

## Hot Apple Pie "Millionaire"

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[Juvenile]

Damn I got platinum on both of my wrists and my pinky  
And my album went platinum too  
Man you know I'm a stunt'  
All these other rappers, look.. \*NEW CASH  
MONEYYYYYYY\*

I'm sick of it, niggaz illiterate  
And I need me seven zeroes or somethin legitament  
I done shot at niggaz, and I been shot at  
I done had a whole lotta old folks tellin me stop that  
I'm sorry but them Lexus trucks, I gotta cop that  
Would be even mo' sweeter, if I could drop that  
You see all of them Crystal bottles, I pop that  
And I'm bout to go and find me a new mall to shop at

[B.G.]

I'm out the heart of the hood  
Niggaz like to bust heads and look good  
Ride on 20's with TV's leather interior and wood  
Rolexes, at least 10 G's on a necklace  
Pullin up at the club in two Caddy truck stretches  
My click boss nigga, try to follow us get lost nigga  
We'll buy a whole block no matter the cost nigga  
My money long, my dick long, I'm off the chain  
B.G. got it goin on respect the game

Chorus: B.G. (repeat 2X)

Me and my dogs we ball, just like we live we love  
Get in our path of money and your head get bust

[Baby]

Nigga I live like an old man, but I'm a young man  
With bout three million dollar worth of cars in my name  
Went to East ?? bought the whole block man  
Got these white folks fucked up by the mouth man  
E'ry type 2000, me and Juvie got 'em  
V8 350 Camaro, Fresh got 'em  
Bought a million dolla Rolex, a nigga doubtin  
Cartier watch for three-hundred and fifty thousand

A hundred-thousand dollar grill and a nigga smilin  
Matchin platinum ink pens for four thousand  
Bought a hundred-thousand Benz and I'm buckwild  
with it  
Changin everything from the in and the out in it

[Mannie Fresh]

How you figure you the nigga, to shut it down?  
What you mad convertible Jag cause I let it down?  
You know who I am, God damn  
You ain't skinniness on yo' 20's; then look here nigga  
scram  
Now what in the wide wide world of ballin is that?  
Some shit that come out in 2010, you lil' chrome stuck  
bitch  
Who made that car? I never seen that on the streets  
We were in the Vibe magazine, Baby got thirty-two gold  
teeth

Chorus

[Lil' Wayne]

Now, now, now, now  
I'ma stun'na, reppa, ride around in different hummers  
With a dozen, heffers, fifty-thousand dollar Roley  
With a crusted, bezel, niggaz can't compete with us  
We on another, level, watch us scratch off in the Viper  
With the windows, tinted, automatic start with VCR's  
And TV's, in it, I always go out my pocket  
Never penny, pinchin, that's why I'm dippin my  
Expedition  
With plenty, women, and they wit it, wit it  
Not to mention, bout my Ninja, with the extension  
What about my condominium wit yo wife in the kitchen  
See I gets lots of attention I'm the youngest, Tymer  
Plus I step into the light wit them humongous,  
diamonds  
See everybody know I'm Lil' Wayne soilder  
Pull up in the 4 dot 6 Range Rover  
Baby had me drinkin think I got a hangover  
Weezy Weez nigga, Hot Boys, game over

Chorus 2X

[Outro]

Nigga, it's Cash Money Millionaires  
Fuck with us nigga, your head get bust  
We step in the light, and it and it just be  
Bling bling, bling, bling bling  
What? My nigga B.Geezy  
What? My nigga, B.eatrice

Huh, my nigga Mannie Fresh, what?  
My nigga Lil' Weezy, alright then, uh-huh  
My nigga Ju-vey, that motherfuckin Hot Boy  
Nigga, Cash Money takin over this bitch  
And we ain't lettin go yet..  
{\*unintelligible over DJ Clue and beat here on out\*

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