

"If you will suck my soul  
I will lick your funky emotions"

This is the stylin' for a little that sounds silly  
But nothin' silly about triflin' times of Millie  
Millie, a Brooklyn Queen-originally from Philly  
Complete with that accent that made her sound hilly-billy  
Around this time, the slammin' joint was Milk is Chilin'  
But even cooler was my social worker Dillon  
Yeah, I had a social worker 'cuz I had some troubles  
Anyone who'd riff on me, I'd pop their dome like bubbles  
He'd bring me to his crib to watch my favorite races  
That's how his daughter Millie become one of my favorite faces  
She had the curves that made you wanna take chances  
I mean on her, man, I'd love to make advances  
I guess her father must 'a got the same feelin'  
I mean, actually findin' his own daughter Millie appealing  
At the time no one knew but it was a shame  
That Millie became a victim of the touchy-touchy game

Yo Millie, what's the problem, lately you've been buggin'  
On your dukie earrings, someone must be tuggin'  
You were a dancer who could always be found clubbin'  
Now you're world renowned with the frown you're luggin'  
Come to think your face look stink when Dill's around you  
He's your father-what done happen-did he ground you?  
You shouldn't flip on him 'cuz Dill is really cool  
Matter of fact, the coolest elder in the school  
He hooked up a trip to bring us all the Lacey  
He volunteered to play old Santa Claus at Macy's  
Child, ya got the best of pops anyone could have  
Dillon's cool, super hip, you should be glad  
Yeah, it seemed that Santa's ways were parallel with Dillon  
But when Millie and him got him, he was more of a villain  
While she slept in he crept inside her bedroom  
And he would toss and then would force her to give him head room  
Millie tried real hard to let this hell not happen  
But when she'd fuss, he would just commence to slappin'  
(Yo Dillon man, Millie's been out of school for a week, man, what's the deal?)  
I guess he was givin' Millie's bruises time to heal  
Of course he told us she was sick and we believed him  
And at the department store as Santa we would see 'em  
And as he smiled, his own child was at home plottin'  
How off the face of this earth she was gonna knock him  
When I got home, I found she had tried to call me  
My machine had kicked to her hey how ya doin' (sorry)  
I tried to call the honey but her line was busy  
I guess I'll head to Macy's and bug out on Dillon  
I received a call from Misses Sick herself  
I asked her how was she recoverin' her health  
She said that what she had to ask would make it seem minute

She wanted to talk serious, I said, "go ahead-shoot"  
She claimed I hit the combo dead upon the missal  
Wanted to know if I could get a loaded pistol  
That ain't a problem but why would Millie need one  
She said she wanted her pops Dillon to heed one  
Ran some style about him pushin' on her privates  
Look honey, I don't care if you kick five fits  
There's no way that you can prove to me that Dill's flip  
He might breathe a blunt but ya jeans he wouldn't rip  
You're just mad he's your overseer at school  
No need to play him out like he's someone cruel  
She kicked that she would go get it from somewhere else  
Yeah, whatever you say, go for ya self

Macy's department store, the scene for Santa's kisses  
And all the little brats demandin' all of their wishes  
Time passes by as I wait for my younger brother  
He as his wish, I waste no time to return him back to Mother  
As I'm jettin', Millie floats in like a zombie  
I ask her what's her problem, all she says is "Where is he?"  
I give a point, she pulls a pistol, people screamin'  
She shouts to Dill he's off to hell cuz he's a demon  
None of the kids could understand what was the cause  
All they could see was a girl holdin' a pistol on Claus  
Dillon pleaded mercy, said he didn't mean to  
Do all the things that her mind could do nothing but cling to  
Millie bucked him and with the quickness it was over