

# No Substitute

Statik Selektah

Uh  
Let's go  
Ayo, Statik, you a fool for this shit  
Uh  
My nigga Paul hit me and said it's a go  
The Butcher coming, nigga  
Ah

Before this rap shit I was used to cash flow  
Diplomatic like I been introduced to Castro  
Every line I spit shit that they knew was factual  
My next contract gon' be like a Houston Astros'  
I'm a hustler, my pursuit for the loot was natural  
Sold dope, weed, and coke, I even grew tobacco  
Having a nigga locked down eating soups and mackerel  
But you wouldn't know a brick if I threw one past you, uh  
I multitask when I'm cookin' the dope (Uh)  
With one arm in a pot and foot on they throats  
Niggas talk about cash, when I look and they broke (Where the money at?)  
You put these rap niggas up against Butch' and they choke (Uh)  
I gave my little niggas clips and they still on they posts  
Every bar like a lesson they put in they notes (Got that?)  
I'm a king, I'm a lion, but good as the goat  
Steppin' on the work, I have my foot on the snow, look  
I was broke, now I flex hard  
I'ma get mine and Rick Hyde will pick up where I left off  
All the critics gon' wonder how I crept off  
Retire, startin' my own line of Pyrex jars, look  
Niggas know my status abroad, never challenge the squad  
Leave bullet holes in your passenger door (Brr)  
Get a house to put a fortune in the mattress and walls  
You niggas not fuckin' with me, Statik and Paul, let's go

The quickest way to go broke is do nothin'  
That's why I'm 25-8, I's scutchin'  
Multiple hustles I'm jugglin', number crunchin'  
Tryna stack up more bread than a luncheon  
I'm on a path tryin' to avoid self-destruction  
I got a lot of guns, but got even more gumption  
What's the function? Big bro got jammed up at customs  
Plus he spent more money than he made, boy, he buggin', say  
I'd rather work too hard than not hard enough  
Laziness I rebuff, on point, off the cuff  
On my hustle, ease my mind off of puff  
Head on a swivel for sick fucks gone off the dust  
Got that from Mike Rap', what's up, bro?  
My grind is near the peak like Puffco  
On the way to Buffalo, keep that on the hush, though  
I'm out here tryna get this Scrooge McDuck dough, but look, yo  
One man's treasure is another someone's scraps  
Like King Tut, let's keep it under wraps  
Airtight bubble wrap, on the way perhaps  
They tryna hold me down like Jon "Bones" Jones on the mat  
Fake friends come and go quicker than a prostitute  
But I don't want a fiction, I just want a lot, salute  
The hate is obsolete because the truth is absolute  
Hard work a attribute, for that there's no substitute

You know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
There's no substitute for hard work  
You got to be there every day  
No missed days, no tardies  
You got to be present if you want that A+ type of paper, you feel me?