

La La (feat. Brisco and 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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