

# Jay-Z

## "A Billi"

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(Jay-Z):

Guru turn this shit up (OW!)  
I know a million people already did this  
Let's make it a billion  
Get busy, happy birthday my nigga

Geah, a billi, a billi  
A billi a billionaire  
Call me Philly Collins  
I feel a billion is in the air  
I affiliate, with Billy Cakes  
That's my pair  
And Jah-ma-nillionaire  
Is my consigliere  
When I wear, Billionaire  
Boys Clubs it's more than care  
I don't wear it cause Pharrell  
I wear it cause I'm fo'real  
{\*I SEE DEAD PEOPLE}  
I see Benjamins  
And a billion other big head people  
I'm a natural born hustler  
Marcy Projects motherfucker  
Turned professional journalist reportin,  
Live from the gutter  
My girl, carry boxcutters, rubbers, shoot up with  
undercovers screamin  
FUCK THE WORLD, why, cause, don't nobody love us  
Shawn Carter, Sean Bell  
What's the difference? Do tell  
50 shots or 50 mill', ain't no difference go to hell  
So, BRRRAK, lick a shot for  
BRRRACK Obama, change gon' come-ah  
I'ma buy the whole hood llamas on me  
Roc nation army, million strong and the mantra's gon'  
be  
It is whatever it's gon' be, on three  
Shawn, in the Hum V, y'all can call it cold warm  
Declarin, I'm free, bumpin 'Pac and the Outlawz  
I'm flyer than all outdoors, I ball out pours  
I buy, champagne companies, I'm past buyin out bars  
But I do that, I'm so past, G5's and G4's

But I flew, back, back and forth like Aaliyah  
(rest in peace to ya)  
Takes a nation of millions to hold us back  
But when your boy reach a billion it's a wrap  
(off of RAP?) YEAH!  
Roc nation it takes a nation to stop  
I'm signin off, it's the hood's Barack  
BRRRACK!

Motherfucker I'm ill!  
Motherfucker I'm ill

[Lil Wayne]

A millionaire I'm a Young money millionaire  
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 on the sheet  
Of the tablet in my mind,  
Cause I don't write shit cause I ain't got time,  
Cause my seconds, minutes,  
Hours go to the all mighty dollar,  
And the all mighty power of dat  
Cha cha cha cha chopper,  
Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Father  
Motha fuck a copper,  
Got da 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 \*bop\* em,  
You can't man em then you mop em,  
You can't stand em then you drop em,  
You pop em cause we pop em like Orville Redenbacher,

A millie in here a millie in there  
Sicilian bitch with long hair with coke in the derriere  
Like smoke in the thinnest air I open the Lamborghini  
Hopin them crackers see like look at dat bastard Weezy  
Hes a beast hes, a dog hes, the muthfukin problem  
Ok your a goon but what's a goon to a goblin?  
Nothin, nothin you ain't scarin nothin  
On some faggot bullshit call em dennis rodman  
Call me what you want bitch call me on my Sidekick  
Never answer when it's private damn I hate a shy Bitch  
Don't u hate a shy bitch? yea I ate a shy bitch  
And she ain't shy nomore she changed her name to My  
bitch  
Yea nigga that's my bitch

So when she ask for the money when you through don't  
be suprised bitch  
And It ain't trickin' if u got it  
But u like a bitch with no ass u ain't got shit  
Muthafuka I'm ill not sick  
And I'm ok, but my watch sick  
Yea my drop sick  
Yea my glock sick  
And my knot thick  
I'm it

Muthafuka I'm Ill...

Ya see....  
They say I'm rappin like Big, Jay, and Tupac Andre 3  
Thousand where is erykah badu at  
Who dat  
Who dat said they gon' beat Lil Wayne  
My name ain't bic, but I keep that flame maine  
Who dat one  
Dat do dat boy  
Ya'll knew dat  
True dat swallow  
And I be the shit  
Now you got loose bowels

I don't ""O-U""\* 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 pen sharing showers  
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 bitches like I'm Michael Lowry  
Even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt me  
Muthafuka I say life ain't shit without me  
Chrome lips pokin out the coop like it's poutin  
I do what I do and u do what u can do about it  
Bitch I can turn a crack rock into a mountian  
\*Dare me?\*

Don't u compare me  
Cause there ain't noody near me  
They don't see me but they hear me  
They don't feel me but they fear me  
I'm Illie

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