

# Hustle (feat. Paul Wall)

## Yelawolf

[Verse 1: Paul Wall]

Rolling with the top down, on peanut butter guts  
Trolling, I'm about to climb  
Load the gun, turn the base up, turn it up  
Holding that Glock nine in case a hater run up  
Callin, I'm the shit now, so your bitch on my nuts  
I got my car smoking, but it ain't the motor  
It's just me and that dodo  
These [?] strolling, I stop and poke 'em  
But I'm trying to get that dojo  
Ridin' dirty, ain't no hobo  
It's just me strapped up like a GoPro  
And I one deep; Han Solo  
Hoes trying to capture me like a photo, hustle  
All I need is two cups of drank  
With the system crank and a fifth of [?]  
See me pulling pranks in my candy paint  
Pull broads around me in crowds  
Both tires when I hit the breaks  
My hustle skills you can't debate  
Money don't wait, I'll be stacking up bank  
Till I'm dead and up in them clouds  
Getting to the cake, man, fuck your faith  
Riding outta state with a Texas plate  
Speakers in the back be like an eighth  
415 rock up [?] skate  
Crawl like a snake, boys gonna hate  
But it's money to make, don't fall for the bait  
Save the bullshit, I ain't gotta cape  
All I got till I'm in the grave  
Is a whole lot of hustle, hustle

[Hook: Yelawolf ]

Pack it up and send it all away 9 to 5  
I could do it all day, boy you know I gotta (hustle)  
Broom and a mop, I clean 'em up from outer space  
Gotta beam 'em up got an universal (hustle)  
Had a premonition of me in the front seat of 2013  
Boy, we gotta (hustle)  
We gotta, we gotta (hustle)

You wanna go follow your dream then (hustle)  
[Verse 2: Yelawolf]  
Yeah, couldn't tell me not to believe  
In the people that I was put in front of  
And told that I had an opportunity to become a part of a situation  
That put me in a position to maybe  
Some day break out of a small town  
I guess I fell for the okey doke  
I suppose I couldn't turn around in the hokey poke game  
To see lames and other folks  
Who thought joke was being played on me  
Oh, where the story goes again  
Here we go again, I'll again frown while the motherfuckers grin  
I can hear the sound of the gate closing in  
And I can feel the breeze of the hate blowing in  
Cause they all wanna go sightseeing  
Up in the Chevy and ride further in the wild  
And they kinda wanna drive, even make a turn off a road  
You ain't familiar with, enough to pay for the gas for a little bit then  
Before you know it, you got a best friend  
But when he started off he was just hitchhiking  
Should have heard when he said wolf for real  
If you're chill, you'll find another one just like him  
But it's hard as a motherfucker to say no  
When you're a rookie talking to a veteran playing pro  
And everything that he's saying  
He's saying to pay him close attention  
So you put your hand low  
Palms, out, opened, hoping  
And you can even see that engine smoking  
Plus all the money that he gave you owe him  
Rearview mirrors all of them broken  
Black boys, white boys, just a token  
For the slot machine, and the gambling notion  
Scamming and scoping, the animal inside  
The cannibal chose him, me  
I fell for another man's hustle[Hook: Yelawolf]

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