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 then 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 weel, big grill

Wood grain sturnweel, 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?

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