

No More

Lil' Wayne

Yeah, Hustla

I got the brown bag full of money i got the work goin to florida and
i swore that i wont ever hutla no more but i dont never say that no m
ore got my mind
right nah

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The pots hot as the rock expands it the paper chasin man on the clock
like hands grindin like teeth get money like heath cliff hukstable k
eep it comin

like keith gotta meke last forever for worse or for better gotta make
it past the devil so guns i got several and everybody plays the fool
says aaron

nevelle bu i just play to win holler back like heavy metal. smellin l
ike pedals from a rose so they hoes. my breads buildin bagels and leg
os when i rose

they froze trust me for the pesos im an a hole AK holes. think face b
low and understand talkin money by the case loads gun off safety im i
n safe mode i

will hold court until the case closed. brown bag bitch

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young new investment aint no turnin me back had the rubber band stack
s in the button king sack and i aint never goin back sike i love the
life standin

under the street ilght tryin to get off that white at a reasonable pr
ice nah i aint tryin to bargain wit ya niggas hatin well i guess they
gonna be

starvin wit u i got 2 jobs i sell and cop shit like father like son w
ell i was adopoted. i told the birdman stunna gimme a chance and i do
nt even wanna

tell u waht i did with my advance cause im only a man i had to feed m
y fam takin that hood shit and copped about 24 grams man i guess it i
s wat it is it

was wat it was before the rap game i waas sellin drugs either way im
six figures before my first record ill stunt yall dont respect my my
work habits im a
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yeah thank u up nigga uptown from an 8 to a quater from a half to a b
rick from an 0 to the ozies that how im hood rich and murder was the
case got me

emptyin a lot clips stunna hollerin birdman nigga right back in this
bitch 3rd world throw the u up im rollin in the whip with this money
on my mind gotta

hustla and to lift them high rise dealin me and youngin on some shit
breaking bread choppin millions cause a bitch aint shit told as a you
ngin how roll

with the chopper if money on your block for the money ima pop ya nigg
a wanna hate but they money wouldnt stop us from ridin fly whips now
they hoe out

jockin we stunnin while ya hating nigga stunna is wat made ya i hear
ya poppin shit but the birdman raised ya bitch birdman got an army bi
rdman got a navy

and cash money cant save ya.

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