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T. Mills "A Millie"

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Young money PD, yeah, macka gon' her

I'm a Millionaire

I'm a Young Money Millie in aire, 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 the sheet of the tablet in my

Cause I don't write shit cuz I ain't got time

Cause my seconds, minutes, hours go to the all mighty

And the all mighty power of that chit cha cha chopper Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Father motha fuck a

Got the 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 pop 'em

You can't man 'em then you pop 'em

You can't man 'em then you mop 'em

You can't stand 'em then you drop 'em

You drop 'em cuz we pop 'em like Orville Redenbacher

Yeah motherfucker ha

I'm Millie in here with them Young Money millionaires Think you really pop a wheelie in air

Mac Millie... the Vanillie's in here... I'm a rascal don't get whopped

I get brats who don't give top

I get tassel, pass you with a flow you could never put a brake on

And I break on anything a nigger take on

Feel the napalm from my trey arm, straight long, throw a nigger like I'm

Akon

Cause I make cons where the base gone, get the base blown

Let the Pistons on that chopper come on cops I'm kamikaze drop a rock with

Them Obamas

Illie in the mind, really with the nine, millie when I rhyme, silly anytime

Fine, chilly gitty on the grind, Shitty on a dime, Penny on the line

Plentys in me, any guinea's with 'em bigger than a mini and remind I'm

Illie and it's all off G piece and a PG walk by beep beep With a freak, skeet, Hawk Out, big feet on a jeep...

She caught by Weezy F, we be the best

Truely to death prove me the rest

Groupies confess, you be the ref, excuse me I left... Ha

Young money

C3

Nay nay, daddys better

Ok

A millionaire I'm a young money millionaire What chyall really want it now Y'all don't really wanna do it If hip hop is dead I am the embalming fluid And I don't care who it be, I'm steppin to it Notice I say it cause to me, it ain't shit Get it.

Call me whacha like trick?

Call me on my sidekick

Never answer when it's private

Man I hate a shy chick

Don't you hate a shy chick

I had a plate of shy chick and she ain't shy no mo'

She changed her name to my chick

Hahaha, yeah boy that's my girl

And she pops excellent up in Wayne's world

Totally dude you should

See their faces when they see that

This robot can move

And it's like...

Hahaha, yea

And it go...

That's right

I'm a millionaire I'm a

Young money cash money fast money

Slow money mo' money neva low money

What is that, who is that, I never heard of it

I will take your picture and make a '??rest in peace' shirt of it

Tell those niggers beating to make a rest in peace shirt

of me cuz

I killed and now don't tell no one you heard of me

It's like, the beat was screamin, murder me

And I'm a, murderer

So I murdered it

And you niggers is what I eating I'll make sure of it

And he who don't believe me I'll make dessert of him

Sherbet him, I mean

Shame on him, or her

Carter, Father of

This rap thang, this is my race

Gon' take a lap man weezy baby's nursery

Now gon' take a nap man, it's nap time

I'll holla back at you at snack time

Weezy... F... yea, ok

They say I'm rappin like Big, Jay, and Tupac

Andre 3 Thousand where is Erykah Badu at

Who that

Who that said they gon' beat Lil Wayne

My name ain't bic, but I keep that flame

Who that one

That do that boy

Y'all knew dat

True that swallow

And I be the shhh

Now you got loose bowels

I don't owe 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 penn sharing showers

See 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 or Mower

Boy I got so many girls like I'm Michael Lowry

Even Gwen Stefani said she couldn't doubt me

Man, life, just ain't life, without me

Hip hop just ain't hip hop, without me

Young moola baby

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