

# Let Me Find Out Remix

Hustle Gang

[Intro]

This a Tennessee, Alabama, Atlanta connection homeboy

[Verse 1: Doe B]

Let me find out these niggas still hating on the low  
And their whole life savings I get paid for a show  
Their re-up, that's my walk-through  
My sneakers, there they house note  
Think I need a whole thang of Keisha just to talk to 'em  
Small town, big money, baby I make boss moves  
They say Doe B lane is like T-Pain without the autotune  
Bring out the Apollo boom  
I'mma sandman these niggas  
Give you 2 thumbs down  
Boy, your swag ain't official  
Let me find out them fake Guccis  
Let me find out them fake Louis  
Let me find out your baby mama is a man-eater, she ate my children  
Let me find out you fake juug and I come through like : Aye buddy  
You 25, just started trapping  
Let me find out you straight rookie  
Taylor Gang, straight trippy  
Hustle Gang what it is, pimping?  
Got so many white friends I bring back Tommy Hilfiger  
ATL, let me find out  
Memphis Ten', let me find out  
M.I.A., N-Y-C, Texas, Cali, Chi-Town

[Hook x2]

Let me find out  
Let me find out  
Nigga let me find out  
Let me find  
Out

[Verse 2: T.I.]

Let me find out & I'm ridin' out  
Got 4 choppers no 9's out  
I'm recent, you're timed out  
I'm playin' with it, you fouled out  
You got a foul mouth? You'll get 2 shots  
Nigga And1 with my handgun  
Nigga talk about dough but that's sumthing you ain't never had your hands on  
Got folk in Alabama, they still call Arm & Hammer  
See I do it for the  
Gutter, not just to get the glamour  
Hey who that nigga from Atlanta say he got a lot of drugs?  
Say you looking  
For a plug, bitch you looking at the plug  
I'mma, real young nigga  
You want this ho, better come get her  
We don't want your bitch mane  
We just wanna have fun with her  
Okay well let me find out you channeled it  
Ridin' around town just saving hoes  
Nigga she ain't all yours, we shared the bitch  
But let me find out

She havin' your baby though

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Juicy J]

Let me find out, Juicy J's your girl's favorite rapper  
I'mma fuck her all night and I'mma give her back after  
I ain't hand cuffing these hoes like shackles  
For the green & the cheese like a Green Bay packer  
Trippy Mane : fuck you pay me, I come play like Tom Brady  
Kush is my medication, ride presidential like Ronald Reagan  
Pussy niggas need to stop hating my flow sick like cancer patients  
Rolex and a new Bugatti, yes bitch I'm ice skating  
My last bitch must've been a chauffeur, she drove me crazy  
No key, that space age, my ignition, I done made it  
Juicy J, that's trippy ho, Taylor Gang that's trippy ho  
Smoking on that Christmas tree my belt buckle like mistletoe  
Who stands with your wife? She just spent the night  
With my dick in her mouth & my balls in her hand  
Like the bitch was shooting dice  
Juicy J, I got long money  
I got 1998 song money  
Bitch pour that Patron for me  
I rock shows, boy I'm stone money

[Hook]

[Outro]

...

Let me find out you put Molly all in her champagne and she don't even know it  
Let me find out you put the Plan B in the bitch breakfast  
Actually that ain't bad, you actually should put Plan B in these hoes breakfast  
Let me find out Juicy J got stabbed in a shootout  
Let me find out Tip still ridin' 'round with guns  
I'mma whoop his motherfuckin' ass  
Let me find out your pussy hairs look the Django beard, ho  
Let me find out you went to the club and left your kids with your other kids  
In the car  
Let me find out bitch