

Hustle Hard (feat. Rick Ross & Lil Wayne)

Ace Hood

(Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle) Same old shit, just a different day
Out here tryna 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 Big bank in my pocket
Double up with my profit
See this shit than I cop it
Gimme that there and than drop it
Homie, hold up with my mojo
Peep the whip and the logo
Twenty four's and they low pro
I bet she fucking, I know so
Nigga ain't no doubt about it
Riding round with that rocket
Load it up and I cock it
Send bout a couple off in your noggen
And hear them eight o' eights and they knocking
Whole club and they rocking
Rose in them buckets
All my homies up in here vibing
Nigga big shit in my household
Real niggas I die for
Creeping off in that Tahoe
All about their Delagione
Nigga don't stop the party
We be getting naughty
Old kimosabe homie's chiefting cause I'm Marley Same old shit, just a different day
Out here tryna 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 Okay now, all I know is hustle
Get it off the muscle
Black is my attire

Keep them sticks off in that cupboard nigga
I be going hard, bitch I'm going hard
I just hit the mall
You just swipe the card
I'm with a couple Latin broads
I just do menage
Fuck you other guys
Pussy telling lies
Homie, free my nigga AD
Fuck yopu niggas pay me
Swagging in my saline
Two door coupe Mercedes
I am too much for you buster's
Bitches I don't trust em
Fuck em once, I fuck em
Lust em never love em
They won't play me for no sucker, play me for no paper
Make my bitches stomp her
Alpha zeta mega, better no-one really on it
Drive it, bet I own it
Money is involved, better know I'm on it
That's wording to my mother
Gotta get it one way or another
I put that on my brother
I'm out here on the come up
But it's Same old shit, just a different day
Out here tryna 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

Songwriters

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