

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Hustlin Remix

now what they do you know its weezy f the fuckin boss
inside the phantom bitch so big i prolly get loss
how bout that exhaust
and my funky cold medina
i make that ho tip toe like a ballerina
i'm that miami fever and that miami heat
up in that miami water
i'm like a florida marlin
but i come from new orlean
nigga we still strong
and my money real long, real real long
and this my thirteenth year bitch im still gone
so my money real long, real real long
nigga that steel on
red beam safety off
murder scene tape it off
red rum tomato sauce
nigga say they paper boys
bitch i be with 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 im at the bank people call me mr. whistle drawers

want it im a bring it let diana ross sing it
i'm a pull it i'm a ding it thats the nina ross singin
i be weighin up the locker with that rick ross bangin
if you try me i'll reverse you now you criss cross swingin
rips off drop seats off let her feet prop
heat cocked
somethin on my neck look like a peacock
you need not
talk that street hop to me ock
cuz we pop like thousand dollar bottles of that chris rock
bitch stop trippin i been hot
when not
i been threw away what they just got
niggas talk shit but when i see'em they lips lock
bitch pop know i got that ol ock crip lock
bitch 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
im a chase that guac ya
race track checkin with that race pack mo strapped
all black maserati taste that smoke
i'm a crack that egg open beat that yolk
let it soak let it soak
watch it come back bo gat
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 muthafuckin pressure cooker
ya ya i could change the weather for ya
lose your ass the neighbors tell em that they never saw ya
close your mouth it be better for ya
all that snitchin like the cops got a medal for ya
i'm a hustla got work hos and metal for ya
when you think you ready i be ready for ya