

Let me tell you a story about this girl named Kelly

Okay now Kelly had a buzz in the city
Little bitty waist, big ass, big titties
Trick little money with her, she might let you hit it
'Cause by any means you know Kelly gon' get it
I forgot to mention to you Kelly was a dancer
Up and down the pole workin' tryin' to get her bands up
Her nigga was jealous so she had to give her mans up
"Fuck niggas gettin' money" became the anthem
'Cause she was a, hustla, hustla, she was a, hustla, hustla

One night Kelly met a nigga named Dre
Scammin' ass nigga every date was pay day
All he talked about was gettin' over and finessin'
How he had the plan to stop both they ass from stressin'
He wrote the anthem, was stack after stack
That niggas threw forty seven thou' to be exact
That's the most she ever made so it fucked the head up
He told her, "Holler at me when you want to get your bread up"
He knew she was a, hustla, hustla, she was a, hustla, hustla

She hit him up like, "I'm tryin' to shine like you"
That nigga said, "Baby this is all you gotta do"
"You know that nigga fat Sam, the one that got all that paper"
"The one that beat the charge when old girl she said he tried to rap her?"
"Well listen, me and you gon' pull a caper"
"You get him to the room I'll convince him to run that safe up"
Kelly was hesitant she said, "Dre you know I ain't no killer"
He said, "This easy money baby, I won't pull the trigger"
"I'm a, hustla, hustla, she was a, hustla, hustla"

She couldn't pass on it, too in love with that cake
Although she seen every episode of first forty eight
She still approached Sam when he came into the club
Convinced him to go back to the room so they could fuck
No unlawful entry she gave Dre the other key
Dre ain't know that Sam was licensed to carry
Dre came in and pulled his weapon Sam pulled his to
All you heard was Kelly sayin' "Dre don't shoot!"
Damn thought she was a, hustla, hustla, she was a, hustla, hustla

Head shot, Sam died instantly, but the shot he let off hit Dre and nicked an artery

Dre started to bleed out and begged Kelly for some help
But all Kelly could think about was tryin' to help herself
She hit herself against the wall made sure it made a bruise
And told Dre, "I ain't goin' down for this it's me or you"
She ran both them niggas pocket but not all used her head
She told the cops they killed each other, both them niggas dead
Damn she was a, hustla, hustla, she was a, hustla, hustla

Kelly told the cops Dre blew into a jealous rage
When he found her in the room about to fuck her new bae
Grabbed her by the head and slammed her up against the wall
Pulled a gun on Sam threatened him to end it all
Sam pulled his gun out and let off a shot

Dre shot back twice and she went into shock
The police cleared her name and she never got caught
She'll be settin' niggas up again, what the fuck you thought?
Damn shawty is a, hustla, hustla, she was a, hustla, hustla