

# Hustla (New Version)

## Nappy Roots

Got a cheese sandwich on the hunnid spoke  
Pork rinds and a soda pop, I told a cop I'd beat it, lost  
At 3 a.m., they told up stop, we got it real real, to the top  
A G like 30 feet away from the county line  
The weed flyin', the golden smilin'  
Wip it nice an then they sign  
Man, fuck, how denyin' my damn luck  
This ain't no find if we get stuck I'm doin' time  
Don't get messy with the Prezzy  
A quarter pound ain't worth the rizzy  
Drunk as hell, then hurl the fifth  
Back an forth we swerve and dip  
Pumpkin' pie, bust a cop  
I'll be damned, they took my crop  
Shook 'em wit that lead foot an hit  
About a 105 miles per hour  
In the country wit the pudin', good an chunky  
40 acre, mule an donkey, hell with that, just get the money  
Got to be that early bird to grind an get what I deserve  
Quick to burn an an can't mesquite it  
Lord, I need it fore the third  
Serve anybody? Hell naw, got to be for sure  
Standin' on the standard curb, days begin to bend an blurred  
Homegrown bacon, yeah, I'm havin' the wage  
Tendency of a 50 hit, when it's about gettin' payed  
Came along with a ragin' thief hidin' under the shade  
An momma won't quit buggin' me about my heathenish ways  
Now I've wasted more tears than my mouth cold  
beer  
Gotta be a Man on these rolls, overcomin' my fears  
Body too quick to gaze, with they head on bob  
Get dee, life is foul but the dirt is hard, yeah  
If you play the cards you dealt  
Then you struggle, got to put in work  
And I got to be the early bird  
To grind and get what I deserve  
If you play the cards you dealt  
Then you struggle, got to put in work  
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To grind and get what I deserve  
Ain't no tenth, thirty-five percent, dent in my hub caps  
Sticks in my dove sacks, fifth till I cuts that  
Look, my baby husband got to eat some mo  
Dough is what Im reachin' fo, money low, need some mo  
Hustlin' these streets alone  
Now everyday I work, 75, A&R tellin' me lies  
'Fore I die, wanna drive big bodies wit' bubbla die  
Now peep the otha side, ova them hills  
Rich dude that own them mills  
Tha candy sto is open for sale

These junkies gone smoke it to death  
 Money, hos, clothes, automobiles, gold grills  
 No scrill, no deal, fifth wheel, big grill  
 Wood grain sturnwheel, weigh it up, be still  
 Lay it on the fish scales  
 I'm assed out in the back seat of the Pontiac  
 Got a cup full of Coniac, wuarter out of hunny sacks  
 Tell me, get my money back, still broke  
 Feel like I ain't got shit to live fo, so much to kill fo  
 C'mon, this niggas transition, ain't no use in sittin' 'round  
 wishin'  
 But my hands ichin', poppa need a new transmition  
 Get my grind on, hustle that bustle  
 To make my grip in any time zone  
 Bundle that bubble, let's make it split  
 We buy peices, ounces, keys, weed, Xs, Zs, nigga, please  
 Anything you ask fo', we got what you need  
 To these college degrees we applyin' to streets, 'cause I'm a hustla  
 If you play the cards you dealt  
 Then you struggle, got to put in work  
 And I got to be the early bird  
 To grind and get what I deserve  
 If you play the cards you dealt  
 Then you struggle, got to put in work  
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 To grind and get what I deserve  
 Hustla carry many meanings  
 Whether you a crook in them books  
 Whether you usin' your mind or usin' a 9  
 Bootleg alcohol or runnin' the ball, you must get it in  
 You was born a hustla an you a die a hustla  
 Prophit, hit 'em wit' it  
 I pause and refine a mighty floss, et cetera  
 For life in a balance of it, lyin' an shinin' a beddy ro  
 I gotta be worse than a hust fa mine  
 If I don't crush it then I'mma bust the 9  
 I tell ya dog, get on the blocks in over-alls, it's over y'all  
 Wit' all dem boys stay hot, said if we blow out finna go a billion time  
 Ya know me dog, neva be a oldie dog  
 My state of mind's on the grind like a eighths of raw  
 Don't go trickin' 'em all, I'mma have you bust for all my  
 niggas  
 Live for the days so we can hustle 'em all  
 What? What? What?

Songwriters

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