

The Art of Hustle

Yo Gotti

Law #1: never underestimate the enemy

See this a very important law

Law 2: if a man show a flaw, that mean that flaw really exist

Never take it for granted never

Rule #3: make sure you never break it, never sleep where the sack at I'm the hustler's constitution

Feds giving back time for retribution, you snitching that shit excuses

Pain that's execution and thats my only solution I got from stopping these rat niggas from moving

My life a movie not a short film

Big budget Denzel Washington, Will Smith yeah

Scarface, Al Pacino, Godfather, Marlon Brando

A word to the wise watch your guys niggas snakes in disguise

Meeting bitches off the Gram know they living and lying

Cold heart never cried if I did it was blood

Little nigga big pride murder that's what it was and that's law See if a nigga

See when you got that muthafuckin chip on your shoulder

And that big ass pistol and a nigga come playing

You gotta show a nigga you mean business you know what I'm saying I'm fighting pain, fame, I never want to
change

I'm the same still running with the gang

Still down to kill a nigga 'bout some petty like a chain

You a million dollar nigga got to get that in your brain

Now get that in your brain, it's all about the aim

We savages we all live the same

And it's the art of war nigga like the art of hustle nigga

They looking for the goonies but I'm the muscle nigga

I'm a shooter like Durant

I got heart like Russell nigga

I lost a million to the plug I never trust another nigga

What if I sell a million records will that change the code

Will my niggas try to betray me 'cause I know they vultures

Will LA Reid see my vision, will he see me wrong

Create me a better way to put my people on

Will my baby mama finally quit texting my phone

Kiss my daughter and my son tell 'em I'm coming home

Tell my niggas put the pistols down I'm in the zone

I been dropping nothing but gangsta shit on every song

And this the shit that they been waiting for forever long

They gave my patna 30 years for talking on the phone

I had to watch his mama cry and tell her let's be strong

Imma hold him down he won't do all that time alone
What if I wasn't a rapper the streets would get annoyed
'Cause don't nobody tell it how I tell it and you know it
What if they say I changed 'cause I went outside the box
What's good I kept my plug number so I can get some blocks
18 wheeler full of cocaine I'm talking lots of dope
Not believing Mexican plugs fuck a horoscope
If you a star where your telescope
These niggas high they on hella dope
Your favorite rapper hella broke
Cars leases they got hella notes
Houses rented got eviction notes and everybody already know
You fabricated and I'm factionated
You sold a million records I got millions of dollars
Who really made it huh

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