

Out the Pound

Birdman & Lil Wayne

[Hook: Birdman]We got the diamond in the back (Yea)

Tinted rolled up (Yea)

Blowin' out the pound

In a brand new truck

Where ya at wit' it?

Let's go and get it

If you a real d-boy

Money over bitches

[Intro over the hook]Yea, this one here for uptown

I know we lost a lot that we gon' never get back

All the time, but it's a must that we do this here homeboy

Yea, uptown already nigga!

[Verse 1: Birdman]Slap a bitch wit' a pound and a ki

Twenty of them thangs, ten on my street

Hundred at my crib, ten fo' a beat

Fifty on a Caddy wit' the swine suede seats

Twenty on a bike, third world peace

Two on the yaucht, million on the fleet

Fo' five fo' a pound of that leaf

A hundred dollaz for a chopper on the streets

We uptown, we gon' ride 'til we die nigga

We stay fresh, get money stay fly nigga

Ain't nuttin' changed I ride them skinny tires

Wit' the candy on the slab, on the buttons wit' them twenty-fives

From no money nigga, now we talk Ca\$h Money

From lil' money nigga, now we talk big money

From no nothin' now we all sayin' somethin'

Mo' money nigga, mo' money nigga

[Hook - 2X][Verse 2: Birdman]What it do H-Town?

Wha's up B-Town?

Wha's up A-T-L?

Chea

Hit the town in a Phantom and a G

Wit' two pounds, two broads and a suite

Two toned everything a nigga see

Burnin' rubber in these motherfuckin' streets

Made man, ol' head taught me

Like father, like son we a G

Sixty-four seventy-eight tiger seats

Ol' school drop tops on the beach
Birdman, we do this 'cuz we stunnas

Ain't nuttin' changed in them brand new Hummas

Hood rich, we do it fo' the numbas
Tha fo' fives and the tens and the hundreds

Two fifteen nigga talkin' cash shit
Got a hundred from my bitch she a badd bitch

Money won't change nigga neva average
That's why I'm livin' this bitch so lavish
[Hook - 2X][Verse 3: Birdman]Yea nigga
We been blowin' out the pound all day hustlin'

Ya heard me?

And this is how we get down at the end of the night

After all that grindin'
Shit

I'm in the club, huez showin' love
Nigga know we got it, that's why they wanna plug
Pussy poppin' shit, like they wanna thug
Knowin' they ain't 'bout it and them clips gon' bust
I got stacks, that's jus' how it is
Boy Mack supa fly in a Coupe Deville

And got birds in the field
Grindin' all the time
Tryna get a mill'

Neighborhood superstar, third world gangsta

I put mines in, did a lil' more thinkin'

Shine in the summer

Minx in the winter

Ice year round

Twenty on the pinky

Damn my town

Went down sinkin'

Made my rounds

Bounced back bankin'

Neva fold

That's what make me

Make the money

Don't let it break ya

[Hook - 2X]Yea

That's what it do nigga

We better hustlaz than you nigga

Money longer than yours lil' nigga

Believe that

One hundred

Wha's up Weezy baby?
Them niggaz can't see us man
We barely can see us, ya heard? [fades out]

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