

Can't Knock the Hustle (feat. Mary J. Blige)

Jay-Z

Bounce, bounce, bounce, Jay-Z huh?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella y'all, ha ha
Bounce, bounce, bounce, Roc-A-Fella y'all
Check, checkYo, I'm making short term goals, when the weather folds
Just put away the leathers and put ice on the gold
Chilly with enough bail money to free a Big Willie
High stakes, I got more at stake than Philly
Shopping sprees, coping three
Deuce fever IS's fully loaded, ah yes
Bouncing in the Lex Luger, tires smoke like Buddha
50 G's to the crap shooter, niggas can't fade me
Chrome socks beaming
Through my peripheral I see ya scheming
Stop dreaming, I leave your body steaming
Niggas is fiending, what's the meaning?
I'm leaning on any nigga intervening
With the sound of my money machine-in
My cup runneth, over with hundreds
I'm one of the best niggas that done it, six digits and runnin'
Y'all niggas don't want it, I got the Godfather flow
The Don Juan DeMarco, swear to God, don't get it fucked upI'm taking out this time
To give you a piece of my mind (cause you can't knock the hustle)
Who do you think you are?
Baby one day you'll be a starLast seen out of state where I drop my slang
I'm deep in the South kicking up top game
Bouncing on the highway switching fo' lanes
Screaming through the sunroof, money ain't a thing
Your worst fear confirmed
Me and my fam' roll tight like The Firm
Getting down for life, that's right, you better learn
Why play with fire, burn
We get together like a choir, to acquire what we desire
We do dirt like worms, produce G's like sperm
Till legs spread like germs
I got extensive hoes, with expensive clothes
And I sip fine wines and spit vintage flows
What y'all don't know?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, cause you can't knock the hustleBut until the late thang I'm the one who's crazy
Cause that's the way you're makin me feel

(Cause you can't knock the hustle)
I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time
To knock the hustle for realYo, y'all niggas lunching, punching the clock
My function is to make much and lay back munching
Sipping Remy on the rocks, my crew, something to watch
Nothing to stop, un-stoppable
Scheme on the ice, I gotta hot your crew
I gotta, let you niggas know the time like Movado
My motto, stack rocks like Colorado
Auto off the champagne, Cristal's by the bottle
It's a damn shame what you're not though (who?) Me
Slick like a gato, fucking Jay-Z
My pops knew exactly what he did when he made me
Tried to get a nut and he got a nut and what
Straight bananas, can a nigga, see me?
Got the US Open, advantage Jigga
Serve like Sampras, play fake a rappers like a campus
Le Tigre, son you're too eager
You ain't having it? Good, me either
Let's, get together and make this whole world believe us huh?
At my arraignment, screaming
All us blacks got is sports and entertainment, until we even
Thieving, as long as I'm breathing
Can't knock the way a nigga eating, fuck you even! I'm taking out this time
To give you a piece of my mind
Who do you think you are?
Baby one day you'll be a star
But until the late thing I'm the one who's crazy
Cause that's the way you're making me feel
I'm just trying to get mine, I don't have the time
To knock the hustle for real

Songwriters

SHAWN CARTER, SHAWN C CARTER, MARCUS MILLER, MELI'SA MORGAN, LESETTE DENISE

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