

# Out The Pound

Birdman

We got the diamond in the back (Yea)  
Tinted rolled up (Yea)  
Blowin' out the pound  
In a brand new truck

Where ya at wit' it?  
Let's go and get it  
If you a real d-boy  
Money over bitches

Yea, this one here for uptown  
I know we lost a lot that we gon' never get back  
All the time, but it's a must that we do this here homeboy  
Yea, uptown already nigga!

Slap a bitch wit' a pound and a ki  
Twenty of them thangs, ten on my street  
Hundred at my crib, ten fo' a beat  
Fifty on a Caddy wit' the swine suade seats  
Twenty on a bike, third world peace  
Two on the yaucht, million on the fleet  
Fo' five fo' a pound of that leaf  
A hundred dollaz for a chopper on the streets  
We uptown, we gon' ride 'til we die nigga  
We stay fresh, get money stay fly nigga  
Ain't nuttin' changed I ride them skinny tires  
Wit' the candy on the slab, on the buttons wit' them twenty-fives  
From no money nigga, now we talk Ca\$h Money  
From lil' money nigga, now we talk big money  
From no nothin' now we all sayin' somethin'  
Mo' money nigga, mo' money nigga

What it do H-Town?  
Wha's up B-Town?  
Wha's up A-T-L?  
Chea  
Hit the town in a Phantom and a G  
Wit' two pounds, two broads and a suite  
Two toned everything a nigga see  
Burnin' rubber in these motherfuckin' streets  
Made man, ol' head taught me  
Like father, like son we a G  
Sixty-four seventy-eight tiger seats  
Ol' school drop tops on the beach  
Birdman, we do this 'cuz we stunnas  
Ain't nuttin' changed in them brand new Hummas  
Hood rich, we do it fo' the numbas  
Tha fo' fives and the tens and the hundreds  
Two fifteen nigga talkin' cash shit  
Got a hundred from my bitch she a badd bitch  
Money won't change nigga neva average  
That's why I'm livin' this bitch so lavish

Yea nigga  
We been blowin' out the pound all day hustlin'  
Ya heard me?  
And this is how we get down at the end of the night  
After all that grindin'  
Shit  
I'm in the club, hoez showin' love  
Nigga know we got it, that's why they wanna plug  
Pussy poppin' shit, like they wanna thug  
Knowin' they ain't 'bout it and them clips gon' bust  
I got stacks, that's jus' how it is  
Boy Mack supa fly in a Coupe Deville  
And got birds in the field  
Grindin' all the time  
Tryna get a mill'  
Neighborhood superstar, third world gangsta  
I put mines in, did a lil' more thinkin'  
Shine in the summer  
Minx in the winter  
Ice year round  
Twenty on the pinky  
Damn my town  
Went down sinkin'  
Made my rounds  
Bounced back bankin'  
Neva fold  
That's what make me  
Make the money  
Don't let it break ya

Yea  
That's what it do nigga  
We better hustlaz than you nigga  
Money longer than yours lil' nigga  
Believe that  
One hundred  
Wha's up Weezy baby?  
Them niggaz can't see us man  
We barely can see us, ya heard? [fades out]