Lil Wayne, Hustler Musik

Goddamn
Missed and hit a nigga in his head with this one
I'm gonna paint the city red with this one
I'm gonna head with this one
See you fucking with the boys who tote toys way before Christmas.
No assistance (jis) That persistence me. That commitment if - I don't get it somebody gonna die tor
I know my vibe is tight - And I deserve the throne - if the kid ain't right - then let me die in his souls.
I'll be riding (jis)
Riding alone
with my daddy on my mind like you gotta be kidding
How the hell you ain't here to see your prince do his thing?
Sometimes I wanna drop a tear but no emotions from a king
Shall be
So I be who I be
That's me, that's Weezy F. Baby and
Please say the motherfucking
So I be who I be
That's me, that's Weezy F. Baby and
Please say the motherfucking

[Chorus]
Baby you gotta know that I'm just out here doing what I gotta do for me and you and we eating
So bitch
Why the fuck is you tripping?
I'm taking these chances
My head to the sky
My feet on the ground
My fingers to the judge if the money don't move
And I won't budge
Won't budge
No I won't budge no
Nall

[Verse to:]
Money is the motivation
Facing the avenue
Back touchin' the wall
Got the weed
Got the gun
Gotta run wen I hear that bird call (birrr) dang
Hop in that thing and merk off
swerve off
you know me, they call me Birdman Jr.
Ne body murderer
Birdman sponsor it
Phantom of the opera
All black - clock tent - locked in
I can let them shots out
you can't get no shots in
Bullet proof
Leave a nigga with a bullet proof
Shoot you in your mouth and call it bullet tooth
I'm like what they do
What to do
There's a full court
Pressure I'm just going for the two
If I'm open for the three
I'm gonna take it in a second
Even if there's one second and
I'm gonna make it. It's nothing
I don't take it for granted
I don't take it for nothing.
I take it for what it is worth to the durf motherfucker
(yeah)

[Chorus: Repeat 1x]

[Verse 3:]
I ain't never killed nobody I promise
I promise if you try me
you gonna have to rewind this track and make me go back, that nigga go that
That boy will lay flat so flat
That act is what I perform amongst you haters
Got Nina in my palm and I'm masturbating (black)
Peter Pan flies 'til I die what you saying
Baden ape, Yves Saint, Evisu is what I stand
Got me feelin' like Scarface, like the Koheba
Streets reply I look right in the for seater
You know I be out here riding the for seater
Top floor of the for Seasons four of them whores
And they all know how to cook it up
And look I got some
And only one know how to bag, bitch bundle up
See it's a cold world so homey bundle up
We ain't on this grind for nothing
Now get you hustle up