## Hustle

## **Gucci Mane**

Since you can't get right

I'mma show you how to hustle, show you how to hustle

Show you how to hustle, make a grind all night

I'mma show you how to hustle, show you how to hustleShow you how to hustle, put ya game down tight

I'mma show you how to hustle, show you how to hustle

Show you hwo to hustle, it's an all night flight

I'mma show you how to hustle, show you hustle

Show you how to hustle

(Yeah)(Ugh)

I let my hater be my motivator

I got 20 pounds of purp in my frigerator

(Ugh)

So damn an investigator

When I re-up they bring it in a tractor trailer(Ugh)

I'm the king of Decatur man

Got that fruity dro any kinda flavor man

(Ugh)

Good cush or that purple thrax

White rhino you ain't never heard of dat(Ugh)

I got them sevens for the buck fifty

125 if an nigga fuck wit me

(Ugh)

You doin' bad buyin' 50 slabs

I'm in Texico buyin' out sandwich bags(Ugh)

Niggas churpin' on my Nextel

Gucci, what? It look like nigga fish scales

(Ugh)

I use to hold down the Hotel

Now I'm a member of the sign yourself cartelSince you can't get right

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Show you how to hustle

(Yeah)(Ugh)

I use to be the nigga wit the dimes

Now I'm on the grind wit the 4's and the 9's

(Ugh)

They say it's Gucci time to shine

A young black entrepreneur in his prime(Ugh)

A nigga gotta get the whole thang

21-5 every time my phone rang

(Ugh)

I got so much clientele

Black tee, black gat and a pocket scale(Ugh)

So I can't go broke, man

Niggas know me as the dope man's dope man

(Ugh)

I made this one for my folks man

For the J's that be smokin' outta coke cans(Ugh)

And they askin' for a wake up

You wanna a brick I gotcha covered like make-up

(Ugh)

So wantcha holla atcha boy

You drop a couple dollars, I'll getcha coke, I'll getcha boiSince you can't get right

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(Yeah)(Ugh)

I got dem pounds and the QP's

I move units, I ain't talkin' 'bout cd's

(Ugh)

I'm talkin bout HB's

A huundred pounds nigga holla at HB(Ugh)

Nigga, I can get an escalade

Off a hundred slab and a razor blade

(Ugh)

When I cut it wit the rich band

2 flips, nigga, I'mma be a rich man(Ugh)

And these robbers trynna plot up

Get his car shot up, tyrna take a nigga product

(Ugh)

These niggas ain't harmin' me

Plus I sell more drugs than a pharmacy(Ugh)

I'mma mix it wit the Isatol

Ten thousand pills and these bitches ain't no Tylenol

(Ugh)

Big nuts like bowling balls

30 though and dollar charm and a hole in da wallSince you can't get right
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Show you how to hustle
(Yeah)

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