

Lil' Wayne & 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 wont ever hutla no more but i
dont never say that no more got my mind
right nah

I got the brown bag full of money i got the work goin to
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right money right

The pots hot as the rock expands it the paper chasin
man on the clock like hands grindin like teeth get
money like heath cliff hukstable keep it comin
like keith gotta meke 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 bu i just play to win holler back like heavy metal.
smellin like pedals from a rose so they hoes. my
breads buildin bagels and legos when i rose
they froze trust me for the pesos im an a hole AK holes.
think face blow and understand talkin money by the
case loads gun off safety im in safe mode i
will hold court until the case closed. brown bag bitch

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young new investment aint no turnin me back had the
rubber band stacks in the button king sack and i aint
never goin back sike i love the life standin
under the street ilght tryin to get off that white at a
reasonable price nah i aint tryin to bargain wit ya
niggas hatin well i guess they gonna be

starvin wit u i got 2 jobs i sell and cop shit like father
like son well i was adopted. i told the birdman stunna
gimme a chance and i dont even wanna
tell u waht i did with my advance cause im only a man i
had to feed my fam takin that hood shit and copped
about 24 grams man i guess it is wat it is it
was wat it was before the rap game i waas sellin drugs
either way im six figures before my first record ill stunt
yall dont respect my my work habits im a
hustla

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yeah thank u up nigga uptown from an 8 to a quater
from a half to a brick from an 0 to the ozies that how im
hood rich and murder was the case got me
emptyin a lot clips stunna hollerin birdman nigga right
back in this bitch 3rd world throw the u up im rollin in
the whip with this money on my mind gotta
hustla and to lift them high rise dealin me and youngin
on some shit breaking bread choppin millions cause a
bitch aint shit told as a youngin how roll
with the chopper if money on your block for the money
ima pop ya nigga wanna hate but they money wouldnt
stop us from ridin fly whips now they hoe out
jockin we stunnin while ya hating nigga stunna is wat
made ya i hear ya poppin shit but the birdman raised
ya bitch birdman got an army birdman got a navy
and cash money cant save ya.

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