

Fiend, For The N.O.

Hear that?
Sucker got ice cubes in a cup nigga!
It's like I'm coolin my drink off nigga!
And this my watch boy!
Like I'm coolin my drink off!
We all paid over here nigga!
Yeah! Yeah boy! Yeah!
C'mon, c'mon

(Verse 1)

I get up early and grab my stash-uh
First on the set to bust my ass-uh
Gotta feed my people gotta pay the bills
Even deep down I know crack kills-uh
Could you blame me totin this heat-uh
Things sweet, but I want shit sweet-uh
I'm the Fiend around here, I got a provider
I hear slangin this hard white powder
Shit live, but I want shit liver
Maybe cause I'm a 17th survivor
Hurtin people, I'm a well known dodger
That's why I sing my hustle chant so loud-uh

Chorus:

Lemme hear ya say, hey, hey, hey hey gotta slang my rocks today
C'mon I said, hey hey heeey hey gotta slang my rocks today
Hey, hey, hey hey gotta slang my rocks today
Hey hey heeey hey gotta slang my rocks today
Only in New Orleans, nigga, No Limit!

(Verse 2)

Hustlin never stops until you finish
How we're livin over here at No Limit
Got what you want from rap, the good D-uh
You get the pounds from (..?..)
Right now tell me what you need from me-uh
Cause I got big boulders 2 for 3-uh
Inspired from Master P's Ghetto D-uh
Where I learned ain't shit comin for free-uh
The beat came from my nigga KLC-uh
And I'm capital F-I-E-N-D-uh
Out hustlin tryin to make a couple a dollars
And bout weed and money can't holla
I out here for the paper and power
Gettin off this shit at all times and hours
Cause the way I put it, is I serve enough dubs
My shit gon' be the coldest in the club, nah

Chorus