

Birdman

"No More"

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Yeah, hustla

I got the brown bag full of money
I got the work goin' to Florida and I swore that
I will never hustle no more but I will never say that no
more
I got my mind, right nah

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The pots hot as the rock expands
It's the paper chasin' man on the clock like hands
Grindin' like teeth, get money like heat
Cliff Hukstable keep it comin' like Keith

Gotta make last forever for worse or for better
Gotta make it past the devil so guns I got several
And everybody plays, the fool says Aaron Nevelle
But I just play to win holler back like heavy metal

Smellin' like pedals from a rose so they ***
My breads buildin' bagels and legos
When I rose they froze, trust me for the pesos
I'm an A hole AK holes

Think face blow and understand I'm talkin' money by
the case loads
Gun off safety, I'm in safe mode
I will hold court until the case closed
Brown bag ***

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Young new investment ain't no turnin' me back
Had the rubber band stacks in the button king sack
And I ain't never goin' back, sike I love the life
Standin' under the street lights tryin' to get off that
white

At a reasonable price nah, I ain't tryin' to bargain wit
you
You *** hatin' well, I guess they gonna be starvin' wit
you
I got 2 jobs, I sell and I cop ***
Like father like son well, I was adopted

I told the Birdman, stunna give me a chance
And I don't even wanna tell you what I did with my
advance
'Cause I'm only a man, I had to feed my fam'
Takin' that hood *** and copped about 24 grams

Man, I guess it is what it is, it was what it was
Before the rap game, I was sellin' drugs
Either way I'm six figures before my first record
I'll stunt y'all, don't respect my my work habits, I'm a
hustla

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From an eight to a quarter, from a half to a brick
From an 0 to the ozies, that how I'm hood rich
And murder was the case got me emptyin' lot of clips
Stunna hollerin' Birdman, *** right back in this ***

Third world throw the you up, I'm rollin' in the whip
With this money on my mind, gotta hustla and to lift
Them high rise dealin' me and youngin' on some ***
Breaking bread, choppin' millions 'cause a *** ain't ***

Told as a youngin' how to roll with the chopper
If money on your block for the money I'ma pop ya
*** wanna hate but they money wouldn't stop us
From ridin' fly whips now they *** out jockin'

We stunnin' while ya hating **, stunna is what made
you **
I hear you poppin' *** but the Birdman raised you ***
Birdman got an army, Birdman got a navy
And Cash Money can't save ya

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