Hustle Hard (remix)

Ace Hood

[Chorus - Ace Hood]Same old shit, just a different day
Out here trying to get it, each and every way
Momma need a house
Baby need some shoes
Times are getting hard
Guess what I'ma do
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevard
[Verse 1 - Ace Hood]Okay, I'm booked out until August
Show money deposits
See the shit then I cop it
Got but a house note in my pocket
I'm on South Beach with that top off
Bad bitch and her ass soft
Something out of that catalogue
She introduced to that lock jaw
And I think her name was Lisa
Or maybe it was Sheila
My Chevy sitting too high
I call that Wiz Khalifa
And I'm all about them Ben Franklins
Ain't talking Aretha
Bitch my league too major
I'm hip-hop Derek Jeter
And I'm still feeling my pockets
Big bass and it's knocking
Yeah this be that remix
But still ride around with that rocket
Nigga welcome back to my household
We the Best be that logo
Hundred grand for that neck glow
All about the deniero
Nigga flow so retarded
We be getting gnarley
Whoa Kimosabe, it be me, Ross, Weezy, party because it's the
[Chorus][Verse 2 - Rick Ross]24's on my Beamer
You never know when I slide up

Nineteen in my nina, red dot when I ride up
Hundred deep in that K.O.D.
King of diamonds that's me nigga

No you bitches can't get my beat
Choppers only thing free nigga
Step to me and I teach you
Somebody text his picture
Straight drop in my beaker
Ace knocking my speakers
Last night I counted one mill'
This morning one fifty
Pussy niggas can't count me out, don't make me hurt your feelings
V12, Jet Blue, forget it
Rolex embedded with princess and baguettes
Same old brick, but it's different yay
Yeah that's candy paint, On my seven tre
[Chorus - Lil Wayne][Verse 3 - Lil Wayne]Okay now, Black Card in my pocket
Riding around in that 'Gatti
Pistol off my boxers
I ain't got time to be boxing
Got a red bone she look tropic
If she fuck me right, then she shopping
Young Money we popping
I eat these rappers, Anthony Hopkins
See that V-neck, that's Polo
Grilled up like Ocho
Chuck Taylors with no socks
You niggas chicken, pollo
Nigga live on Sundays, king of diamonds Monday
Swagger just dumb, call it Kelly Bundy
Got a big house with a backyard, fish tank with sharks in it
Real nigga I'm authentic
I'll fuck the bitch till she short winded
Got a bad bitch who be bartending
Couple homies that gang bang
I get on anybody track, and hit that bitch with that Wayne train
Free my nigga T.I.
Soowoo to the beehive
Got a G6 and a G5
You pussy niggas you feline
Don't stop the party, we be getting gnarley
Oh Kimosabe, I'm with Mack, few girls, and Marley
Beause it's the same old shit, just a different day
Out here trying to get it, each and every way

Momma need a house, baby need some shoes
They want that Carter IV, bitch it's coming soon
[Chorus]

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