

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Hustlin

Yeah, now what it do you know it's Weezy F. the fuckin boss  
inside that Phantom bitch so big I prolly get lost  
how bout that exhaust, and my funky cold medina  
I make that hoe tip toe like a ballerina  
I'm the ~Miami fever~, in that ~Miami Heat~  
I been in Miami water, I'm like a ~Florida Marlin~  
But I come from New Orleans nigga we still strong  
and my money real long, real real real long  
and this my thirteenth year, bitch I'm still goin'  
so my money real long, real real real long  
Nigga that steel on, red beam safety y'all  
Murder scene tape it off, red rum, tomato sauce  
niggaz say they paper boys, but bitch I be wit caper boys  
I say we be burnin bodies, we dont be burnin cars  
and I got a bitch wit me, call her "Miss Without Drawers"  
When I'm at the bank, you could call me "Mr. Withdraws";

If you want it I'ma bring it let Diana Ross sing it  
I'ma pull it I'ma bang it that's that Nina Ross singin'  
I be weighin a block up wit that Rick Ross bangin'  
If you try me I reverse ya, now you Kriss Kross swangin' yeah  
Whip soft top seats off leather feet prop  
Heat cocked, somethin on my neck look like a peacock  
you need not, talk that street hop to me Ak' cause we bought  
Like thousand dollar bottles of that Chris Rock  
bitch stop trippin' I been hot, when not  
I been threw away what they just got  
and niggaz talk shit but when I see em they lips lock  
bitch bop, know I got that ooo wop griplock, get shot  
bitch I bet I'm hustlin' when ya nigga not  
Bigger appetite, bigger pot, EAT

Call it what you want, but baby just dont call the cops  
let em chase that drop, I'ma chase that guap  
yeah, race track jacket wit the race track loc's  
yeah all black Maserati taste that smoke  
I'ma crack that egg open, beat that yolk  
Let it soak let it soak watch it come back broke yeah  
then I hit the streets up and talk that talk  
let it float let it float, never come back broke, naw  
run that shit, I'm cash money's bread and butter no sugar  
bring me all the beef, I'm the motherfuckin' pressure cooker  
Yeah, yeah, I could change the weather for ya  
lose ya ass, the neighbors tell em that they never saw ya  
close ya mouth it'd be better for ya  
all that snitchin like the cops got a medal for ya  
I'ma hustler, got work hoes and metal for ya  
when ya think ya ready I'll be ready for ya, bitch Yeah WEEZY  
Dedication 2