

# Hustlin' daze (feat. craig david)

## Guru

{\*Premier scratching: "If you ain't real about it, don't talk"\*}

[Guru]

It's ninety degrees on the corner, in the summer heat  
Dreamin of beach houses, mad ladies and Hummer jeeps  
Got another beep now it's time to watch a brother creep  
and pull another scam, not yet the man but the brother's deep  
Ain't tryin to stay in this life for too long  
You tellin me that I'm bound to lose, but you wrong  
I'm too strong, plus me and my team's got a true bond  
I'll stay in these streets, you stay in the house where you belong  
Yo who's wrong, you never had to live in my shoes  
And my view's, that every second is vital  
The way I see nigga's the way I G it  
A raw ghetto entrepreneur, yeah I be it  
Not as glamorous, as the gangster flicks  
I'll show you some gangster chicks that hold me down we get rich  
And get this, bet this, I'm after payola  
The loot, the paper, til my hustlin days are over[Chorus: Donell Jones]  
I'm a hustler, a hustler hmm  
Gotta get the dough to win  
And I'm a baller yeah, baller  
Shot call-errr  
I pack plenty of steel, plenty of steel  
For niggaz that want to be actin ill  
All the player haters stay, off my nuts  
while I'm/we handlin business[Guru]  
Illegal business, I need to invest in somethin legit  
This money's comin too quick, I copped a house and two whips  
Who switched it, not me, I'm keepin it real  
Keepin the steel while the envious watch hungry, I'm eatin my meal  
Late nights, there ain't no time for stage frights  
This ain't fiction, it's my mission to get paid alright?  
No need to speak about greed, long as I'm feedin my seed  
then I'm completin the deed, so I'm keepin this cheese  
High-priced lawyers, I'm too nice for ya  
Never touchin the work no more, too precise for ya  
Controllin the town, holdin it down  
I'm the Master Allah Now, I'm showin you style  
I go in your file, and make you hard to locate

Delete all your data don't disregard your fate  
I'll off you then I'm off with a honey like suave bola  
Shit I'm livin this life, til my hustlin days are over[Chorus]  
[Guru]

Bouncin in and out of town, hope I don't step out of bounds  
Chicks love to crowd around cause of my rep, how that sound?  
Enemies are growin in numbers, hopin to catch me slumber  
I wonder; how many are hopin to take me under?  
NARC's and Feds, throwin darts at my head  
Some new cats tryin to make me part with my bread  
Now I'm in a zone worse than Nino in Sugar Hill  
Now I'm all alone, the piper wants me to foot the bill  
Now I'm facin the judge, my name on a folder  
In jail for life, my hustlin days are over

Songwriters

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