

I Don't Want To Be A Hustler

Dave Hollister

Yeah
It's that shit
Yeah
Didn't wanna be a hustler
But I had no choice
Y'all don't know what that is
That's what shit, what
Didn't wanna be a hustler
But I had no choice
Lemme school y'all for a minute
What

I didn't wanna be a hustler
Didn't wanna hurt my mother
I know she didn't raise me that way
But I had to feed my family
"Lord watch his back" she did pray
I'm sorry mama, but now I'm paid

Because of my surroundings
I had no real choice and
Knew that I was going
Not even knowing
This was my destiny
A ghetto prodigy
Living in poverty
Really checked my mentality
Brought out the thug in me

Before the crib and the 600
I was a shorty on the block runnin'
A little punk mothafucka just like you
Loud mouth knucklehead who loved to fight too
But I learned the real way of winnin' the game
Is not clockin' for another cat, makin' him famous
But coppin' me a brick, stayin' on the low
Hustled it myself, now I'm never gon' be broke

Mmm hmm hmm (this the best part right here)
All day

All night and all day
Had to get my pay, but
But the stacks
Stacks and stacks of cash
Kept my pockets fat

Ooh-wee, I gotta get it
(Now if you got it like they want it and you know it)
Now somebody say ohh ohh ohh
(Dave make 'em holla for that dolla)

Ohh-wee-ohh, yooo
(Oh oh oh)
Ohh-wee-ohh, yooo
(Gotta get my money y'all)
Ohh-wee-ohh, yooo

(Hey, hey)
Ohh-wee-ohh, yooo
(Didn't wanna be)

Mama, I'm sorry
Ooh, ohh
Everybody say with me
Everybody sing with me, say
Ohh-wee-ohh, ohh
Gotta get that doe-ee-ohh
Ohh ohh

Everybody say
Ohh-wee-ohh, ohh ohh
Gotta get that doe-ee-ohh
Ohh ohh