

# No More

## Birdman

Yeah, hustla  
I got the brown bag full of money  
I got the work goin' to Florida and I swore that  
I will never hustle no more but I will never say that no more  
I got my mind, right nah  
I got the brown bag full of money  
I got the work goin' to Florida and I swore that  
I will never hustle no more but I will never say that no more  
I got my mind, right money right  
The pots hot as the rock expands  
It's the paper chasin' man on the clock like hands  
Grindin' like teeth, get money like heat  
Cliff Hukstable keep it comin' like Keith  
Gotta make last forever for worse or for better  
Gotta make it past the devil so guns I got several  
And everybody plays, the fool says Aaron Neville  
But I just play to win holler back like heavy metal  
Smellin' like pedals from a rose so they \*\*\*  
My breads buildin' bagels and legos  
When I rose they froze, trust me for the pesos  
I'm an A hole AK holes  
Think face blow and understand I'm talkin' money by the case loads  
Gun off safety, I'm in safe mode  
I will hold court until the case closed  
Brown bag \*\*\*  
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I got my mind, right money right  
Young new investment ain't no turnin' me back  
Had the rubber band stacks in the button king sack  
And I ain't never goin' back, sike I love the life  
Standin' under the street lights tryin' to get off that white  
At a reasonable price nah, I ain't tryin' to bargain wit you  
You \*\*\* hatin' well, I guess they gonna be starvin' wit you

I got 2 jobs, I sell and I cop \*\*\*  
Like father like son well, I was adopted

I told the Birdman, stunna give me a chance  
And I don't even wanna tell you what I did with my advance  
'Cause I'm only a man, I had to feed my fam'  
Takin' that hood \*\*\* and copped about 24 grams  
Man, I guess it is what it is, it was what it was  
Before the rap game, I was sellin' drugs  
Either way I'm six figures before my first record  
I'll stunt y'all, don't respect my my work habits, I'm a hustla  
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From an eight to a quarter, from a half to a brick  
From an 0 to the ozies, that how I'm hood rich  
And murder was the case got me emptyin' lot of clips  
Stunna hollerin' Birdman, \*\*\* right back in this \*\*\*  
Third world throw the you up, I'm rollin' in the whip  
With this money on my mind, gotta hustla and to lift  
Them high rise dealin' me and youngin' on some \*\*\*  
Breaking bread, choppin' millions 'cause a \*\*\* ain't \*\*\*  
Told as a youngin' how to roll with the chopper  
If money on your block for the money I'ma pop ya  
\*\*\* wanna hate but they money wouldn't stop us  
From ridin' fly whips now they \*\*\* out jockin'  
We stunnin' while ya hating \*\*, stunna is what made you \*\*  
I hear you poppin' \*\*\* but the Birdman raised you \*\*\*  
Birdman got an army, Birdman got a navy  
And Cash Money can't save ya  
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