

## **Lil' Wayne, Birdman**

### **"No More"**

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#### **"No More"**

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

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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 adopoted. 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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