

Hustle and Cuss

The Dead Weather

Knock on the door and the door knocks back
The joke never go no further than that
Fire goes back inside the match
Back down the stack And we hustle and cuss, lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss, lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust Hustle and cuss
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust Must you muscle and fuss?
You muscle and fuss and lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust When we were young, a different kind of fun
Playing in the mud, it meant something else
Now we hustle and cuss
Yeah, hustle and cuss Hustle and cuss
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust Must you muscle and fuss?
You muscle and fuss and lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust You're easy to fool and easy to catch
And I don't know if I want you to
Match my bets And we hustle and cuss, lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss, lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss, oh, you lick on the dust And we hustle and cuss
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust
Hustle and cuss
Hustle and cuss and lick on the dust Must you muscle and fuss?
Hustle and cuss, oh, you, muscle and fuss
Muscle and fuss and lick on the dust

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