

# Hustler

## 50 Cent

Don't make this complicated  
My old school candy painted  
I hustle hard

When I come through they like "oh my God that nigga clean"From the beginning It Was Written I suppose

I break a whole on the 36 oz  
And move it, I'm a hustler, baby  
I'm a hustler, baby

My mind on the money, I ain't tripping on the hoes

I blow a whole lot of paper on clothes  
But dig it, I'm a hustler, baby

I'm a hustler, babyI come through, I had the hoes like "who he?"

Seats in the old school Louis  
Shoes and the belt buckle Louis

We don't need more details now do we?  
Let 'em sag, my swag is True Religion

You gonna need Cartier frames to see my vision

It smells like cream mixed with weed, this is classy and hood  
Drama llama time, nigga, what's good?

Domino's, motherfucker, it's time to collect  
Stack paper like I'm trying to fix the national debt  
I'm just doing what I wanna do, I trip these set

This is 50 on that Muammar Gaddafi shitFrom the beginning It Was Written I suppose

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And move it, I'm a hustler, baby  
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My mind on the money, I ain't tripping on the hoes  
I blow a whole lot of paper on clothes  
But dig it, I'm a hustler, baby

I'm a hustler, babyGet on my level, bitch, I'm careful who I kick it with

We talk market and distribution and politics  
Got a chip on my shoulder, chip off the old block  
I sell the chip of a whole rock, 10 dollars a pop  
I'm a magnet, the bitch can't help but watch me  
Socks, drawers, undershirt, Versace, Versace, Versace  
Designer threads in every form of fashion  
I express myself so the question I'm askin'  
Is this flip or the next flip tailor 50 shit?

We ain't promised tomorrow, nigga, go on and get the shit

That skull and bones, that Alexander McQueen thing

In case you ain't notice this a Queens thing  
From the beginning It Was Written I suppose  
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And move it, I'm a hustler, baby  
I'm a hustler, baby  
My mind on the money, I ain't tripping on the hoes  
I blow a whole lot of paper on clothes  
But dig it, I'm a hustler, baby  
I'm a hustler, baby  
Oh, it's cold out here  
It's my kind of weather, I'm cold blooded  
It's 50  
When I come through you see me  
In the Suburbans that's bulletproof, bomb proof, level 6, what else?  
When I go hard I go hard  
When I don't want you to see me I switch it up  
I'm in that black on black Porsche Panamera  
In the back like "ooh wee"  
We rolling  
I hustle, man, it's what I do, man  
What, niggas gon' try and tell me how to do this?

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