swoofly, in this world niggaz loose
Kidney's
Livers and Lungs, get hundereds like the Kennedy's
I'm on some Big Pun shit, ride for my family eat well
Ya'll crab motherfuckers don't get nuthin kid
We livin well while y'all rottin in the slum and shit
Yo I'm on some other shit, I can bring Hummer shit

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill] **repeat 2X**

Talkin in the background

Yea, soul survivor, uh, came from the dirt
and made it worst, uh ya know, yea
the robberies, stick-ups, stick-up kids

[Verse 3]

My coast is nostra, niggaz sniff Coke til they nose dry
Sit wit punk can't even open they eyes
Notice the ties, illest cats that drovin the five
Guerilla skin hat, coat to match, roll wit the wise
Open the wine from Spain smoke haze of all kinds
Remember the broke days no Coke ain't a sling
No shine, but those the older days
Nowadays its the Rover days
Stress 600 Benz wit Shover days
Six will ends, goin to hell livin since
And if L give me another chance I'm livin again
Winnin again, platinum teeth grinnin again
360 ways spin, life is no beginnin or end
I spin to win, Cuban Cigars littin the bend
Shootin through heart, the God took the spirit of man
These words are harsh, you prolly won't hear 'em again
Words on the street is the niggaz done did it again

[Chorus: Half-A-Mill] **repeat 4X**

Talkin in the background

Uh, yea, word, Desperado style
uh huh, from the survivor, yea what!
livin the prophet days, yea, uh huh y'all know
official, gangsta, thorough, thugged out
yea, uh huh, y'all know, uh, welcome to the sunset
q

