Return Of The Hustle

Fabolous

Got more, get your money in the air like this
Fab Time, BK
From nothin' to somethin', homie, yes
Street fida-dida-dam, yes
Ay, it's a new year and I'm back for the money
Just, I think I left somethin'
Cash rules everything around me
Cream, it's a new year, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, dollar bill, yup, yup, yup
It's the return of the young hustle
A nigga came for the money, not the tongue tussle
Me, I rather do my lip-lashin' when the chips cashed in
Then you might see me on the strip, flashin'
Like Vegas lights and they say I shine Vegas bright
Draw a crowd like a Vegas fight
Some shit, gettin' hit and my leg is light
I mean, it coulda been a Tupac Vegas night
Or maybe a notorious L.A. evening
(Boo, you okay?)
I mean, well, I'm breathing
Hell, I'm even, bosser than I left
The money ain't right, then I toss it to the left
Yes, to the left, to the left
Everything is hustled to the deaf, to the F
A, B, baby, they be lazy
Gucci straight jacket 'cuz I may be crazy
Loony for the loot, psycho for the paper
It's a new year but I recycle for the paper
If green talks, then I'm the Geico with the paper
So have my check right, no typos wit the paper, please
Oh man, cash rules everything around me
Cream, it's a new year, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, dollar bill
I say, cash rules everything around me
Cream, it's a new year, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, yup, money, yup, dollar, yup

They say the rap game remind them of the crack game
That's why they money go quicker than a crack high
My money stack high, how high? Shaq high
Yao high, that's why, yours is Bow Wow high
You lookin' at your new hustle like ya last hustle
Was looked at as Russell in my past hustle
Shorty, work it, she be on her ass, hustle
She make it clap, she know how to work them ass muscles
Fast, rush you, then back to the money
They say I'm frontin', can't turn my back to the money
And truthfully, you cool but I'm attracted to money
So why don't you turn ya back to the money and let it shake
I'm lovin' how you move that smooth, you let it snake
But playas don't chase at it, baby, we let it make
Bet it make sense when you make them dollars
I ain't gotta make 'em move but I make 'em holla
It's my year but y'all could help me celebrate
I'm nine fifteen, that means, I'm hella straight
The Swizz stacks, Just Blaze bucks
I'm back for my money, it's just they luck, fuck
Come on, man, cash rules everything around me
Cream, it's a new year, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, dollar bill
I say, cash rules everything around me
Cream, it's a new year, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, dollar bill, y'all
Yup, get that money, yup, dollar, yup, money, yup, dollar, yup
Put ya money in the air, m-m-money in the air
Put ya money in the air, m-m-money in the air
Let me see it up, yup, let me see it up
Let me see it up, yup, let me see it up
Ladies, money in the air, m-m-money in the air
Money in the air, m-m-money in the air
Money in the air, money in the air
Let me see it up, nigga you don't believe that

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