

Lil Wayne

"A Millie 2.0"

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I'm a Millionaire,

I'm a Young Money Millie in aire, tougher than Nigerian hair,

My criteria compared to your career just isnt 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 chit ch ch ch chopper,

Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter,*for* the motha **** copper,

Got da maserati dancin on the bridge pu*** 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 chop em,

You can't man em then you mop em,

You can't stand em then you drop em,

You drop 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 dariare

Like smokin the thickest air I open the Lamborghini
Hopin them crackers see like look at dat bastard Weezy
Hes a beast hes, a dog hes, a mutha** 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 no more 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 surprised bitch
It ain't trickin if u got it
But u like a bitch with no ass u ain't got shit
Mutha** I'm I'll not sick
And I'm ok but my watch sick
Yea my drop sick
Yea my glock sick
And my knot thick
Im it
Mutha** I'm I'll...
They say I'm rappin like BIG, jay, and tupac
Andre 3000 where is erika baduh at
Who dat
Who dat said dey gon beat lil wayne

My name ain't Bic but I keep dat flame man
Who dat one dat do dat boy ya knew dat tru da Swallow
And I be da shit now u got loose bottoms
I don't owe you like two vowels
But I would like for u to pay me by the hour
And I'd rather be pushin flowers
Then to be in the pin sharin showers
Tony told us this world was ours
And the bible told us every girl was sour
Don't play in her garden and don't smell her flower
Call me Mr. Carter or Mr. Lawn Mower
Boy I got so many bitches like I'm Mike Mowry
Even Gwen Stefani said she could'ntdoubt me
Mutha** 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
Damn dat
Don't u compare me cause there ain't noody near me
They don't see but they hear me
They don't feel me but they feel me I'm I'll
Thanks to Court D for these lyrics
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