

# Hustler

Jose Guapo

She just love the fact that I'm a hustler  
And she know I got street cred ima buss for her  
Juggling on my iPhone, I got customers  
Nah, that ain't no secret, dawg  
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She just love the fact that I'm a hustler  
And she know I got street cred, I'mma buss for her  
Juggling off my Iphone, I got customers  
Nah, it ain't no secret that I fucks with her

She done fell in love with a thug (she did)  
She done fell in love with the drugs  
It's cheaper to leave her, but I just might keep her  
I know she a keeper, I smoke all this reefah  
And dirty two liters, she my senorita  
Bitch, that's creo, and everywhere that we go  
She there on the d-low, my net worth kilos  
Got bitch by free oh, fuck bitches by the trio  
Get em in by the truck-load, let it go then reload  
Take a bitches like d-bo, red bottoms by the case load  
I'mma boss, that mean what eva I say go  
Ah, ah, get money well fargo, pull up in the faygo  
Bitch bad like J-Lo, yeah, that Jose hoe  
Got racks in my jean short cargos  
I finesse till stash in my carso  
Boss up like cofo  
I could pay a bitch car note

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She done fell in love with a thug (she did that)  
She done fell in love with the drugs  
She done fell in love with who I was and  
I done fell in love with my lil cup  
She dig my persona that Dolce Gabbana  
Og marijuana keep it a hunna  
She tripping off drama cause I'm thumbing through commas  
I'm stacking it the way that I get immaculate  
The meaner is everything foreign bitch so cocky

Call purp cabarach shit unh fuck yo re-up on new minky shit  
Might go cop a pinky ring might go cop a pint of lean  
Nigga these Balmain jeans  
Unh might see me on a cover of a magazine  
Pull up with that magazine I got three Iphone's  
Two for the jug one for my hoe nigga

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