

# 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

MIKAEL E JONES, LOUIS A GRAMMATICOPublished by

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>