

Hustle

Vin Jay

Yeah

Uh

Wha?

Yeah

Please, niggas acting like I don't know how to breathe
It's a breeze, risen from the dirt and plant my money trees
I just cheese, getting plaques like nigga gotta see my teeth
They say freeze, they ain't know my soul was thirty-two degree
Makes no difference, I don't stop, I either flip it on the block
Or make some chicken with the stocks, like money kissing, I'm a thot
Like a lot, took a nap, I'm tired of pissing in the pot
I'm on a mission now, think my [?] rock

Gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till you drop
Never stop, they gon' never see me struggle at the top
You gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till you drop
Never stop, they gon' never see me struggle at the top

You gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till you drop
Gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till it, woo woo
You gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till you drop
Gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till it, woo woo

I wake up and I grind, from sunup to the nighttime
If I sleep I only dream of money in the pipeline
I ain't got no time for anybody that don't hold me down
My homies never owe me if you gotta ask they'll know me now
I remember eating ravioli as a luxury
From [?] to the boys I need to fuck with me
[?] with the cutlery
Humbly, when I die there'll never be another me

Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till you drop
Never stop, they will never see me struggle at the top
I'm talking hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till I drop
Never stop, they gon' never see me struggle at the top

You gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till you drop
Gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till it, woo woo
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till you drop
Gotta hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle till it, woo woo

I remember waiting on my moment, thought it'd never pop
I made it through and now the money counter sound like helicopter
So loud, when the money come quick, can't slow down
Gotta keep it moving and keep the hustle improving, no doubt
Now we rolling in profit, don't gotta hope for deposits
I made a killing with writtens, they need a moment [?]
Feel like I'm smoking the chronic, it's been imploding my wallet
I been consumed with the paper, I think I'm going psychotic

Like I'm a sick killer, my boss a wig splitter
The ditch digger, bury money and sip liquor
With big dinners, shouts out to Chris Rivers
These kids better know when they gon' get rich with us

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