

# Hustle Hard

## Ace Hood, Lil Wayne & Rick Ross

Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle  
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle  
Hustle, hustle, hustleSame old shit, just a different day  
Out here tryna get it, each and every way  
Mama need a house, baby need some shoes  
Times are getting hard, guess what I'ma doHustle, hustle, hard  
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard  
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard  
Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevardBig bank in my pocket  
Double up with my profit  
See this shit then I cop it  
Gimme that there and then drop it  
Homie, hold up with my mojo  
Peep the whip and the logo  
24's and they low pro  
I bet she fucking, I know soNigga ain't no doubt about it  
Riding 'round with that rocket  
Load it up and I cock it  
Send 'bout a couple off in your nogAnd hear them 808's and they knocking  
Whole club and they rocking  
Rose in them buckets  
All my homies up in here vibingNigga big shit in my household  
Real niggas I die for  
Creeping off in that Tahoe  
All about their Delogione  
Nigga don't stop the party  
We be getting naughty  
Old kimosabe homie's  
Chiefing like I'm Marley'Cause it's the same old shit, just a different day  
Out here tryna get it, each and every way  
Mama need a house, baby need some shoes  
Times are getting hard, guess what I'ma doHustle, hustle, hustle, hard  
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard  
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard  
Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevardOkay now, all I know is hustle  
Get it off the muscle, black is my attire  
Keep them sticks off in that cupboard, nigga  
I be going hard, bitch, I'm going hard  
I just hit the mall, you just swipe the cardI'm with a couple Latin broads

I just do menage  
Fuck you other guys  
Pussy telling liesHomie, free my nigga AG  
Fuck you, niggas pay me  
Swagging in my saline  
Two door coupe MercedesI am too much for you buster's  
Bitches, I don't trust 'em  
Fuck 'em once, I fuck 'em  
Lust 'em, never love 'emThey won't play me for no sucker  
Play me for no paper  
Make my bitches stomp her  
Alpha zeta omegaBetter no one really on it  
Drive it, bet I own it  
Money is involved  
Bet I know I'm on itThat's wording to my mother  
Gotta get it one way or another  
I put that on my brother  
I'm out here on the cornerBut it's same old shit, just a different day  
Out here tryna get it, each and every way  
Mama need a house, baby need some shoes  
Times are getting hard, guess what I'ma doHustle, hustle, hustle, hard  
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard  
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard  
Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevard  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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