

Hustle Hard (Remix)

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[Chorus - Ace Hood]Same old shit, just a different day

Out here trying to get it, each and every way

 Momma need a house

 Baby need some shoes

 Times are getting hard

 Guess what I'ma do

 Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard

 Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard

 Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard

 Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevard

[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]Okay, I'm booked out until August

 Show money deposits

 See the shit then I cop it

 Got but a house note in my pocket

 I'm on South Beach with that top off

 Bad bitch and her ass soft

 Something out of that catalogue

 She introduced to that lock jaw

 And I think her name was Lisa

 Or maybe it was Sheila

 My Chevy sitting too high

 I call that Wiz Khalifa

 And I'm all about them Ben Franklins

 Ain't talking Aretha

 Bitch my league too major

 I'm hip-hop Derek Jeter

 And I'm still feeling my pockets

 Big bass and it's knocking

 Yeah this be that remix

 But still ride around with that rocket

 Nigga welcome back to my household

 We the Best be that logo

 Hundred grand for that neck glow

 All about the deniero

 Nigga flow so retarded

 We be getting gnarley

Whoa Kimosabe, it be me, Ross, Weezy, party because it's the

[Chorus][Verse 2 - Rick Ross]24's on my Beamer

 You never know when I slide up

Nineteen in my nina, red dot when I ride up
Hundred deep in that K.O.D.
King of diamonds that's me nigga

No you bitches can't get my beat
Choppers only thing free nigga
Step to me and I teach you
Somebody text his picture
Straight drop in my beaker
Ace knocking my speakers
Last night I counted one mill'
This morning one fifty

Pussy niggas can't count me out, don't make me hurt your feelings
V12, Jet Blue, forget it

Rolex embedded with princess and baguettes
Same old brick, but it's different yay
Yeah that's candy paint, On my seven tre

[Chorus - Lil Wayne][Verse 3 - Lil Wayne]Okay now, Black Card in my pocket
Riding around in that 'Gatti

Pistol off my boxers
I ain't got time to be boxing
Got a red bone she look tropic
If she fuck me right, then she shopping

Young Money we popping
I eat these rappers, Anthony Hopkins

See that V-neck, that's Polo
Grilled up like Ocho
Chuck Taylors with no socks
You niggas chicken, pollo

Nigga live on Sundays, king of diamonds Monday

Swagger just dumb, call it Kelly Bundy

Got a big house with a backyard, fish tank with sharks in it

Real nigga I'm authentic
I'll fuck the bitch till she short winded
Got a bad bitch who be bartending

Couple homies that gang bang

I get on anybody track, and hit that bitch with that Wayne train

Free my nigga T.I.

Soowoo to the beehive

Got a G6 and a G5

You pussy niggas you feline

Don't stop the party, we be getting gnarley

Oh Kimosabe, I'm with Mack, few girls, and Marley

Beause it's the same old shit, just a different day

Out here trying to get it, each and every way

Momma need a house, baby need some shoes
They want that Carter IV, bitch it's coming soon
[Chorus]

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