

Hustle

Billy Marchiafava

This, should be played at high volume
Yeah, Billy, ayy

I just pulled up in a brand new Bugatti
Got bitches on bitches, no you cannot stop me
All of this money I made off a hobby
I blew up, now everyone trying to copy
I'm rockin' Polo yeah mixed with the Tommy
I run up a check then I bounce like a bunny
All y'all keep laughing while I'm making money
My-my type of woman like forty and ugly

Bitch my name is Billy and my music fuckin' sucks
I was chillin' for a minute, now it's back to them bucks
If you like older women, put yo fuckin' hands up
I'm trash till I die, I belong in the dump

You already know what the fuck goin' on
It's your boy Billy, we goin' crazy baby, it's a celebration
Aye look, I get more neck than a neck brace, you heard?
You can call me what you want just don't call me broke
Aye, yuh, what?

They say "How did Billy really get that far? ", yeah
I just kept going bitch I'm a popstar, yuh
Flippin' the beat like I am a rockstar, ayy
All y'all haters sweet like a Pop Tart, yuh
I got rich, no Worldstar
Now yo bitch on my lap in my sports car, ayy
Drivin real fast down the boulevard
Got bricks in the back goin' dumb hard, ayy

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I'm trash till I die, I belong in the dump