

# Hustla

WC

Yeah, I'm feeling this one right here!  
Uhh.. get some of that;  
Pump the music up and count our money shit, you know what I'm saying?  
Yo, everywhere I go, niggaz always asking me the same thing  
They wanna know throughout the bullshit, how the fuck I maintain  
You know what I tell them?

I told them cause I'm a hustler, they wanna know how I made it this far  
I told them cause I'm a hustler, and everyday I gotta go hard  
Somebody tell them, I'ma gon' get it  
A gorilla gotta get it, mother fuck what you know  
Cause I'm a hustler, and everyday I gotta go hard  
I'm a hustler

Climbing out the black Range, guess who's back man  
H-Double-O-D from the stove to this Rap thing  
Don't know how to act man, now I got change  
Thirty thousand on a crap game, wander to stop your campaigns  
Whipping it from the studio to the kitchen  
The good for making something out of nothing like a magician  
Dub classified G status, working hard  
And I bring the money bag like Pyrexes in Garbage Jars  
Now some get it from the Baking Soda to the Beaker  
But I get it from pushing this Cali' Cavi' through your speakers  
And I remember watching the game from the Bleachers Bro!  
Homie indeed as now it's blue Louie Sneakers (DAMN!)  
I've looked for where the cash lay  
I've schooled by niggaz who cruise the interstate with the Kush in the  
Astray  
Get it the fast way  
Somebody asks why I live today like my last day!

YEAH! YEAH! COME ON!!  
STRAIGHT! UHH, yo, Come On!

Bust up in this nigga  
It's Nino, let's go

Nino, bitch you know how my team come?  
Trying to be here if any nigga got a green thumb (YES!)  
Yeah, I'm talking greener than a Jet Stan  
Down in the bottom with the Marshes in a wetland  
Keep the bank account and wallet on overload  
Is it movie, I got money, No! I don't know them whores  
I'm high off light but ready to overdose  
I live the fast life, but I got a slow approach  
My driveway is like a drive end  
I got relationship to move it on the high ten  
My product is a top notch quality  
And I ain't talking twitter my nigga, now can you follow me?  
I can turn a stack into a hundred Gs  
And I can turn a Grammy into a hundred keys  
I got the streets wide open, they want me to say how I did it  
That's what I told them

They know, go hard!  
Tell them, get it, yeah!  
Yo, Uhha

Now I can fake it, and rap some bullshit, but why I lie?  
These rappers be lying, but not I  
I'm a cannon on the side of the tie  
Stay fly when the smoke, is bouncing the car when I'm eying 95  
High riding-by, itching to let the Glock sighs  
Turning up the Kool-Aid, thunder burnt in a hot fries  
Niggaz counting me out, but that's a lie  
See I can't die, money don't sleep, so why should I?  
See this is for my niggaz still thirsty as hell  
Shipping their meal, turned up, doing burgers in their jail sales  
Zig zags and plug rollers, burners in the sofa  
Chip holders, know how to get the grub and flip it over  
Stuff the money and the dope for profit change by the hustle  
My loved ones slain in the struggle  
I'ma grind til my ashes lay  
Motherfuckers wanna know why I act this way

What's that? WHAT?  
UHH! Come On!  
Tell them  
YO! YO! YO! YO!

That's right, everything in my life  
UHHA, yeah, somebody tell them so  
Holler at the dope boy