## **Out the Pound**

## Lil' Wayne

We got the diamond in the back (Yea) Tinted rolled up (Yea) Blowin' out the pound In a brand new truck

Where ya at wit' it? Let's go and get it If you a real d-boy Money over bitches

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!

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

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

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 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]