

# 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  
hustla

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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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