Hustler Musik

Lil' Wayne

Hit me, right in the sternum this time t baby
You already know, you already know, you already know
This that hustler musik young Weezy got that motherfuckin' hustler musik
So ride to it y'all, vibe to it y'allGoddamn, next they hit a nigga in his head with this one
I'm a paint the city red wit this one
I'm a head wit' this one
See you fuckin' wit' the boys who tote toys way before Christmas.
No assistance just that persistence with.
That commitment if, I don't get it somebody gone die tonight
I know my vibe is tight,
And I deserve the thrown, and if the kid ain't right,
Then let me die in this song, see I'll be ridin' (just)
Ridin' alone wit' my daddy on my mind like you gotta be kiddin'
How the hell you ain't here to see ya prince do his thing
Sometimes I wanna drop a tear but no emotions from a king
She'll be, so I be who I be that's me
That's Weezy F. Baby and
Please say the motherfuckin'
So I be who I be, that's me that's Weezy F. Baby and please say the motherfuckin'Baby you gotta know that
I'm just out here doin' what I gotta do
For me and you and we eatin'
So bitch why the fuck is you trippin'.
I'm takin' these chances my head to the sky, my feet on the ground
My fingers to the judge if the money don't move
Then I won't budge, won't budge, no I won't budge no, naMoney is the motivation
Facin' the avenue, back touchin' the wall
Got the weed, got the gun gotta run when I hear that bird call, dang
Hop in that thang and merk off, swerve off
You know me, they call me "Birdman Junior"
Anybody murderer if Birdman sponsor it
Phantom of the opera all black gwop tent, locked in
I can let them shots out, you can't get no shots in
Bulletproof, leave a nigga wit' a bullet roof
Shoot ya in ya mouth, Leroy they call 'em bullet tooth
I'm like what it do, what it do
There's a full court pressure
I'm just going for the two, if I'm open for the three
I'm a take it in a second, even if there's one second and I'm a make it, it's nothin'
I don't take it for granted, I don't take it for nothin'.

I take it for what it is worth to the turf motherfucker (yea)Baby you gotta know that I'm just out here doin' what I gotta do
For me and you and we eatin'
So bitch why the fuck is you trippin'.
I'm takin' these chances my head to the sky, my feet on the ground
My fingers to the judge if the money don't move
Then I won't budge, won't budge, no I won't budge no, naI ain't never killed nobody I promise, I promise if you try me
He gone have to rewind this track and make me go back
That thing will go blat, that boy will lay flat so flat
That act is what I perform amongst you haters
Got Nina in my palm and I'm masturbatin'
Black Peter Pan flies 'til I die, what you sayin'
Bathing Ape, Yves Saint, Evisu, what I stay in
Got me feelin' like Scarface like the Koheba
Streets reply I look right in a four seater
You know I be out here ridin' a four seater
Top floor of the four seasons, four of them whores
And they all know how to cook it up and look I got some
But only one know how the bag, bitch bundle up
See its a cold world so homey bundle up
We ain't on this grind for nothin', so get ya hustle up.Baby you gotta know that I'm just out here doin' what I gotta do
For me and you and we eatin'
So bitch why the fuck is you trippin'.
I'm takin' these chances my head to the sky, my feet on the ground
My fingers to the judge if the money don't move
Then I won't budge, won't budge, no I won't budge no, naBaby you gotta know that I'm just out here doin' what I gotta do
For me and you and we eatin'
So bitch why the fuck is you trippin'.
I'm takin' these chances my head to the sky, my feet on the ground
My fingers to the judge if the money don't move
Then I won't budge, won't budge, no I won't budge no, naMan, man this be that hustler musik
Young Weezy got that motherfucking hustler musik, yo
So ride to it yo, and vibe to it yo
I'm asking y'all please please
Young Weezy got that hustler musik
Young Weezy got that motherfucking hustler musik
Ride to it yo, vibe to it yo, vibe to it yo
Its real shit man, its real talk man, its how do it
How did it, how done it
Its real shit man, its real talk boy, its how do it
How did it, how done it, I ain't braggin', I ain't boastin'
This the way it go I ain't braggin', I ain't boastin', this the way it is

Better guard your kids, guard your face
Guard your body we warn the place, we here
Fuck bitches its young money nigga

Songwriters
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