

Hustlers Anthem

Skrapz

Boy, ever since the day I hold the gun
I've lost count of the amount of all the packs a nigga spun
Thinking 'bout prison while I'm loading up my gun
Keep a duffel bag of money for just going on the run, boy
I ain't ashamed that I was broke when I was young
I shed blood, sweat and tears to be the man that I become
This Cali's got me feeling like I need another lung
And I'm already at the top so I don't need a number one
I wear my heart on my sleeve like a tatt
I hear they know my raps in like ten different cities on the map
And I don't put my burn on my waist when I drive
It digs into my thighs so I put it on my lap
I know them niggas pussy for a fact
Me and Nine's in the beamer and we hardly ever talk about rap
But I can't even talk about that
Just to see another day I celebrate and pop a cork about that

I put in blood, sweat and tears, yeah
Yeah, to grind hard
Yeah, I've been hustlin' for years, yeah
I put in mad work, I put in mad work on the streets, yeah
What you know about, know about this life I live?

I'm born and raised as a hustler
Yeah
I'm born and raised as a hustler
Woh-oh
I'm born and raised as a hustler
Yeah
I'm born and raised as a hustler
Woh-oh
Yeah

Fresh out broke again
Some Nextels phoning 'em
Ten years of stress, fuck it, let's sell coke again
Straight drop Hollywood or stretch while blowin'
Bet that's talk, I'll make the TEC explode again
Drug dealer dreams, bring money-man headaches
Rocking straight Louis V, fuck funny man Giuseppe
Years on the wing, man was hating on me
'Cause I said I rightfully hate the man, my hot girl is waiting on me
Melt a little coke, now I got a little paper on me
New skeng-ly, trust what these pussy's saying to me
I'ma gangster, I just had to tell the governor
Got an old gun that I put some new slugs in
Got some little niggas that I put some big gun in 'em
Talking like we're broke till we pull some big funds on him
Wing flashbacks, keep my mind clean
Skeng from the crime scene, crack house heroin and white grease

I put in blood, sweat and tears, yeah
Yeah, to grind hard
Yeah, I've been hustlin' for years, yeah
I put in mad work, I put in mad work on the streets, yeah
What you know about, know about this life I live?

I'm born and raised as a hustler
Yeah
I'm born and raised as a hustler
Woh-oh
I'm born and raised as a hustler
Yeah
I'm born and raised as a hustler
Woh-oh
Yeah