

# La La (Ft. Brisco & Busta Rhymes)

## Lil' Wayne

Uh!

Sitting in a Caddy, Wright like Betty  
Floating up the aisle like the bride and her daddy  
Hip Hop addict, Hip Hop addict  
Man I swear I'm on top like the attic  
Yeah bitch, I be with my dog like Shaggy  
And we stay clean but get dirty like Harry  
Flyer than bluebirds, cardinals and canaries  
Fuck me, I'm all about "Oui" like Paris  
Hilton Presidential Suite already  
I'm richer than Nicole and I'm a Lion like her Daddy  
I'm am hotter than the Sunday after Saturday  
I swear I'm a savage like Lil Webbie and Randy  
Oscar De La Hoya, box you like a casket  
Or Diego Coralles, nigga keep jabbin'  
See my style it varies, like drugs in an alley  
My leather so soft my paint prettier than Halle  
Wittier than comedy, nigga write a parody  
But I ain't tellin' jokes... apparently  
Apparent, yeah my daughter be the twinkle of my eye  
You hurt her, you kill me and nigga I ain't bout to die  
See y'all are at ground, and my daughter is my sky  
I swear I look in her face and I just want to break out and fly  
Four tears in my face and you ain't never heard me cry  
I'm richer than all y'all, I got a bank full of pride  
Oww!

Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet  
Started with my girlfriend, ended with her homies  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet  
My paint bubbleish, the motor so vicious  
The rims the same color as the wrapper of a kiss  
First some hyphee, thump it like a piston  
And when I'm in Detroit I be ballin' like a Piston  
Boy did I mention I'm fly like a pigeon  
Higher than gas prices, you Las Vegas trickin'  
I'm 9 under par in the Bentley golf cart

The Polo be cream but the bottle's Caviar (yeah!)  
Weezy I'm sick from all this tourin'  
You told me (sip this) then call me in the morning (yeah)  
And I vow I never trust another one (another woman)  
In my life, and then I got horny (ah hah)  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet  
Started with my girlfriend, ended with her homies  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet See I ain't goin' no where bitch  
You know a nigga been home honey  
Money fucking retarded, call it down syndrome money  
My cake sick shit, been diagnosed sickle cell brain  
The revenue stream got a disease like a jail bed  
Like a mattress from Sing-Sing or way down to Comstock  
These bitches call me bling king I shit when the bomb drop  
And sprinkle diamonds all over niggas flawless in D-Class  
Then twinkle like a shine, just like a sparkle from clean glass  
They movin' on a nigga as I walk through the valley, ready?  
And zoom in with the cameras like I'm thickin' down Halle Berry  
My money help me do things that you nigga's can't believe  
Like purchase persons, places all them things that you can't conceive  
Like interactin' with women the caliber of Janet  
I sit and master my vision and massacre the planet  
I hope you nigga's know just what it is  
While I'm countin' my paper nigga's know I'm handlin' my biz Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet  
Started with my girlfriend, ended with her homies  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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