

# Hustler's Wife

Benny The Butcher

This gon' really hurt y'all niggas feelings  
Let me turn this shit all the way up  
Griselda, Black Soprano

Yo, half a block on the road, I only stop for the toll  
Dick ridin' not in the code (nah...)  
I really threw a pot on the stove, they used to cop it and go  
Now all our watches is froze  
You only fuckin' gossipin' hoes, but if I got her she cold  
I never met a chick that I couldn't mold  
I'm on Collins gettin' top in a Rolls, with a Glock that'll blow  
Got ten bands on me rockin' V1one  
I caught cocaine cases, students turned into gangstas  
Lieutenants knew us by our first name basis  
I can tell these niggas bullshittin', ain't savin' (bullshittin')  
We front you a brick, every week you make payments  
I stood on the corner just to get me a fit  
I get a cut, I get a blunt, then get me a bitch  
Now when the work land, we get 60 a clip  
Ask , I met the nigga tryin' to get me a brick (haha)  
Yeah, you know it's real when you got 30 in the trunk  
And a strap, and you know the cash dirty as the gun (woo!)  
Imagine this, sad mother buryin' her son  
He was carryin' his gun since he was barely 21  
Work so hard it'll really break scales (break scales)  
Cartels givin' niggas NBA deals  
Had to sell rocks, the mailbox was full of late bills  
I was sellin' 'caine before Wayne signed Jae Millz, nigga (ahhh)

Lockin' up the dope with a butter knife  
Broke niggas askin' what is life  
I trapped 100 days, 100 nights  
Don't let my daughter be a hustler's wife  
I got the Rollie bezel flooded ice  
Yeah, broke niggas askin' what is life  
Uhh, I trapped 100 days, 100 nights  
Uhh, don't let my daughter be a hustler's wife, ahhh

Look, I never heard a hustler starvin', cut it and toss it  
She got niggas, none of 'em bosses  
What you know about a quarter brick under the faucet?  
Fatigue coats and Timb boots, a bunch of New Yorkers  
I got daughters, they remember makin' visits in prison  
Not only me, my baby momma had to live with the sentence  
When shit get the realest, sometimes we forget why we in this  
Had to learn how to separate business from friendships  
(I learnt the hard way)  
On the plane to JFK watchin' the pre-game show  
And lovey gon' shoot your wedding up if we say go  
I really never heard of a place that we can't go  
The family spread the trap phone, pre-paid dough  
I'm in the streets with the dope fiends, vests and shooters  
I take trap money, rap money, Western Union  
Don't never fuck with rappers, they act funny unless it's music  
Fucked around and got a deal, the detectives blew it, ahhh

Lockin' up with a butter knife

Broke niggas askin' what is life  
I trapped 100 days, 100 nights  
Don't let my daughter be a hustler's wife  
I got the Rollie bezel flooded ice  
Yeah, broke niggas askin what is life  
Uhh, I trapped 100 days, 100 nights  
Uhh, don't let my daughter be a hustler's wife, ahhh