

Birdman, 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 right nah

I got the brown bag full of money i got the work goin to florida and i swore that i wont ever hutla no right money right

The pots hot as the rock expands it the paper chasin man on the clock like hands grindin like teeth like keith gotta meke last forever for worse or for better gotta make it past the devil so guns i got se nevelle bu i just play to win holler back like heavy metal. smellin like pedals from a rose so they hoe they froze trust me for the pesos im an a hole AK holes. think face blow and understand talkin mon 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 a under the street ilght tryin to get off that white at a reasonable price nah i aint tryin to bargain wit ya starvin wit u i got 2 jobs i sell and cop shit like father like son well i was adopoted. i told the birdman

tell u waht i did with my advance cause im only a man i had to feed my fam takin that hood shit and was wat it was before the rap game i waas sellin drugs either way im six figures before my first recd 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 tha emptyin a lot clips stunna hollerin birdman nigga right back in this bitch 3rd world throw the u up im hustla and to lift them high rise dealin me and youngin on some shit breaking bread choppin million with the chopper if money on your block for the money ima pop ya nigga wanna hate but they mon jockin we stunnin while ya hating nigga stunna is wat made ya i hear ya poppin shit but the birdman and cash money cant save ya.

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