

Hustle Hard

Ghostface Killah

A nigga like me, man, I love the game, I love the hustle, man
I be feeling like one of them ball playing niggaz, you know?
A Bird, a Magic, or something, yeah, you know a nigga got dough
A nigga can leave the league, but if I leave.
The fans still gonna love me, man?
I get love out here, I done sold coke on these streets, man
Hash, weed, heroin, as long as niggaz is feeling it
A nigga like me can hustle it, that's my gift in life, eh
You know? Funny man, you a hustling muthafucker, man
(Uh, I heard it was rocking out here, where the dough at, man?)
{You know how what it is}
(These niggaz out here, yeah, they got the move straight up)
{Aiyo, next fiend that come thru, I'm tackling them, I don't give a fuck}
(What the fuck you looking at man?) {I need like five sales in a row, man
Y'all niggaz fall back} (What the hell my niggaz at, man, straight up and do
wn man
We ain't playing out here) {I'm out here, right now, man
Everything is me, when I'm out here, man} (Take a break or get broke)

Hustle hard, money stack, sell that dope, sell that crack
Sell that pack, sell that gat, sell that pussy, holla back!

We hustle hard in the city of Gods, with dedicated dealers
Take this shit for a serious job
Thugs with hideous scars, bag the prettiest broads
And teach 'em how to move coke, in they panties and bra's
My pops stayed on the hustle, cuz the family was large
No fancy cars, no shrimp scampi or caviar
Just a cold plate of agony, mixed with a harsh reality
Fuck a donation, we started our own charities
We had to hustle, we ain't caking like Russell
So if you live how we live, you can relate to the struggle
Me and my niggaz running wild like some apes in the jungle
Paper chasing, serving fiends, at the gate when they come through
This one's for all my Newport slingers, dope heads that'll chew off fingers
Just to shoot that thing up, get on ya grind
'Cause while your getting yours, I'm getting mines
If you need some tips on how to hustle, drop me a line

Hustle hard, that's the only way a nigga know how
Been grinding most of my life, and I ain't gon' stop now
Growing up, I remember them days, slinging that beige
Pumping trays on the first of the month, niggaz was paid
I learned the tricks of the trade, with the flip or the save
When you bag up, wear rubber gloves and clean off the blade
I used to watch my older brother carve stones at the table
And my mom's home, it was new to my 'view', like Star Jones
In and out of buildings, lamping in halls with eight balls
Way before they had the cameras installed
That was 9-7, when Biggie Smalls gave us the script
The Ten Crack Commandments on how to manage your bricks
Shopping bags, popping tags, with the brand new in shit
No more hand-me-down rags, my appearance was dipped
I'm on my grind like coffee beans, I'm gon' sale
Worldwide I got fiends on line like AOL