

## Half-A-Mill

### "Salute"

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Uh huh, yea, uh uh, what ya want from me?  
Uh huh, yea, Half-A-Mill, y'all know  
First don, yea, uh huh, holla

[Verse 1]

Legendary don, cherries flowin in Parion  
Platinum Champaign glass yea thats Half-A-Million  
Lay back, laughin at these rap new jacks  
Yappin 'bout how they slung a few cracks  
and touch a few stacks  
use to come through on the max  
now all of a sudden you sealed out  
crew cat, now you shoot back  
Fake ballers, let Mill show y'all where hoop at  
Get real, here I come head for the hills  
Nigga my ooz strap, my first single is Rata-tat-tat  
Kill every nerve in you, action packed you might need  
plastic bag  
I mack hoes like hack-a-sack jack  
spit tight flows, 23 inches on on the white Rove  
They tryin to hear you oversize chips  
On my right lobe, oversize clips light oversize spiffs  
put my oversize dick 'tween your bitch oversized lips  
Five or six, no matter what you whip  
You ain't fly as this

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

From the Range to the Rove to the Bentley Coupe  
Back the V-12 for being buggy niggaz salute  
We be them Mill-i, pretty thugs guns we shoot  
So when you see us don't say "wuttup" niggaz salute

[Verse 2]

Fuck you starin for? frontin off in front of camera floor  
My name Milli, chicks feel me like brand new soar  
I make a brand new hall maybe like brand new eloar  
If niggaz wanna front dawg I got the brand new four  
I pop a cannon off, lay you in brand new floor  
I ain't tryin to play you dawg, I just spray you dawg  
Live motivator, why's is hole in paper?  
no respect for the dead send my guys to hold your

wake-up

French fries ass, cheese burger frontin like you fly ass  
Words on the street you bitch niggaz gon' die fast  
So I advise you hop on your CL K and drive fast  
No set-ups then I just wet-up your dry ass  
Act like you fed-up, "ok, uh huh, shut up ass"  
Street vet, heat rep show you how to develop cash  
Hella stash, keep the Calico on hella blast  
Hella stash, keep my Calico on hella blast

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

[Verse 3]

I got no love, thats why niggaz got no liver  
Let the fed figure why you got thrown in the river  
I'm thorough bred put the extended metal to your head  
Chicks say I'm a sex symbol, pop you like your next  
pimple  
Your righteous? I'mma step to your Temple  
Cut your legs off dawg leave you walkin off thimbles  
Now hop over the candle stick dick lets see if your  
nibble  
I'mma like an evil Hindu, Knieval, Willy's 6-50 through  
Illmatic, Bill Matic, peel ratchets, still at it  
Most of y'all niggaz is still faggots  
Open up your ass cheek you prolly leak ill maggots  
Real madness, thats why I keep steel for you bastards  
In the Million Man March against me -- get a million  
caskets  
I'm hear to spark niggaz and piss on your ash's  
Retaliatin be the next thug missin in action  
Whoeva want it they can get slugs I'm dissin off  
Magnums

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

[Outro: Half-A-Mill]

Mill Latin, uh hu Ali Baba, yea  
what, street fathers, yea  
ya niggaz man ya might as well not even bother son,  
word!

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