Bloodline

Lil Wayne

[Verse 1]
The streets make the hustlas
Hustlas make the world go round
The world is made of keys, ounces and pounds
The keys, ounces and pounds is made from hustlas
See how shit come back round for ya
Gotta cop it, chop it and cook it
See how shit come back round for ya
Gotta kick in the oven now watch it bubble
And you can knock on my door
But you can't knock the hustle
But I- it's like a game of twenty-one and I got nineteen
And my Jake but I put more 'd' on me
Lil Weezy Wee gon eat that's how it is
Got insurance on the floor man I'm that positive
And I'm shaggy in the saggy lens
Me an my squad in the paddy wagon tally Benz
And you know I put the mags on that
.45 mack with the flash on that
Who want it
Everybody sing along

[Hook x2]
Now I'ma ride cuz I got riding in my bloodline
And I'ma shine cuz I got shining in my bloodline
I get that dough cuz I got hustle in my bloodline
I bleed concrete

[Verse 2]
And when I move, I move out with the raw
I move out with the squad
To his album we ride we so mob
I throw lives and lowest to live
For my loaf of bread the people's player
I did what the culture said
And I live by the coast of Nostre Cid
Fuck around I'll knock your shoulder from your head
Get it right I'm a soldier till I'm dead
This kid is white with buttonholes inside that bled

I'm pumping o's with lots of hay
I'm so high and really I don't even know why
And oh I just go buy a whole house
And lay my mat down lay her back down
But I never put my mack down
You see the thug in me
You know Weezy he the young son of Bubba-B
Buy my basketball shorts with a thunder B
If you want it then come to me
I'm right here

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]
I'm G'd up
Only follow the code of the streets
Live bad to die good
Know how to move when hustling by the days with no food
But just so I can eat
And ain't it a bitch
And if you see me getting fat I'm probably getting rich
And you probably can see me for some crack before six
And after that it's all bricks
A fake and my palm is wrapped around this eight
And my arm because the dirty south is straight Vietnam
I skate with the bomb
I'm asking you don't play with me at all
Shots hit your ass and make three of y'all
It'll take three of y'all to fill one of my shoeprints
Cuz I did and do shit that's better than new shit
Fit for two clips
The kid is a nuisance
Awww man, he's inspired by his own gangsta music
And the Blueprint
Cruising through stoop with the ewe lit
Like ooh shit this is more than weed, it's 500 Degreez

[Hook x2]

Lyrics submitted by Leandra.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/