

Hustla's Story

Cozz

Woo!

Shoutout my hustlers, I mean
Everybody hustlers
You feel me
Look, look

I said, wake up, open up shop, get your hustle on
Selling pills straight out her crib, and break into another home
Tryna get in and out, get my double-double on
This ain't my story that I'm singing my nigga, but this is another song
This probably your uncle song
Probably your big brother song
Your father or your mother song
I understand your circumstance so in your head there's nothing wrong
How you could blame how you behave?
If we paid and we ain't getting loans
You don't know what's going on
If you ain't live to see this shit I can't describe
Taking chances so they survive
This all happens just to take a life
In the end it was all for bread
And use the heat just to make it rise
Not sure how to raise a daughter
But they know to raise the price, so what you goin' through
Tell a nigga what you going through
I could probably relate
I could probably be late
And still be on time for you
I could probably spit mind for ya
If you don't wanna tell your story
It's the same as yours, I hustle in the morning

I said, wake up, open up shop, get your hustle on
Selling pills straight out her crib, and break into another home
I understand your circumstance, so in their heads, there's nothing wrong
But they don't know what's going on
They don't know what's going on

Wake up
I know only, trapped in the belly of the beast and it's hungry
If I can't lay up in the streets I feel lonely
If I gotta break up with the streets I feel lonely

Yeah you got your car, yeah you got your gold
Your money don't fold but your mama is at home
Fam don't want your dirty money
You look clean, but your mama sad
Your girl felt neglected, now your daughter got another dad
Local block hustler, my father was a customer
Mom's used to watch him buy his weed then she would cuss at him
Only for the weed, he felt free from that subtle bust
Moved back and it was primetime
And now I'm on my prime time
But hustler turned pimp, doe
He was getting pimp dough
Now only selling his dope
But now he selling nympho's

Not so cautious about how he sells
Made his way to county jails
Now he lonely in them cells
How he feel
It was probably hell
He got out, but on that same shit
I guess when you lawyer to yourself then you can't switch
But how can you blame kid
Don't know what he goin' through
Cause hustle is his bread and butter
He don't want any other fool

But I wake up, open up shop, get my hustle on
Wake up early in the morn'
Make a couple records, getting reckless on these records
Til' these fuck niggas respect it
Go and get it, make a difference
Wake up with a new perspective, motherfucker

Wake up
I know only, trapped in the belly of the beast and it's hungry
If I can't lay up in the streets I feel lonely
If I gotta break up with the streets I feel lonely

Justify the love of mine
For life of crime, my life and times
Is hard at times
I fall a time, like all the time
And then I dream for baller time
And then the clock rewind, and I
Wake up
I know only
I know only

Wake up
I know only, trapped in the belly of the beast and it's hungry
If I can't lay up in the streets I feel lonely
If I gotta bring out with the streets I feel lonely

Justify the love of mine
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Wake up
I know only
I know only

We ain't chose this type of living, it's what we gotta do
Part of niggas hear us crippling and drop out of school
Selling drugs or they pimping like prostitutes
Living in a nightmare, [?] is what you gotta do
Wake up

Hello?
Rise and shine, nigga
Bro, what you need, bro
What you on nigga? You tryna hit up the mall?
Hit up the mall? I got like five dollars
And I know you broker than me bro so what you mean
Yeah, that's why I said "hit up the mall" nigga
Get your ass up man, let's roll