Bloodline

Lil Wayne

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 hustlasSee how shit come back round for ya
Gotta cop it, chop it and cook it
See how shit come back round for ya
Gotta cake in the oven, now watch it bubbleAnd 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 isGot insurance on the floor, man, I'm that positive
And I'm Shaggy in the saggy lens
Me and my squad in the paddy waggy tally Benz
And you know I put the mags on that 45 mack
With the flash on that, who want itEverybody sing alongNow, 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, I [Incomprehensible] peopleNow, 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, I [Incomprehensible] peopleAnd 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 loaves 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 in white with buttonholes inside that bledI'm pumping o's of lots of haze
I'm so high and really I don't even know why
But oh, I just go, buy a whole house
And lay my mat down, lay her back down
But I never put my mack downYou see the thug in me
You know Weezy, he the young son of Bubba-B
All my basketball shorts where the thunder B
If you want it then come for me, I'm right hereNow, 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
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I bleed concrete, I [Incomprehensible] peopleI'm G'd up, only follow the code of the streets
Live bad to die good
Know how to move when hustling by the day 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 come see me for some crack before six
And after that it's all bricksMy fate 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 I do shit, that's better than new shitFit for two clips, the kid is a nuisance
Oh man, he's inspired by his own gangsta music and the blueprint
Cruising through the stoop with the ewe lit
Like, oh shit this is more than weed, it's 500 degreezNow, 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
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