

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Hustler Musik

Goddamn

Missed and hit a nigga in his head with dis one

Ima paint da city red wit dis one

Ima head wit dis one

See u fuckin wit da boys who tote toyz way b4 christmas.

No assistance (jis) Thta persistance me. That committment if- I don't get it somebody gone die to

I kno my vibe is tight- And I deserve da throne - if da kid ain't right- den let me die in his souls.

I'll be ridin (jis)

Ridin alone

Wit my daddy on my mind like u gotta be kiddin

How da hell u ain't here 2 see ya prince do his thing

Sometimes I wanna drop a tear but no emotions from a king

She'll be

So I be who I be

Dats me, dats Weezy F. Baby and

Please say da maothefunckin

So I be whoo I be

Dats me, dats Weezy F. Baby and

Please say da motyherfuckin

(Chorus)

Baby u gotta kno dat im just out here doin what I gotta do 4 me and u and we eatin

So bitch

y da fuck iz u trippin.

Im takin dese chances

My head 2 da sky

My feet on da ground

My fingas 2 da judge if da money don't move

And I won't budge

Won't budge

No I won't budge no

Nall

(Verse 2:)

Money iz da motivation

Facin da avenue

Back touchin' da wall

Got da weed

Got da gun

Gotta run wen I hear dat bird call (birrr) Dang

Hop in dat thang and merk off

swerve off

U kno me, dey call me birdman jr.

Ne body murderer

Birdman sponser it

Phantom of da operah

All black- clock tent- locked in

I can let dem shots out

U can't get no shots in

Bullet proof

Leave a nigga wit a bullet proof

Shoot ya in ya mouth and call it bullet tooth

Im like what dey do

What 2 do

Theres a full court

Pressure im just going 4 da 2

If im movin for da three

Ima take it in a second

Even if theres one second and

ima make it. It's nothin

I don't take it for granted

I don't take it for nothin.

I takee it for what it is worth to da durf motherfucker

(yea)

(Chorus: Repeat 1x)

(Verse 3:)

I aint neva killed nobody I promise  
I promise if u try me  
U gone have to rewind dis track and make me go back, dat nigga go dat  
Dat boy will lay flat so flat  
Dat act is wat I perform amongst u hatas  
Got Nina in my palm and I'm masterbatin (black)  
Peter pan flies till I die what u sayin  
Baden ape, Yves Saint, Evisu iz wat I stand  
Got me feelin' like scarface, like da Koheba  
Streets reply I look right in da 4 seater  
Top floor of the 4 Seasons four of them whores  
And they all know how to cook it up  
And look I got some  
And only one know how da bad bitch fundal up  
See its a cold world so homey bundle up  
We ain't on dis grind for nothin  
Now get ya hustle up