

Outro (feat. Bun B, Nas, Shyne & Busta Rhymes)

Lil Wayne

(feat. B.G.)

[Lil Wayne]

Keep pimpin [x5]

I got a bitch in the back, got a hoe in the front

One cookin the crack, one rollin' the blunt

You get pussy and ass from a beautiful broad

If you lookin for that, holla at ya boy

I'm a m-m-mack mack

A p-p-pimp

I sp-sp-sp-spit out shrimp

I pull up clean

I get out limp

I walk like li-li-li-limp

I talk like bitch b-bitch get here

Best player on my team when I ball women cheer

And they love the way I dumb out with the gear

This jacket, these shoes don't come out this year

So if you love your girl don't let her come out this year

If you leave her out there, then she comin' out here

And that ain't fair, but I don't care

I'm a motherfuckin' Cash Money Millionaire, yeah

[Chorus x2]

Who you think you fuckin' wit' (Bitch)

Who you think you fuckin' wit'

Who you think you fuckin' wit'

Who you think you fuckin' wit' (Bitch)

I'm a motherfuckin' Cash Money Millionaire, yeah

(I'm serious 'bout this pimpin' shit)

I got 25 dollars on my dresser and if I give it to my hoe

She gon' bring back more, not a minute go she ain't gettin' that loot

And if you ain't got no money she ain't gettin' at you

I like em sexy, high, yellow if you fittin' thats you

Ooh boo you can come and get in that Coupe

Take a hit of that fruit get high wit' Wayne

Fly wit Birdman Jr. wave hi to planes

Say bye to lames don't buy they game

If he don't score in the first half, bench his ass

If you play wit my money I'ma lynch ya ass

I John Lynch ya shit don't tempt me bitch, OH!

Wipe me down 'cause I'm filthy rich

If gettin' money's a crime then I'm guilty bitch
 And that ain't fair, but I don't care
 I'm a motherfuckin' Cash Money Millionaire, yeah
 [Chorus x2]
 Who you think you fuckin' wit' (Bitch)
 Who you think you fuckin' wit'
 Who you think you fuckin' wit'
 Who you think you fuckin' wit' (Bitch)
 I'm a motherfuckin' Cash Money Millionaire, yeah
 (I'm serious 'bout this pimpin' shit)
 I sit' low in the car sit high in the truck
 Lay at the front of the plane lay in the back of the bus
 I got ladies for days, got women for months
 Leave ya girl at home on May 21
 I got that thang on chrome blade 21
 Got them thangs inside, make me empty one
 Pull it over to the side by a pretty one
 Like 'whats good mami come make a cloud your pillow, come fly wit' me'
 My diamonds sing, my weed is rap
 Call me Weezy the king or call me Weezy the crack
 If pimpin is dead then I'm bringin it back
 Matter of fact it never died so I take that back
 If your shoes too small shorty take that back
 'Cause you gon' walk all day 'til you make that back
 And that ain't fair, but I don't care I'm a motherfuckin' Cash Money Millionaire, yeah
 [Chorus x4: with Ad-Libs during the last 2 repetitions]
 Who you think you fuckin' wit' (Bitch)
 Who you think you fuckin' wit'
 Who you think you fuckin' wit'
 Who you think you fuckin' wit' (Bitch)
 I'm a motherfuckin' Cash Money Millionaire, yeah
 (I'm serious 'bout this pimpin' shit)
 Whats really good mami? It's ya boy W-e-e-z-y F. Baby so high in the sky I'm so fly watch out
 for
 The power lines ya know get wit me one pimp daddy
 [Outro x4]
 I'm a motherfuckin' Cash Money Millionaire, yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>