Out The Pound

Birdman & Lil' Wayne

(*Birdman / *Prod. by T-Mix)
[Hook: ~Birdman~]
We got the diamond in the back (Yea)*
Tinted rolled up (Yea)
Blowin' out the pound
In a brand new truckWhere 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 suade 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
[Repeat 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[Repeat 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, hoez 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[Repeat 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*}
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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