

92, def-def-def-definitely you need to get your hustle on  
 92, I can't breathe without my money  
 Active in the hood

Ho boy, oh boy  
 Straight out the gutter where niggas had to fight for it  
 Risk your life for it, take flight for it  
 Boxin' [?] in the game just like Floyd  
 Grams rapid, wrappin' 'em up in plastic  
 Put a tax on it to ship 'em off to addicts  
 Y'all ain't gotta ask about my actions  
 I was active in the hood, a crack activist  
 Nah, I ain't blow though, sold it on the low-low  
 Hustle up enough to put grams on the photo  
 Pose in the momo, Obie is so dolo  
 Motorola explode, I was needin' to chase dough (92)  
 Erase hoes, por favor custo where's the pesos?  
 O in the O's mobile, holding on a dollar bill  
 Just to get a holla from lil' mama and maybe feels  
 Real nigga first, caught a 301  
 I'm pushin' them pills, watch 'em disperse  
 Hoppin' out the waffle house, what problem I'm facing?  
 Pager on my waist could probably feed a nation

(Get your hustle on)  
 Nigga hoes sex sell out  
 I say "Pager on my waist could probably feed a nation"  
 Ch-ch-ch-ch-chase dough  
 (Get your hustle on)

Jump out the whips they're straight outta the sticks, and  
 Throw a bald eagle on 'em, nah, nigga dip it  
 Shoot the netty or the jam sound audio  
 Those 15's, I'm the man in mi barrio  
 Allow me to take you back to ninety-deuce  
 With a 40 ounce brew and a nickel and dime too  
 Disrespect B.I.G, I go see what the Ruger do  
 Years don't follow, you be with the losers brew  
 Beneath the core of whoever you love before  
 'Cause whoever you loving now keep open at heavens door  
 'Cause they coming for shorts, post-mortem, some orphan  
 Forced to grow up to hate Obie Trice origin  
 Pushin' the tourist, wrapped up oranges  
 Mappin' out somewhere cordial to meet a terrorist  
 Taurus on the hip just in case he can't afford this  
 Wanna take a nigga pre-cursors  
 Nigga I work for this, I murk for this  
 I erase your loved one who birthed you, bitch  
 Have mercy on him Lord, superfluous  
 I kept a pistol on my person, just for this, just for this

92, 92, def-def-def-definitely you need to get your hustle on  
 92, dope boy, I sure hope somebody is listening to what I'm saying, 92

Crack poppin', Obie's nowhere moppin'  
 Often, mama had a problem with my logic  
 She ain't never stop shit, rest in peace Eleanor

All she ever wanted for them boys was what's better for 'em  
What you think I'm sellin' for?  
Way before the bail out, we was on the porch watchin' lady get a mail out (9  
2)  
First and fifteenth, nigga, hoes sex sellout  
No disrespect, boy, might have been yo' mama shit  
I'm just a hustler on some dope boy garnishment  
  
92, get your hustle on, dope boy