

Hustle

Kottonmouth Kings

Put your money where your mouth is D-Loc ain't playing
I know cats like you that are broke just claiming
Ain't saying nothing just flapping your lips
Just running your mouth because you can talk some shit
Ain't got nothing to show for busting cool ass raps
But that's cool with me dog where your money at
I'm talking about the hustle even if your fresh see you're wack
I get paid homey rubber band man stacks Give me a five and I'll make it a twenty
Give me a fifty and I'll turn into a couple a hunnies
Give me ten g's and I'll show you what I can do
Johnny Richter's on the hustle and we grabbing loot
I used to slang and serve sacks on a day to day basis
Now I serve and slang raps fill my beats with bass
It's a game it's a hustle we all paper chasing
On the road for two months coming home with bacon You can't stop our hustle
You can't stop this
You can't stop our hustle
Don't even try kid
You can't stop our hustle
We world wide now
You can't stop our hustle
Koast II Koast blaow
You can't stop our hustle
The game's all the same
You can't stop our hustle
Just trying to make some change
You can't stop our hustle
It's time to build the stacks
You can't stop our hustle
So where the hustlers at Everybody knows I got cops on the payroll
So just lay low until I say so
When that whistle blow we'll all be splitting dough
Nobody act dumb until the orders come
There will be enough cheese to spread for everyone
Making legal money and the feds hate it
Real underdogs most underrated
We got the underground locked branded and spaded Watch me get my boogie on and flex this muscle
Ten years later D-Loc still on the hustle
I'm a get my grind on dig them out with a shovel

Keep stacking my chips then watch my ends bubble
Let the double double stack them up to the ceiling
When this shit's all done with I'll be worth a million
Watch me shine just let me smoke this bud
Let me drink this cocktail I feel like getting' fucked up[CHORUS]I'm gonna hustle until the wheels fall off
Keep on going out for mine never punching a clock
'Cause the hustle don't stop the game waits for nobody
Just trying to make some cash like my last name was Gotti
Stay on the grind like Independent trucks
Fifty fifty five-o let me know what's up
And you can still catch me on the streets of P-Town
I can still add sacks all the way to a poundDon't matter none what you say or what you do
Throw salt in the game but it's coming right back at you
Snitches and bitches dirty rats and double crossers
Fuck off we the underground bosses
Fuck off like Shaggy 2 Dope said
These are family ties we all breaking bread
Legendary
You eat crumbs from the table
Wipe your mouth you're dropped from the label[CHORUS]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>