

Lil' Wayne "Hustlin"

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"Hustlin"

Yeah, now what it do you know it's Weezy F. the fuckin boss

inside that Phantom bitch so big I prolly get lost
how bout that exhaust, and my funky cold medina

I make that hoe tip toe like a ballerina

I'm the ~Miami fever~, in that ~Miami Heat~

I been in Miami water, I'm like a ~Florida Marlin~

But I come from New Orleans nigga we still strong

and my money real long, real real real long

and this my thirteenth year, bitch I'm still goin'

so my money real long, real real real long

Nigga that steel on, red beam safety y'all

Murder scene tape it off, red rum, tomato sauce

niggaz say they paper boys, but bitch I be wit caper boys

I say we be burnin bodies, we dont be burnin cars

and I got a bitch wit me, call her "Miss Without Drawers"

When I'm at the bank, you could call me "Mr. Withdraws"

If you want it I'ma bring it let Diana Ross sing it

I'ma pull it I'ma bang it that's that Nina Ross singin'

I be weighin a block up wit that Rick Ross bangin'

If you try me I reverse ya, now you Kriss Kross swangin' yeah

Whip soft top seats off leather feet prop

Heat cocked, somethin on my neck look like a peacock

you need not, talk that street hop to me Ak' cause we bought

Like thousand dollar bottles of that Chris Rock

bitch stop trippin' I been hot, when not

I been threw away what they just got

and niggaz talk shit but when I see em they lips lock

bitch bop, know I got that ooo wop griplock, get shot

bitch I bet I'm hustlin' when ya nigga not

Bigger appetite, bigger pot, EAT

Call it what you want, but baby just dont call the cops

let em chase that drop, I'ma chase that guap

yeah, race track jacket wit the race track loc's
yeah all black Maserati taste that smoke
I'ma crack that egg open, beat that yolk
Let it soak let it soak watch it come back broke yeah
then I hit the streets up and talk that talk
let it float let it float, never come back broke, naw
run that shit, I'm cash money's bread and butter no
sugar
bring me all the beef, I'm the motherfuckin' pressure
cooker
Yeah, yeah, I could change the weather for ya
lose ya ass, the neighbors tell em that they never saw
ya
close ya mouth it'd be better for ya
all that snitchin like the cops got a medal for ya
I'ma hustler, got work hoes and metal for ya
when ya think ya ready I'll be ready for ya, bitch Yeah
WEEZY
Dedication 2

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