

Respect This Hustle

T.i.

R E S P E C T M Y H U S T L E

You'll respect this hustle, respect this hustle
Won't accept nothin' else so respect this hustle
I ain't in it for the fame, I ain't in it for the glory
I'm down to die for it, absolutely mandatory
Respect this hustle, respect this hustle
Won't accept nothin' else so respect this hustle
This nigga bitch meant I'm gettin' paid six ways
My shits laid, shits sprayed, lemonade with blades
Keep your mouth closed, you don't want to get sprayed
Shoot you down your body, let you sun bathe six days
Kamikaze, Renegade, now we never get afraid
Kept the trap hot enough to fry egg in the shade
I ball till the day, I'm lying dead in the grave
I left the Fed behind the wall 'cause I ain't get away
Chopper 'round the corner in a bush with a brick of yay
A bust can happen any day, we out here trapping anyway
Gettin' money's an addiction, damn, what a nigga say?
I got a real bad condition if I ain't gettin' paid
Hand over fist, what I'm missing, got to get busy
I know you see this car I'm driving
See the house that I live in and figure this is enough
But, nigga, I want way more, really this is play doe
You set your sights way low
I had enough of the game, I don't know whether to stay or go
Indifferent group of lames and suckers here, which way I go?
Well, nigga, now you're a king, why you always got to say it for?
'Cause they said I couldn't say it before
And I remember all it did was fuck my temper up more, Doug and J know
I say I wear the crown not a halo, sorry
Niggas think they seeing me but they're so sorry
They're fast but they ain't no Ferrari, no
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You think you been pulling gats, fussing, cussing enough
Right here bragging 'bout these niggas, you been busting enough
Man, look around, ain't nobody suffering but us
You could beat a hundred cases, catch one and you're fucked
I get probation, is you crazy? Pull a gun in the club
See how many folks and polices put you down in the club
If we got to come with a slug why we come to the club?
How much more of this shit you think we can put under the rug
Look we already told them, I told you so
But all these niggas speaking out whoever spoke before
Don't take it personal, people want to be close to folk
What you think the televisions and the posters for?
I'm claustrophobic though, well, then you need to see a doctor for it
I ain't joking, you close T.I.P., you 'bout to blow it
You forget about them nights in the cells? Did you honestly?
We were having talk with God and you promised us
He made a way for you to be large and you done it
Out the gate Urban Legend went on to do numbers
Sold a mil, made ATL king first week
Five hundred with the Grammy but not the one that I wanted
What about them eight figure deals and that other new money
But ask yourself something, where the gun you got from me? Keep it real
Think about some one other than yourself some time
Did you keep your problem part low? Hey, just keep it real
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