

Let Me Find Out Remix

Hustle Gang

[Intro]

This a Tennessee, Alabama, Atlanta connection homeboy

[Verse 1: Doe B]

Let me find out these niggas still hating on the low
And their whole life savings I get paid for a show
Their re-up, that's my walk-through
My sneakers, there they house note
Think I need a whole thang of Keisha just to talk to 'em
Small town, big money, baby I make boss moves
They say Doe B lane is like T-Pain without the autotune
Bring out the Apollo boom
I'mma sandman these niggas
Give you 2 thumbs down
Boy, your swag ain't official
Let me find out them fake Guccis
Let me find out them fake Louis
Let me find out your baby mama is a man-eater, she ate my children
Let me find out you fake juug and I come through like : Aye buddy
You 25, just started trapping
Let me find out you straight rookie
Taylor Gang, straight trippy
Hustle Gang what it is, pimping?
Got so many white friends I bring back Tommy Hilfiger
ATL, let me find out
Memphis Ten', let me find out
M.I.A., N-Y-C, Texas, Cali, Chi-Town

[Hook x2]

Let me find out
Let me find out
Nigga let me find out
Let me find
Out

[Verse 2: T.I.]

Let me find out & I'm ridin' out
Got 4 choppers no 9's out
I'm recent, you're timed out
I'm playin' with it, you fouled out
You got a foul mouth? You'll get 2 shots
Nigga And1 with my handgun
Nigga talk about dough but that's sumthing you ain't never had your hands on
Got folk in Alabama, they still call Arm & Hammer
See I do it for the
Gutter, not just to get the glamour
Hey who that nigga from Atlanta say he got a lot of drugs?
Say you looking
For a plug, bitch you looking at the plug
I'mma, real young nigga
You want this ho, better come get her
We don't want your bitch mane
We just wanna have fun with her
Okay well let me find out you channeled it
Ridin' around town just saving hoes
Nigga she ain't all yours, we shared the bitch
But let me find out

She havin' your baby though

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Juicy J]

Let me find out, Juicy J's your girl's favorite rapper
I'mma fuck her all night and I'mma give her back after
I ain't hand cuffing these hoes like shackles
For the green & the cheese like a Green Bay packer
Trippy Mane : fuck you pay me, I come play like Tom Brady
Kush is my medication, ride presidential like Ronald Reagan
Pussy niggas need to stop hating my flow sick like cancer patients
Rolex and a new Bugatti, yes bitch I'm ice skating
My last bitch must've been a chauffeur, she drove me crazy
No key, that space age, my ignition, I done made it
Juicy J, that's trippy ho, Taylor Gang that's trippy ho
Smoking on that Christmas tree my belt buckle like mistletoe
Who stands with your wife? She just spent the night
With my dick in her mouth & my balls in her hand
Like the bitch was shooting dice
Juicy J, I got long money
I got 1998 song money
Bitch pour that Patron for me
I rock shows, boy I'm stone money

[Hook]

[Outro]

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Let me find out you put Molly all in her champagne and she don't even know i
t
Let me find out you put the Plan B in the bitch breakfast
Actually that ain't bad, you actually should put Plan B in these hoes breakf
ast
Let me find out Juicy J got stabbed in a shootout
Let me find out Tip still ridin' 'round with guns
I'mma whoop his motherfuckin' ass
Let me find out your pussy hairs look the Django beard, ho
Let me find out you went to the club and left your kids with your other kids
In the car
Let me find out bitch