

No More (feat. Allstar Cashville Prince)

Birdman & Lil Wayne

I got the brown bag full of money
I got the work goin to florida
And I swore that I won't ever hustla no more
But I don't never say that no more 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 won't ever hustla no more
But I don't never say that no more got my mind
Right money right
The pots hot as the rock expands it the paper chasin'
Man on the clock like hands grindin
Like teeth get money like heath cliff hukstable keep it comin
Like keith gotta meke 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
Nevelle but I just play to win holler back like heavy metal
Smellin like pedals from a rose so they hoes
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 talkin money
By the case loads gun off safety I'm in safe mode
I will hold court until the case closed
Brown bag bitch
I got the brown bag full of money
I got the work goin to florida
And I swore that I won't ever hustla no more
But I don't never say that no more 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 won't ever hustla no more
But I don't never say that no more 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 ilght tryin to get off that white
At a reasonable price nah I ain't tryin to bargain
Wit ya niggas hatin well I guess they gonna be
Starvin wit you I got 2 jobs I sell and cop shit
Like father like son well I was adopoted
I told the birdman stunna gimme a chance and I don't even wanna

Tell you waht I did with my advance cause I'm only a man
 I had to feed my fam takin that hood shit
 And copped about 24 grams man I guess it is what it is it
 Was what it was before the rap game I waas sellin drugs
 Either way I'm six figures before my first record
 I'll stunt yall don't respect my my work habits I'm a hustlaI got the brown bag full of money
 I got the work goin to florida
 And I swore that I won't ever hustla no more
 But I don't never say that no more 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 won't ever hustla no more
 But I don't never say that no more got my mind
 Right money rightYeah thank you up nigga uptown from an 8 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 a lot clips stunna hollerin birdman
 Nigga right back in this bitch 3rd world throw the u
 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 shit breaking bread choppin millions
 Cause a bitch ain't shit told as a youngin how roll
 With the chopper if money on your block for the money
 Ima pop ya nigga wanna hate but they money
 Wouldn't stop us from ridin fly whips now they ho out
 Jockin we stunnin while ya hating nigga stunna
 Is what made ya I hear ya poppin shit
 But the birdman raised ya bitch
 Birdman got an army birdman got a navy
 And cash money can't save yaI got the brown bag full of money
 I got the work goin to florida
 And I swore that I won't ever hustla no more
 But I don't never say that no more 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 won't ever hustla no more
 But I don't never say that no more got my mind
 Right money right

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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