

For My Hustlas

Young Scooter

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I'm one hell of a hustler

I'm one hell of a hustler

I'm one hell of a hustler

Me I'm a boss man

And you just a customer

I'm one hell of a hustler

I'm one hell of a hustler

I run the cartel, got way more than brick fare
And I know eses that sleep with dope all year
Can't even show they face, been in the house five years
20 thousand for a show without a record deal
I pop Ferraris in the hood, it ain't no doubt about it
When I pull up in that bitch the hood crowd around it
It just too much going on so I move in silence
Ten toes down juggling, nigga that's how I got it
Yeah this for my hustlers
I do this shit for my hustlers
And don't you trust every customer

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I hustle grind and stack it, I'm a trap addict
You can't play me 'bout my check, I know mathematics
Truck loads of bales coming, green and white wrappers
On the weekend I'm a rapper, through the week a trapper
And I don't keep it five hours when I get a package
When them birds take a shower let the streets have it
I got hustling habits, chain 20 karats
Hustled up on it, remember I didn't have it
Yeah this for my hustle bitches
Who get money without a nigga
Yeah this for my boss niggas
My young niggas, hustlers

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