

Birdman & Rick Ross**"Betty Stout"**

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In that minute take a life line to take a lifetime
For them equal fees, your money better be like mine
The feds offer 20, he was still in denial
With the trial lost it, tried to grab it but couldn't make a
sound

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Chocking of the ' , eyes full of tears
The moment his only son just got his cell 50 years
And the game don't stop, baby mama still fuck
The discovery fit an angel, would've killed, fuck
Now you can't cry, you're through your old flicks
Brother on your daddy's side now fucking your main
bitch

Appeal been denied, no fulfillment in life
It's the life of the party popping pills in the night
Now it's 5 by 7, knives and weapons, lies and deception
Lose your life in this sector

See the game, what's the price
High rolling was the dice
Money like a motherfucker, shot 'em all night
Situation bad, pistol on his ass
Come up hard, we had to mash on the gas
Muscle was the come up, game was the struggle
Came from nothing, made something into bubble
Hit it real big just for the hustle
Got a lot of it on another level

The pressure's juice, what's the price, your loving life
We did it right and got rich up on the hot lights
Aren't you the hustle, new above the times
So we did it a little time, got back up on the grind
New about the soldiers, brace from the soldiers
Gave 'em all the game, how to be a high roller
Dump the fucking people with this presidential sight
Got a bitch that night, put her on the same flight

The same type of nigga that would put it in her life
Talk from the old G to head five stripes
You is just a fiend just like a dope fiend, shoot up in
your veins
Lick it clean with a triple beam
Higher than life, lean on a candy slayer
Take a shot, what's jumping off the duffle bags

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We the biggest hustlers in the game
Rick Ross, Birdman, DJ Khaled

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