Hustle Man

Jay Rock

I'm the first mother fucker on the block for the cheese
And be the last mother fucker to leave
Willie D he said it best
Just a ghetto boy, moving with my metal toy
Gotta get them dolla's
Bust my metal for the cheddah' boy
Catch me in the spot
Cooking and cutting serving the yola
Post up on the corner, you want it? 'tryna ride my partners, we coming homie
we got them choppers
Hanging out impalas with shotty's knock your life out ya body
All about a dolla right, now im every bitches type
Now they wanna holla so i knock 'em let 'em swallow pipe
Back to my money yeah, gotta get my money right
Look this dogg gotta eat
I can't handle my hungry nights
A lot of niggas starving hard so they tend to steal and rob
I just hustle, hustle until a nigga livin large
And all a nigga know is to bang and ball
Moving with my mac 10 ducking the law

Now put my gat to the scene on my jeans
I be clockin' like a watch you never seen
I wake up in the morning blowing doja countin' green
That's a grinders every day routine
The people say hey Mr. hustle man, hey Mr. hustle man
How can we get it like you (the people say)
Hey mr. hustle man, hey mr. hustle man
Wish i had a hustle like you

Get a bird, bust it down
Feds knock, flush it down
Niggas snitchin, hushy now
45 precious crown
Im on some get money shit and I'm real with it
Im on my grind bitch 'tryna get a meal ticket
Look these fake rap niggas steady fabricating
He said he got a 100 ki's he exaggerating
Look im not a hater, jay rock congratulating
Real niggas who getting money and paper chasin'
Look im on the ave. i gets cash
Hit the mall pop tags
Zoom through new coup top back
Wipe me down, my big Glock is cocked back
I'll shoot you down
Suwoop, niggas know how i move around
Niggas talk but when i pop up look its not a sound
That's how it is when they talk behind your back
They ain't nothin' but some hoes that's a fact

[Hook]

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