

Hustle

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

Yeah

I was just goddamn, uh, I was just sittin' in here
Early in the mornin', it was like ten
And I was talkin' to my wife
And I was just sittin' there sayin' to myself
And I was like

Oh, I can't go like that, I can't lose
And I done made it where I'm at, from pistol swervin' in coupes
And I done been through so much pain, I can't patch up my bruise
I'm gon' drop me a mixtape and a album
I'm gon' get high as fuck in the Phantom
I'm gon' mix it up wit' my brothers
Tell your mama, say that I love her, I'm gettin' rich on these motherfuckers
And I'm gon' ball for who I love, and tell my grandfather I'm hustlin'
Tell 'em people that I make millions
You ain't even gotta tell 'em that I bust 'em

Go tell 'em I came up, had nothin', just had faith in my plan
Go tell 'em I come with no notice, they know that I'm chosen
Don't know it bitch, I'm the man
Grandma died, I lost my hand, and lost my love and all I need
Go tell 'em I cash out on coupes, I remember ridin' round in that Camry
We came, we hop out and ready to shoot
That nigga shot fifty, I popped at his top
And I knocked off his lil brother too
And I fuck with lil' shorty and I trust in lil' shorty
I add me one more to the group
Try to hide from the cameras, they caught me on boot
My suit is Fendi, not wearin' no type Cartier on my eye
And Givenchy my shoe
Takin' a bitch up from out of the ride
Just a matter of time before I buy her one new
I'm not closin' my eyes, no snooze, no lie
I'm not closin' my eye on that bitch, I'm no fool
They gon' up with the fire, whenever I'm turnin' my back
I'll let the bitch slide 'round the whole town, inside a big Maybach
Probably get stabbed in my back, why you do it like that?
Take it a minute, I do it like that
Turn up the bass, how you do it like that?
Cartier, ayy, he do it like that
Tell me now how you do it like that
Bitch move wrong, she'll never come back
Cartier ring, I ain't do it like that
Fly out to Spain, I'll do it like that
One-million cash, I'ma do it like that
Nigga let it bang and his mom like that, I don't fuck with these niggas
Five, big slime, I'ma get 'em all whacked, all I do is say "Slatt"
Ho' tryna slime me slime and I had to get her back
And you know I had to do it like that
Know I got a bag and they only wanna send me back
Nigga, don't touch my pack, I got K2 up inside of a pamper

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