

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Over Here Hustlin'

“(Chorus)”

We over here hustlin', we over here grindin'  
We over here hustlin', we over here grindin'  
We over here hustlin', we over here grindin'  
I'm all, I'm all about my paper, I'm all, I'm all about my paper  
We over here hustlin', we over here grindin'  
We over here hustlin', we over here  
We over here hustlin', we over here grindin'  
I'm all, I'm all about my paper, I'm all, I'm all about my paper

“(Lil Wayne:)”

Now ho don't ask me what I'm doing, thats me in the hook.  
And I just keep on getting it getting it like a ni' in the book  
Yes, wayne straight like a key of that good sh'  
If your bitch don't know the rules, I will read her the book.  
I got the key to the boat, I got the key to the jet.  
I got the key to success, get money invest.  
Read up with the rest. I got a Swedish connect.  
That means my weed is the best, yoke to even the stress.  
OK, the coupe is ridiculous and the jeep is a mess.  
That's called my bullets and lugers, I put 'em deep in your neck.  
Adam's apple meet banana clip.  
You know my script, I just get my chips and then I dip, and then I dip.  
They say the bullshit walks, the money talks.  
So I don't answer, I don't answer unless the money calls.  
Yeah that's my word, thats my word know I will front for y'all.  
Its money over everything and bitches under all. M.O.B!

“(Chorus)”

“(Birdman:)”

I say uptown cobblin', uptown rockin', uptown niggas.  
It's the home of the hard knocks.  
Cook up a whole block. Hit it up in all white.  
Ridin' with a chopper, black diamonds and it all nice.  
Shop 'till you pop bitch, do your own thing ho.  
Got the game from Pixie's, second floor sixth court.  
Bling bling king nigga, money ain't a thing nigga.  
Ridin' in a Lamborghini, suicidal regal wings.  
Assault rifles, my little homies big poppers.  
Coming through the attic, 20 in the heli-chopper.  
Zip it and whip it nigga, that's how we ship it, nigga.  
Burn it and light it then we flip it and we hit it, nigga.  
I spent a mill on my grill for real.  
'Cause we be stunting while we hustling, nigga making his meals.  
We be grindin' while we shinin', nigga packin' that steel  
Stay fly, get money, nigga stackin' the bills.

“(Chorus)”

“(Birdman:)”

I say, we deep in the game, nigga. we switching the lanes, nigga  
Got blood money homie. No pain, no gain, nigga.  
Fifty a fame nigga, a G a name, nigga.  
That's what we do nigga, claim your fame, nigga.  
Hop out a range, nigga. Fang in hand, nigga.  
Stop all that reppin', 'fore I... send some flames, nigga.  
All this money, nigga. Jewelry and fame, nigga.  
'Cause we be stuntin', nigga. Moving them things, nigga.

“(Lil Wayne:)”

Paper paper, paper. All I need is paper. Green paper.  
White chalk, yellow tape will, make your shirt look like you got on the butcher's aprin.  
Go ahead and make the steak then, bitch nigga.

Bitch, nigga talkin'. This is how money sound.  
I'm just chillin' but my money still running 'round.  
Yeah, and I just do's what I does.  
You niggas couldn't even be who I was.