

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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