

Lil Wayne

"We Hustle"

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[Intro: Lil Wayne]

Yeah, I'm a let you know somethin' 'bout me
I'm a 7 boy, know what I'm talkin' 'bout? Yeah!
I'm on a pound of that oil, that sticky icky
To go with it, some of that 'tuss, yeah
What you know 'bout it? Nothin'
Let me get at 'em

[Verse 1: Lil Wayne]

Hey, five key's in the freezer while you sittin' on 'em
I use to hide 'em in the cupboard had the kitchen funky
I'm a superstar hustler all the bitches want me
But I'm just tryin' to get my money, keep the piglets off
me
I'm in the coupe with ten g's in the school bag
That's food cash, I got work on campus, news flash,
yes
Weezy fuckin' baby, with his rude ass, bitch

[Verse 2]

In a thermal over the flamer, I had the gun cocked
And I know you see it like Yung Joc
I'm just sippin' on that Remy Blood
And I need some ice to light my hands up like MJ gloves
While you cuffin' that girl ass, you know she sharin' that
Cause I made the Coupe roof, do a disapearin' act
Now cricks wanna snitch, I aint tryin' to do a corny bid
I wanna shine, so I grind like Horny kids
Wait, I told you get the cake or I roast ya
Gats drawn, mask on, like its late October
Now bitches wanna please me, cause I did a song with
Weezy
Actin' all sceezy, oh ma, take it easy
Right after I bust on your chin, you gotta leave me
I told you that I wasn't your friend, you should believe
me
Im a P to the I to the M to the P-O
If I get books, still get my kush from the C-O

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

Cause this is murda, murda music

So run, run and get your gun and use it
Man, and we hustle, hustle, hustle, we hustle, hay
We also hustle, hustle, hustle, we hustle, yeah

[Verse 3]

Yeah money over bitches, dont show her where your
stash dummy (naw)
Need a bird man, so I'm hollerin' at Cash Money
Then I'm gon' chop it up (yeah) see the fiends coppin
up (okay)
Feds they be watchin' us (yeah) lookin' through
binoculars (uh huh)
But they ain't stoppin' us (no) they don't know where
the block'd'r'us (no)
Drama Boy Click if you run up, then my glocks'll bust
(yeah)
My plan is to put man lead in ya guys (okay)
My brother on my side in that black 745 (c'yeah)
No tints, you can see my face (uh huh) when I squeeze
the 8
Ridin' up on ya point blank range (bang) piece of cake
It's that murda music for them coca movers (c'yeah)
Gangster's floatin' to us (c'yeah) they load they
toasters to it (okay)
They shot D's, definiton of a drama boy (drama boys)
I'm ridin', out Expedition with the lima to it (ah ha)
And let me find out your strip is twerkin' (c'yeah)
You gon' end up a missin' person, I need the bricks for
certain
Shot at ya Maybach Windows and rip they certain's
(yeah)
Call up the funeral home now and get the hurses (get
the hurses)
Been knew you niggas was bitches, ya'll need to get
some purses
This for them trap stars actin' like ya'll rappers with
them glass jaws

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Heartlay]

Yeah, you said it's money, money, murda, murda
Yeah, they call me threats, I put that gat and straight,
serve ya
Niggas talkin' burners, like they got the fuckin' nerve ta
Pussy, I will hurt ya, murk ya, broad day
Pop up like Bishop the Extiler, up in the hallway
I spit it, cause I live it, the difference is you all think
Dippin' from the destrict, movin' swiftly with this Pav-
kay
Hit you in your biscuit, while you slippin' on a off day

Nigga this is Heartlay, c'yeah, the hottest to spit
But it's real like when your bitch made it burn when you
piss
Nigga ill, I give 'em chills, when I burn 'em with this
I'm too hot with two glocks, I can earn 'em with digits
So much money to be made (made) dollars to be spent
(spent)
C'yeah, niggas try to dig my grave, holla when you
catch
Every fuckin' slug nigga, shoot you in your mug nigga
Cops want me locked down, inditement as a drug
dealer
They said I popped them shots cause I'm a thug nigga
The truth I'll pop them glocks 'cause I don't love niggas

[Chorus]

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