Hustlin'

Rick Ross

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Everyday I'm hustlin' hustlin'
Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'
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Hustle, hustlin' hustlin'Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm, everyday I'm, everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm, everyday I'm, everyday I'm hustlin'Who the fuck you think you fuckin' with, I'm the fuckin' boss
Seven forty-five, white on white that's fuckin' Ross
I cut 'em wide, I cut 'em long, I cut 'em fat (What)
I keep 'em comin' back (What), we keep 'em comin' back
I'm in the distribution, I'm like Atlantic
I got them motherfuckers flyin' 'cross the Atlantic
I know Pablo, Noreaga, the real Noreaga
He owe me a hundred favors
I ain't petty nigga, we buy the whole thang
See most of my niggas really still deal cocaine
My roof back, my money right
I'm on the pedal, show you what I'm runnin' like
When they snatched black I cried for a hundred nights
He got a hundred bodies, servin' a hundred lifes[Chorus]
Everyday I'm hustlin'

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Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm hustlin'
Everyday I'm, everyday I'mWe never steal cars, but we deal hard
Whip it real hard whip it whip it real hard
I caught a charge, I caught a charge
Whip it real hard, whip it whip it real hard
Ain't bout no funny shit still bitches and business
I'm on my money shit still whippin' them Benz's
Major league who catchin' because I'm pitchin'
Jose Canseco just snitchin' because he's fiend ish
I feed 'em steriods to strengthen up all my chickens
They flyin' over Pacific to be specific
Triple C's you know it's fat we holdin' sacks
So nigga go on rat, run and tell 'em that
Mo' cars, mo' hoes, mo' clothes, mo blows[Chorus]It's time to spend my thrills custom spinnin' wheels
I ain't drove in a week them bitches spinnin' still
Talk about me 'cause these suckers scared to talk about me
Killers chalkin' bout me, it ain't no talk about me
It ain't no walkin' 'round me, see all these killers 'round me
Lot of drug dealin' 'round me goin' down in Dade County
Don't tote no twenty-twos, Magnum cost me twenty-two
Sat it on them twenty-twos, birds go for twenty-two
Lil' mama super thick, she say she twenty-two
She seen them twenty-twos, we in room two twenty-two
I touch work like I'm convertible Burt
I got distribution so I'm convertin' the work
In the M-I-A-YO them niggaz rich off yayo
Steady slangin' yayo, my Chevy bangin' heyo[Chorus]

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