

**Baby Bash f/ Butch Cassidy, Don Cisco, Mr. Kee, Nino Brown,  
Russell Lee  
"Outro"**

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[Mr. Kee]

Yeah

Hustler's theme

Worldwide

Come on

Hook: Mr. Kee

All money ain't good money

Stack your chips

Let it flip like some hood money

Cock them rims

Let 'em spin on them haters, man

And all the players

Worldwide, do your thug thang (The hustler's theme)

All money ain't good money

Stack your chips

Let it flip like some hood money

Cock them rims

Let 'em spin on them haters, man

And all the players

Worldwide, do your thug thang

Pre-Verse: Baby Bash

I take a slow beat (Slow beat)

And spit a hard rap (Hard rap)

Pobre, I ain't retarded, you know we off that (Off that)

From the west, my brother, to the east

Back down

To the diggy dirty for sherzy (What the feezy?)

Repeat Pre-Verse

[Verse 1: Baby Bash]

Now I walk around like I got a rock in my sock

When it's just a limb, from this money right in my  
pocket

Pimp

I know you smell it cause it's gettin' you naucious

Cause the shit I'm layin' on this track is Brown as the

Foxy's  
I'm the done dealer  
Don Dadda, fresh out of Guatemala  
Some say, "Bash, you the shit"  
In Spanish, I'm the dada  
It's the million dollar Mexi, the mack, God he done  
bless me  
Girls wanna caress me, like I'm Elvis Presley

Chorus: Russell Lee  
It don't stop  
Straight to the top til the game lock  
You know I gotta rep for my hood and my block  
Stackin' up my bread, make me stand a little taller  
Collectin' my winnings without punching no glocks  
The game's gettin' hard, so I gotta get smarter  
Watching out for cops, cause my homies got knocked  
Drought seas in our cheer, but my pocket's ain't starvin'  
That's why I stay chargin'  
You know we won't stop

[Verse 2: Don Cisco]  
This is for my heavyweighters  
Pullin' strings like elevators  
Where my ops in full swing, I'll be standing on top of  
skyscrapers  
Seventy stories or more  
Eventually the public'll  
Know my story, fa' sho  
Make a household  
Name out of Don Cisco  
Go from a hustler  
Born and grind, tryin' to find some dough  
To the billion dollar  
Boy club  
Mexicali thug style  
I got  
Money to get back, I'm fresh off the drug drought  
FED's couldn't stop me, head shots didn't pop me  
Wouldn't lock, never got me, I'm the same player, still  
cocky  
Bossed out  
Hoppin' out of the drought  
Lookin' flossed out, everything chopped, even the crop  
Believe I'm the don, listen, everything I'm breathing on  
Represent west side til the rider in me's dead and gone  
Me and Bash do things  
Butch Cassidy, sing  
Let 'em know it's all know, the cash prestine  
Come on

Bridge: Butch Cassidy  
Ain't nobody gonna stop me now  
I'm gonna do everything I can  
And ain't nobody gonna stop my flow  
You gonna hear me from coast to coast  
But  
Somebody's gonna make me mad  
And I'm a take everything they have  
So put it all in the past  
And do it so quick, so fast

Repeat Hook

[Verse 3: Nino Brown]

Homeboy  
I got the grid locked  
That good yatch, gone breezes  
And they serve rock  
Some motherfuckers can't caught blocks  
Trey hop  
Roley bezel for you got swapped  
You like spider monkey, Nino Brown's sasquatch  
Them little haters, they be tickling me  
Brush 'em off, like the dust, on my Stacy, homie  
Once again, it's that motherfuckin' Mexican with  
attitude  
Paid my dues  
Steady, grindin' through the avenues  
Dogder blue, homie  
The city that I represent  
Los Scandalous, city where my homies did  
Fuck a fed  
Keep 'em Presidential stacked up  
Hear what I said, little soldiers gettin' taxed up  
Back the fuck up, move, biotch  
Get out the way  
You know the set, holmes  
And my  
A. stompin'  
Walkin' in my big brown boots  
Flossin'  
Stankin' eagle, that's my roots  
Motherfucker

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 4: Mr. Kee]

Now put your money where your mouth is, anybody  
who doubt this  
Wherever you see the westside, that's probably where  
the south is

United like a gang truce, khakis pants and house shoes  
But out in the Yay, it's throwbacks, beanies and  
bulletproof  
Spinners in their mouthpiece, heat up, and the old  
school  
Funk jump, no questions asked, ride like we supposed  
to  
Up in my city, see the bridge and the fall  
Know where the place on earth to be, than where this  
real turn off  
I'm smashing off a side show, but money must come  
first  
This ain't no overnight choice, I'm been a hustler since  
birth  
They call me Mr. Kee, the Latin boss  
Latin king, Latin don  
Spittin' like the Latin play, tryin' to put his Latins on  
And they say money is the root of all evil  
But there ain't nothing in this world to make me cross  
up my people  
I swear to God, I'll be a soldier til I'm six in the dirt  
My Henny bottle in my casket and a fist full of words  
The hustler's theme

Repeat Chorus

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