

# Pops, I'm A Hustla

## Romeo

[Romeo: talking]Yea uh-huh-uh

Hey pops

I had to do it to em man

haha

[Pre-Hook x2:]I'm a hustler never sold drugs

Kill is in my blood I was born to be a thug

[Verse 1: Romeo]Mouth full of gold

Jewels un froze

I'm glow-glow-glowing

But my name aint dro

C-p-3, C-P-T

I got the whole hood yelling

They want me

P. Miller wheels

Iced out grills

The house on the lake cost at least six mill

Dude your too small

Better get some hills

You messing with the president

My soldiers kill

Kinda on my truths

So I never had to fight

But like your grandma said

Even nice thugs fight

Only hang with black sheep I'm the only one white

Why be wrong when I can be so right

I make it rain all day and all night

Kill the blind walk on water evey time.

I'm a hustla just asks pops

Sold mill on theses record I ain't have to get shot

[Pre-Hook x2:]I'm a hustler never sold drugs

Kill is in my blood I was born to be a thug

[Hook x4: Romeo]I'ma hustler, pops I'm a hustler homie, yea

[Pre-Hook x2:][Hook x4: Romeo][Verse 2: Playa]I'm on the grind making money

Fling it to then fens

Breaking down keys

On the triple beam

If you wanna get wit me

Then come with 23

I got that brown that white  
Buy one get one free  
Buying jewelery  
VVS's in my teeth  
My family gotta eat  
Thats why I'm constantly in the streets  
I got that work for dirty  
If you want it come and get it  
Me and Rome getting paid  
And we keep it safe wit

[Verse 3: Tank]I'm a west coast hustler  
West coast birta  
Rep south Central  
Front line soldier  
Who can make the club bounce  
Run them little girls out  
Gutta chain shining  
Whips just reclining  
I'm always about dough  
Hard on the oh  
Dudes break dough I'm a young 64  
Up and down the streets grinding  
The po's cant find em  
Where your boy at?  
I'm in the mow hard timing

[Pre-Hook x2:][Hook x4: Romeo][Pre-Hook x2:][Hook x4: Romeo][Verse 4: C-Los]I'm gutta gutta

Thugging, hustling fo' real  
Like its ill  
It's still here first  
Benifill  
I'm a hustler I don't settle for a couple of mill  
I want the whole enchilada  
Like a couple of bill  
I'm a hustler like my daddy, like my brother, like my momma  
Number one and 9 to 5's  
And nigga real selling papa  
Stay tacked for them jacks  
And a tuck on the glock  
Thats cause I stay on my grind like  
I'm pumping a lot  
[Verse 5:]When it come to shapes and cubes  
I get it by two  
Break it up like fist fights  
And push it all the way through

Let my chick set sail like my bro's on a cruise

Gutta music got stacks

We'd ball on the screw

Order be cool

You don't wanna star on the news

Grow weed in Louisiana animals

Like Autum Bensue

I'm a fool

Get money, get Cash

Let them haters hate

Now I'm on the blocking pumping bass

Like the 808

[Pre-Hook x2:][Hook x4: Romeo]

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