

Hustla

Nappy Roots

Got a cheese sandwich on the hunnid spoke
Pork rinds and a soda pop
I told a cop I'd beat it, lost
At 3 a.m., they told up "stop" We got it real real, to the top
A G like 30 feet away from the county line
The weed flyin, the golden smilin
Wip it nice an then they sign Man, fuck
How denyin` my damn luck,
This ain`t no find if we get stuck I'm doin time
Don`t get messy with the Prezzy A quarter pound ain`t worth the rizzy
Drunk as hell, then hurl the fifth
Back an forth we swerve and dip
Pumpkin pie Bust a cop
I'll be damned, they took my crop
Shook `em wit that lead foot an hit about a hunid fi (105)
Miles per hour In the country wit the pudin, good an chunky
40 acre, mule an donkey, hell with that, just get the money
Got to be that early bird
To grind an get what I deserve Quick to burn an an can`t mesquite it
Lord I need it fore the third
Serve anybody? Hell naw, got to be for sure
Standin on the standard curb
Days begin to bend an blurred Homegrown bacon
Yeah, I'm havin the wage
Tendency of a 50 hit, when its about gettin payed
Came along with a ragin thief hidin under the shade
An momma won`t quit buggin me about my heathenish ways Now I've wasted more tears than my mouth cold
beer
Gotta be a Man on these rolls, overcomin my fears
Body too quick to gaze, with they head on bob
Get dee, life is foul but the dirt is hard, yeah! (hustla) [Chorus]
If you play the cards you delt, then you stuggle, got to put in work (hustla)
And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)
If you play the cards you delt, then you stuggle, got to put in work (hustla)
And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla) Ain't no tenth, 35%
Dent in my hub caps, sticks in my dove sacks, fifth till I cuts that Look, my baby husband got to eat some mo
Dough is what I'm reachin fo
Money low, need some mo
Hustlin these streets alone Now everyday I work, 75

A&R tellin me lies
 Fore I die, want to drive big bodies wit bubbla die
 Now peep the otha side, ova them hills Rich dude that own them mills
 Tha candy sto is open for sale
 These junkies gone smoke it to death
 Money, hos, clothes, auto-mobiles, gold grills No scrill, no deal, fifth weel, big grill
 Wood grain sturnweel, weigh it up, be still
 Lay it on the fish scales
 I'm assed out in the back seat of the Pont-I-ac Got a cup full of Con-I-ac
 Quarter out of hunny sacks
 Tell me get my money back
 Still broke, feel like I ain't got shit to live fo So much to kill fo
 C'mon, this niggas transition, ain't no use in sittin round wishin
 But my hands ichin, poppa need a new transmition
 Get my grind on, hustle that bustle to make my grip in any time zone Bundle that bubble, lets make it split
 We buy: peices, ounces, keys, weed, Xs, Zs
 Nigga, please, anything you ask fo, we got what you need
 To these college degrees we applyin to streets, cause I'm a (hustla) [Chorus]
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 If you play the cards you delt, then you stuggle, got to put in work (hustla)
 And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla) [spoken]
 Hustla. Carry many meanings..
 Whether you a crook in them books
 Whether you usin your mind or usin a 9
 Bootleg alcohol, or runnin the ball
 You must get it in. You was born a hustla
 An you a die a hustla. Prophit, hit `em wit it
 [/spoken] I pause and refine a mighty floss, et cetera
 For life in a ballance, of it
 Lyin an shinin a beddy ro
 I gotta be worse than a hust fa mine (I mean)
 If I don't crush it then Imma bust the 9
 I tell ya dog, get on the blocks in over-alls, its over y'all
 Wit all dem boys stay hot, said if we blow out finna go a billion time
 Ya know me dog, neva be a oldie dog
 My state of mind`s on the grind like a eighths of raw
 Don't go trickin `em all, Imma have you bust for all my yiggas
 Live for the days so we can hustle `em all, aww!
 What? What? What? Aw! Aww!

Songwriters

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