

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, baby I 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 shit 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 Get 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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