

# 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