

Over Here Hustlin'

Birdman & Lil' Wayne

We over here hustlin', we over here grindin'
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I'm all, I'm all about my paper, I'm all, I'm all about my paper
We over here hustlin', we over here grindin'
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I'm all, I'm all about my paper, I'm all, I'm all about my paper
Now ho don't ask me what I'm doing, that's me in the hook
And I just keep on gettin' it, gettin' it like a ni' in the book
Yes, Wayne straight like a key of that good **
If your *** don't know the rules then I will read her the book
I got the key to the boat, I got the key to the jet
I got the key to success and get money invest
Read up with the rest, I got a Swedish connect
That means my weed is the best, yoke to even the stress
Okay, the coupe is ridiculous and the jeep is a mess
That's called my bullets and luggers, I put 'em deep in your neck
Adam's apple meet banana clip
You know my script, I just get my chips and then I dip, and then I dip
They say the bull*** walks, the money talks
So I don't answer, I don't answer unless the money talks
Yeah, that's my word, that's my word know I will front for y'all
It's money over everything and *** under all, M.O.B
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I say uptown cobblin', uptown rockin', uptown ***
It's the home of the hard knocks
Cook up a whole block, hit it up in all white
Ridin' with a chopper, black diamonds and it all nice
Shop 'til you pop ***, do your own thing ***
Got the game from Pixie's, second floor sixth court
Bling bling king ***, money ain't a thing ***

Ridin' in a Lamborghini, suicidal regal wings
 Assault rifles, my little homies big poppers
 Coming through the attic, 20 in the heli-chopper
 Zip it and whip it ***, that's how we ship it, ***
 Burn it and light it then we flip it and we hit it, ***
 I spent a mill on my grill for real
 'Cause we be stuntin' while we hustlin', *** makin' his meals
 We be grindin' while we shinin', *** packin' that steel
 Stay fly, get money, *** stackin' the bills
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 I'm all, I'm all about my paper, I'm all, I'm all about my paper
 Yeah, I say, we deep in the game, ***. we switchin' the lanes, ***
 Got blood money homie, no pain, no gain, ***
 Fifty a fame ***, a G a name, ***
 That's what we do ***, claim your fame, ***
 Hop out a range, ***, fang in hand, ***
 Stop all that reppin', 'fore I send some flames, ***
 All this money, ***, jewelry and fame, ***
 'Cause we be stuntin', ***, moving them things, ***
 Paper, paper, paper, all I need is paper, green paper
 White chalk, yellow tape will
 Make your shirt look like you got on the butcher's apron
 Go ahead and make the steak then, *** ***
 *** *** talkin', this is how money sound
 I'm just chillin' but my money still runnin' round
 Yeah, and I just do's what I does
 You *** couldn't even be who I was
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