

# Hustlas Poster Child

Fabulous

Shout to Desert Storm  
("Gangsta Grillz, you BASTARDS!")  
Whattup? Shoutout Ski  
Dorrough whattup? {"Gangsta Grizzill!!"}

I'm supposed to style, I'm a hustler's poster child  
Girls see me they 'posed to smile, ohhhhhhhh  
Can't you tell I get my hustle on? Ohhhhhhhh  
Can't you tell I get my hustle on?  
H-U-S-T-L-E-R  
Everywhere we go, bet they know who we are, ohhhhhhhh  
Can't you tell I get my hustle on? Ohhhhhhhh  
Can't you tell I get my hustle on?

(DJ DRAMA!!)

Now you could ask any hustler you know  
They'll tell you it's in the wrist  
I'm a good cook, make a hell of a dinner dish  
Get stiffed quick, they say a fella is generous  
I could sell stiff dick to Ellen Degeneres  
I got a sales pitch, I should do a infomercial  
I did Foreman Grill numbers on the strength of purple  
Your money long, they go to any length to slurp you  
So fuck a bitch 'less she in the Oprah Winfrey circle  
Don't get me wrong, I'll get at you honey  
But I'm a bachelor, all I do is spatula money  
Scoop it up and flip it, hoop it up and zip it  
Stand over stoves, soup it up and whip it  
I'm a chef that cook up ways to make me rich  
Clothin line recipe, yeah I make it rich  
Them wire taps make a hustler nervous  
Got a problem? Don't call me I ain't customer service

I move heavy weight, I could easily pull a muscle man  
Like Tracy Morgan on Martin, call me hustle man  
What you need chief, coca or the weed leaf?  
Fuckin with my hustle's only gon' breed beef  
Went South and came back with shoppin bags full of guns  
Fresh out the box, poppin tags on the guns  
A Carolina drive, up and down the 95  
Got the 40's for 7, but I sell 'em 9 from 5  
Fuck a 9 to 5, I'm a hustleholic  
I need rubberbands, these stacks'll bust a wallet  
The pills pull some money on a good E day  
Every thing could buy and sell, hood eBay  
You give me two dice, I ride it like the 4 train  
Bring more 7-11's than the store chain  
You give me three of them, I shoot 'em like a milly clip  
Roll more 6's out then a Benz dealership

Yup! You could tell I get my hustle on  
The scent of crack in my clothes you smell I get my hustle on  
It's official y'all I was on my gristle y'all  
And I whipped the raw in a Vlasic pickle jar

Before I had a deal, I was baggin krillz  
And I had pills but they wasn't Advils  
These rap cats wanna be Nino Brown  
But I'm the hustler, I do it like Nino now  
I ain't with the phone shit, in '88 I was only 6  
I missed that paper, but nine-six or later (what?)  
I did it major, plenty niggaz could vouch for me  
Like them niggaz that be runnin the coke house for me  
But it ain't 'bout what I was it's 'bout what I'm 'bout to be  
So I wanna shout out Fab for lookin out for me ('Loso!!)  
I beat my case even though some niggaz was doubtin me  
I took them folks to trial, the poster child