

HUSSLA HUSSLA

Nipsey Hussle

Yeah, it's one of them Slauson Boy hits
Y'all already know what this is, y'am'sayin'
Neighborhood Nip Hussle, Hoodsta Rob in this muthafucka
Ay Rob, ay my nigga, I think they want somethin' to bang to
I think they want somethin' to ride to, my nigga
You know, that get right music out there, it's only right, homie
Ay, you gon' go first or I'ma go first?
Alright, holla at these niggas, yeah

I'm a hustla, hustla, baby, what it do
Yeah, I always pop tags, yeah, I'm always brand new
Maybachs that's burnt blue, honey water for shoes
Women holler for dude, they sayin' he's the most improved
What, they mad, because he been in, musta thought I would lose
Thought the ho wouldn't choose my pimp, probably stayed on cruise
Now what I'm lookin' like not ballin' here, plenty broads callin' here
Niggas rentin' space for some months, they pay us all year
Let's get this clear here: I don't fear nobody
Especially if he soundin' body -- better ask somebody
Slauson Boyz, we run the party -- bottles here for everybody
Crenshaw, Crenshaw, yeah yeah, homie

I'm a hustla hustla - baby, what it do?
I always pop tags, I'm always brand new
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I'm a hustla hustla - baby, what it do?
Slauson Boy, Slauson Boy, Slauson Boy, yeah we do

I'm a hustla hustla, baby, what it do?
Keep my neck and wrist shinin' and my diamonds see through
It ain't trickin' if you got it but that's not what we do
Flip the game and get a dollar out a bitch just like you
Wanna sit inside coupes, wanna sip on my VeuV
VIP, you starstruck, tryna get inside too
Other niggas tried to, just to slip and slide through
But that feelin' you provide 'em have them tryin' to wife you
I know you've been lied to but he don't wear my size shoe
I'm a grinder, you's a dime, you need a boss beside you
Seat back, kush smokin' every time I slide through
And I always pop tags and I'm always brand new 'cause I'm a

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I'm a hustla hustla - this tuna wrapped in seaweed
Solution: Newsboy cap, a white Tee and my Nikes
I'm a hustla hustla - it's Patron mixed with orange
Yeah, kush blunts and Red Bull, stuff got me actin' brand new

I'm a hustla hustla – And my bitch is rockin' Dolce
Grams to the gold chains and now my records rotate
I'm a hustla hustla – It's fast money over slow cake
But don't do me no favors, I'm straight, nigga, no thanks

I'm a hustla hustla – baby, what it do?
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Slauson Boy, Slauson Boy, Slauson Boy, yeah we do