## I've Been Hustlin'

Afroman

I want to say uh hustle up to all the hustlas out there, I love you man

I've been hustlin' From dusk till dawn I've been hustlin' For so long

I'm the hungry hustla afroman I recycle cardboard, beer bottles, and cans Food stamps, bust token plus G.R. checks, underground rap tapes tryin' to Get on deck

Hit the rap contest sellin' weed on stage, Go to work for the man for minimum wage, Slave hard, grave yard, every day get scarred, Airport, fast food, security gaurd. Slangin' rocks all day Let my beeper just beep Go to work go high, go strait to sleep Wake up, bake up, then punch them clocks Swerve them blocks, serve them rocks Workin' at the airport with Jivonni and Kid Slangin' everything the airport bring in Cook crack sip yak stack cheese Walk around sell my own cd's.

I've been hustlin (24-7, 365)
From dusk till dawn (all my life just tryna survive)
I've been hustlin (food stamps bus token plus G.R. check
For so long (underground rap tapes tryna get on deck)
I've been Hustlin Dusk till dawn (swerve them rocks)
I've been hustlin
For so long

Ghetto resident everyday get bent With the 2 tall cans for 89 cent Get money get fame get women get props Chillin kick it with my homies rippin rocks from the cops Walk slow around the corner then dash hall ass If you run, run fast cus the cops might blast Run, Shake, Break, bail Might as well cus it's hell in the county jail Cut to the left (left) Cut to the right (right) Run up in the house shut the door goodnight Come back out bout 20 minutes later Braggin to the homies how I shook that hater Start back hangin start back slangin Rappin, sangin, system bangin Ain't got no job ain't got no credit But whatever you need I'll get it

I've been hustlin (24-7, 365) From dusk till dawn (all my life just tryna survive) I've been hustlin (food stamps bus token plus G.R. check For so long (underground rap tapes tryna get on deck) I've been Hustlin Dusk till dawn (swerve them rocks) I've been hustlin For so long

Afro motha fuckin M A N Tryna go to the top Not the federal pen But I'm in the ghetto My problems won't let me go Until I go get some dough Only legal things I can do for snaps Is program beats And bust husla raps Made my first cd started slanging it The boys in the hood started bangin it But I couldn't get rich on my side of town So I jumped in the cadilac and moved around To the ??Slathlaswane?? ??Kathaswalne?? Even goddinna tell me have you seen her Dude named afroman from Palmdale Sellin cd's in front of Sell-you-tell Rap contest, partys, clubs, and bars, From a homeless bum to the grammies with stars

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