

# Bloodline

Lil' Wayne

The streets make the hustlas  
Hustlas make the world go round  
The world is made of keys, ounces and pounds  
The keys, ounces and pounds is made from hustlas  
See how shit come back round for ya  
Gotta cop it, chop it and cook it  
See how shit come back round for ya  
Gotta kick in the oven now watch it bubble  
And you can knock on my door  
But you can't knock the hustle  
But I- it's like a game of twenty-one and I got nineteen  
And my Jake but I put more 'd' on me  
Lil' Weezy Wee gon' eat that's how it is  
Got insurance on the floor man I'm that positive  
And I'm shaggy in the saggy lens  
Me an my squad in the paddy wagon tally Benz  
And you know I put the mags on that  
.45 mack with the flash on that  
Who want it  
Everybody sing along

Now I'm a ride 'cause I got riding in my bloodline  
And I'm a shine 'cause I got shining in my bloodline  
I get that dough 'cause I got hustle in my bloodline  
I bleed concrete  
(2x)

And when I move, I move out with the raw  
I move out with the squad  
To his album we ride we so mob  
I throw lives and lowest to live  
For my loaf of bread the people's player  
I did what the culture said  
And I live by the coast of Nostre Cid  
Fuck around I'll knock your shoulder from your head  
Get it right I'm a soldier till I'm dead  
This kid is white with buttonholes inside that bled  
I'm pumping O's with lots of hay  
I'm so high and really I don't even know why  
And oh I just go buy a whole house  
And lay my mat down lay her back down  
But I never put my mack down  
You see the thug in me  
You know Weezy he the young son of Bubba-be  
Buy my basketball shorts with a thunder be  
If you want it then come to me  
I'm right here

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(2x)

I'm G'd up  
Only follow the code of the streets  
Live bad to die good

Know how to move when hustling by the days with no food  
But just so I can eat  
And ain't it a bitch  
And if you see me getting fat I'm probably getting rich  
And you probably can see me for some crack before six  
And after that it's all bricks  
A fake and my palm is wrapped around this eight  
And my arm because the dirty south is straight Vietnam  
I skate with the bomb  
I'm asking you don't play with me at all  
Shots hit your ass and make three of y'all  
It'll take three of y'all to fill one of my shoe prints  
Cause I did and do shit that's better than new shit  
Fit for two clips  
The kid is a nuisance  
Aw man, he's inspired by his own gangsta music  
And the Blueprint  
Cruising through stoop with the ewe lit  
Like ooh shit this is more than weed, it's 500 Degreez

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(2x)