

# Heart Of A Hustler

Paul Wall

i got the heart of a hustler  
the mind of a g  
im out here gettin my paper  
so dont fuck wit me  
i wake up in the morning when the sun rise  
i got my mind on paper chasing them dollar signs  
it aient no time for resting or taking naps  
i got to have something so im counting all paper stacks  
i got dreams and asperations of ballin big  
i want a crib in the hills out there where kobe live  
and i can get it if i put my grind to it  
quit making excuses up and get out there and do it  
aient no time for games when your chasing after change  
but you can face some cause that paper and close range  
my mind on a range fly chains and diamonds rings  
my skills are making bills with profit and high game  
ridin the fast lane that paper in my vision  
my mind on a mil ticket im chasing that comission  
money is my mission give me all i can get  
until they put me in a grave man i just cant quit  
i got the heart of a hustler  
i got the mind of a g  
im out here gettin my paper  
so dont fuck wit me  
dont fuck around man  
thats right doin and moving  
white linen on my tuff tails  
not an illusion three sheets to the wind  
i aient gotta be boozen go bad on a bitch  
til i got her improvment no im not wit the loosing  
im dying to win im goin try it again im goin cry for my sins  
i live the fast life yeah and im not stoppin  
  
for shit bitch half a tank of crank and a plot to get rich  
i got money out my mind likes its a price out my hat  
still smokin even though my lung twice to collapse  
im right back with the sack then im buring the shern  
you know  
better learn still yernin to earn

and really i dont listien when i talk to myself  
so how the fuck you think that ima listen to somebody else  
its a fast life ho you know like pushin and shit and when i run up out of gas then im pushin this bitch  
i got heart of a hustler  
i got the mind of a g  
im out here gettin my paper  
so dont fuck wit me  
i grind hard from the second i awake  
when you play wit high stakes you profit at high rate  
nomore top roman im tryin to eat steaks  
so i get up off my bump and go get that cake  
it aient no time for sleep  
if you snooze you loose if you broke it mean your lazy  
thats the choice you choose  
if you grind and you complaining and you wastin your time  
better correct your mind suck it up and go grind  
its money to be made when my phone ring ring  
im not to impressed wit all the bling bling  
im much more motivated by all the ching ching  
been grindin since kidagarden back then it was a dream  
its money over everything family first  
they goin to bury me a g and bost swangas on the hurst  
im on the block posted making money dispurse i thirst for dollar bills bein broke is the worst  
i got the heart of a hustler  
i got the mind of a g  
im out here gettin my paper  
so dont fuick wit me

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