

Uh

Arriving on my set they see my new shit
Life of a Jet something exclusive, uh
Way colder than what your dude in
Once I met the hustle I was married to it
Baby girl that's all I'm doing drugs and the music
We be moving units to 'em straight like a ruler
Line after line write that fine tingling down her spine
Controlling her medulla, she mine
I deliver goods right to my consumer on time every time
Customer service shipping birds online
Eastside on the rise all the time on mine
Money on my mind making all your money mine

Stack it till we got nowhere to put it
Stack it till we got nowhere to put it
Baby girl ask me why I do it
Hustle is a drug I'm addicted to it
Stack it till we got nowhere to put it
Stack it till we got nowhere to put it
Baby girl ask me why I do it
Hustle is a drug I'm addicted to it

Uh

Money on some ballin' Uncle Scrooge shit
Make duck bucks do the trucks pulling up
Handing out nooses, hang yourself stupid
Tryna do it like the ones when you niggas really sons
Pay homage to where you got it I'm the fly father
Fore founder smoking pounds of straight chronic
West conference bomb shit
I got it from my 'round 'nem
Backyards smoking large while we charge them lowriders
Later on we clowning
I'm really out here and you not about it
Where was you you was not around here
Said you was but you really lyin'
I'm riding, you hibernating your bitch is in hiding
Sucka

Stack it till we got nowhere to put it
Baby girl ask me why I do it
I'm addicted to it
Yea
Stack it till we got nowhere to put it
Stack it till we got nowhere to put it
Ask me why I do it
So addicted to it