

Hustla

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
And I got to be the early bird
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
And I got to be the early bird
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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>