

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, La La

Da... Da... Da... David... Banner

La, la la la, la, la la la la (x4)

(Uh!)

Sittin' in a Caddy, bright like Batty  
Floatin' up the aisle like a bride and her Daddy  
Hip-Hop addict, hip-hop addict  
Man I swear I'm on top like the attic  
Yeah bitch I be with my dog like Shaggy  
And we stay clean but get dirty like Harry  
Flyer than bluebirds, cardinals, and canaries  
Fuck me, I'm all about weed like Paris  
Hilton presidential suite already  
I'm richer than Nicole and I'm a Lion like her Daddy  
I am hotter than the Sunday after Saturday  
I swear I'm a savage like Lil' Webbie and Randy  
Oscar de la Hoya, box ya like a casket  
Or Diego Coralles, nigga keep jabbin'  
See my style it varies, like drugs in an alley  
My leather so soft my paint prettier than Halle  
Wittier than comedy, nigga write a parody  
But I ain't tellin' jokes... apparently  
Apparently, yeah my daughter be the twinkle of my eye  
You hurt her you kill me and nigga I ain't 'bout to die  
See y'all are at ground, and my daughter is my sky  
I swear I look in her face and I just want to break out and fly  
4 tears in my face and you ain't never heard me cry  
I'm richer than all y'all I got a bank full of pride

Ow, started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet  
Started with my girlfriend, ended with her homies  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin' (x2)  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet

My paint bubbleish, the motor so vicious  
The rims the same color as the wrapper of a kisses; Hershey's  
I'm hyper, thump it like a piston  
And when I'm in Detroit I be ballin' like a Piston  
Boy did I mention I fly like a pigeon  
Hidin' gas prices, you Vegas trinket  
I'm ridin' on the park in the Bentley golf cart  
The Polo be cream but the bottle's caviar (yeah!)  
Weezy I'm sick from all this tourin'  
You told me (sip this,) then call me in the morning (yeah)  
And I vow I never trust another woman ('nother woman)  
In my life, and then I got horny (ah hah)

Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilette  
Started with my girlfriend, ended where the home is  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'  
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin' (x2)  
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilette

See I ain't goin' no where bitch  
You know a nigga been home honey  
Money fuckin' retarded, called the down syndrome money  
My case sick shit, they diagnose sickle cell brain  
The revenue stream got a disease like a jail bed  
Like a mattress from Sing-Sing or way down to Comstock  
These bitches call me bling king I shit when the bomb drop

And sprinkle down into all the niggas flawless in D-Class  
Then twinkle like a shine, just like a sparkle from clean Glass  
They movin' on a nigga as I'm walkin' the valley, ready?  
And Zulu with the cameras like I'm diggin' down Halle Berry  
My money help me do things that you nigga's can't believe  
Like purchase personal plates on sort of things that you can't conceive  
Like interactin' with women, on caliber of Janet  
I sit and mater my vision and massacre the planet  
I hope you nigga's know just what it is  
While I'm countin' my paper nigga's know I'm handlin' my biz

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