

## Half-A-Mill

### "Still"

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[Intro: Half-A-Mill]

Uh huh, still, yea, yea, yea  
Half-A-Mill, uh huh, uh huh  
For the hood, yea, millennium style  
Uh uh, still, uh yea

[Verse 1]

I peel out ill maneuvers on d's like they could shoot the breeze  
I rather shoot through Coupe while only two could squeeze  
The name is Gates, ill porch, wit the gangues plates  
Computer rise, Rolex different coats gang dates  
Sling away from the projects to a greater estate  
On some Millennium shit, still spray an eight  
Heroin heron, fiends 'nortin to the zero  
Methadone clinics is finished since I hit the hood wit 'em kilos  
Deadly heart bean-o, straight haze out the purple jars  
Double park in front of Tito, dunn my chips lay like Fritos  
Ill pimp, chicks take a glipse and turn into freak hoes  
I rock Illmatic mostgenos  
still at night see me peel ratchets off Tuxedo  
Ghetto bastard, metal or plastic, auto reload  
Smuggle the guns all across the East Coast

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

Still gangsta, (still) still ghetto, still street (still)  
Still real, still roll wit the heat (still)  
Still got bricks for 16, still spit 16 on the beat  
Still gettin cream in the street

[Verse 2]

I seen it all, most of y'all niggaz is Mr. Magoo  
I sip Cris eat freshly steamed fish from Peru  
I always wanted -- a money green six  
To match the money Gucci case, get money dunny I'm use to this  
Street soldier, shit is real, fuck what he told ya  
Cuz he gon' die when the heat get closer

Yesterday I had a meetin wit Sosa  
Seven bottles of Belvey, its been 4 years he's seem to  
get loca  
Gutierrez gleam my whole team is eatin the coasta  
Uncle Seenos cut your hands off catch ya cheatin the  
poker  
Son we from the slums, Medicaid cart, played in the  
abandoned cars  
Watch dreds sell grams to moms, grew up in time of  
rock heads  
I reminisce on all the block heads, most is locked up or  
shot dead  
All praises is due to the pot heads, and the pit bull  
niggaz  
Who trained dogs to hold the block down and spot feds

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

[Verse 3]

Minked wit the hoody camouflage jeans  
Brooklyn niggaz play the hood deep  
Oozy spray the hood up your jeep  
Hustle for OT to OC  
Out of the country on British Airlines  
3 ki's plus a baby monkey, Firm Soprano  
Tinted out Suburban, cable TV, satellite dish  
10,000 channels, still love the hood, When I was  
younger  
Mama made me stand on the line for butter n thats  
gutter  
Pops nortin off Heroin, one love to the O God  
Who took me to Midtown show me how to get on  
Snatch pockets wit the left arm, but guessin sean  
professional don  
land a private jet in Brook-lon  
Nowadays we livin, stay in the sky like Pigeons  
Blue berry haze on stage wit twilight visions  
One love for all my dunns doin life in prison  
One love to all the rest of 'em who life is missin, but  
listen

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

[Outro: Half-A-Mill]

Knawmean? Delaware, DC, yea  
still, dirty South, West Coast, all Coast  
OT, OC, even out of space, yea, husbands everywhere  
they still gon' be here dun, Half-A-Mill-ion, the don  
phenomonan one, yea, still

