

Hustle Hard

Rimzee

Same old shit, just a different day
Out here tryna get it in each and every way
Mummy need a house, I need a crib too
Plus times is getting hard so guess what I'ma do
Hustle, hustle, hustle hard
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Fam I couldn't give a fuck what a next man's wearing
Only expensive shit that I'm wearing
Fam his outfit ain't costing half a grand
I spent five bills on my earrings
How the fuck niggas talking bout mulla?
And they really ain't getting these P's
I had more than five bags when I was eighteen
I was nineteen with more than ten G's
I know you see me smiling
And thinking, yeah you're gonna try Rimz
But homeboy, before you start that shit
I'll show a nigga straight I'm on my ting
Fam I lost six and I ain't lying
I lost six and I ain't crying
Nuttin though cah that's minor
Cause I'll make that back without trying
Eight racks on my wrist G
Two bags on my pinky
Three bags on my fizzy
Over a hundred nits seen my Lizzy
I spent two bags on one ting
Two bags on one ring
Walking round in my Louis's
That's that half a bag on my kicks

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