

Miss the hustle in the rain, When nothing was the same
Tryna get this money I don't give a fuck about the fame
Should be chilling with my chick but I nigga gotta a flip
Ate my breakfast, Lunch and my dinner on the strip
Used to ask mums can I go out to play
I weren't chilling with niggas my age I was selling haze
When they started selling tickets I was trafficking the Yay
Don't be mad at me we got the same hours in a day
Cause I pull up new chain looking crazy
In that 9-11 Bruce Wayne couldn't race me
Could be chilling with stretch out in Hollywood
But I'm tryna build the slums up I'm the modern day Robin Hood
Show me a spot I'll set up a crop in 5 minutes
My nigga Skrapz looking like Popeye on spinach
Asked a video chick how much you charge honey
She said 5 bills that shit better come with sucky sucky
It's Nines

We up, I said we up
Got a publishing deal spend that money on a re-up
15 keys of that pretty Mona Lisa
Now there's nittys on the strip and there tryna get a picture

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Hustle on demand If I buy it I get it gone
I'm in a whip but I'm tailing my nigga he got the grub
I came up off 7 grams, my nigga Nina put that in my hands
4 draws that's the re-up the rest you stack
Fast forward lines blowing Dave Chappelle with half baked
I came home prices up like the doors on i8's
Wrist hurting from this whipping gave that grub a migraine
Line blowing so much I left that shit on vibrate
I can tell you bout them mad nights
And I can tell where my aim was stack this bread up but that re-up didn't match right
30K on me I had feds up on my rear side
How Ironical that I almost got them same numbers but in years time
Fresh home back up stay on my chase
Nina always told me stack for a rainy day now I'm safe
Jewels still in my safe 5 figures no likkle change
These bitches all want a taste I'm getting head in this range
Let's go