I'm A Hustler

Tony Yayo

[Intro - sung in Mayfield falsetto]
I stay paid and, I like blades
Old shcool cars and, lovin Maze
I've got hoes (I've got hoes) I can show
Gettin money a-, ridin Rolls (ridin Rolls)
Keep my grind I don't, waste my time
Comin up, gettin down for mines
I'm a hustler baby, and I gots to have it
I'm a hustler baby, and I gots to grab it, ahhh

[Pimp C]
Deep up in the game, ain't no stoppin
I get my money like Johnny 'Guitar' Watson
Pimpin them hoes and put the bitch on the track
And tell the ho to bring all my money back
I want to holla at that boy Ike Turner
You gotta know it's 'bout the paper and you learn her
About gettin on the corner for your daddy
What love got to do with it, I'm in the Caddy
I got a yellow-ass ho that'll suck you up
That'll blow in yo' butt ain't scared to fuck
And she'll bend over, take it like a G
Because you know the bitch down with Pimp see
I switched my name, to Jack Tripper
Now the hoes tryin to pull down my fuckin zipper
And get to that snake with the cobra head
I got some homeboys doin life in the fed

[Chorus - Mayfield falsetto] + (Pimp C)
I'm a hustler baby, and I gots to have it
I'm a hustler baby, and I gots to grab it, ahhh
(See me on the slab, whippin in the Nav', you already know I'm cookin in the lab)
(See me on the slab, whippin in the Nav', you already know I'm cookin in the lab)

[Pimp C]
When I was young, alls I wanted was a 'llac
I used to think them niggaz fiends that was blowin on the weed sack
Cause all I did was cut up cheese
And sell dope and come through with the thang with ease

I used to have, a .25 pistol
But now I got some shit that shoot like a missile
I tuck a AK, HK too bitch
I eat you up I ain't goin for that ho shit
Them other niggaz playin games in the streets
You think it's 'bout bein lame and makin lame beats
We ain't 'bout you and them bitch niggaz
Cause fuck boys, could easily get hit with the trigger
You think you rich? But you a bitch
You see me in the club check my pitch
I'm down with J. Prince bitch, and you know that
When we come through splittin big niggaz hats

[Chorus - Mayfield falsetto] + (Pimp C)
I'm a hustler baby, and I gots to have it
I'm a hustler baby, and I gots to grab it, ahhh
(I'm whippin in the Nav', comin on the slab, you already know I'm cookin in the lab)
(I'm whippin in the Nav', comin on the slab, you already know I'm cookin in the lab)

[Pimp C]
Twenty-fo' I'm a country star, in a country car
Got a country-ass bitch, sip country bar
Got a country son, got a country chain
Come and got in the car, and grippin country grain
Sweet Jones bitch, Pimp (peeeimp) knahmtalkinbout?
Go out and get that shit
I'm talkin 'bout doin, a million records independently sold, on yo' bitch ass
So when you see me in the city recognize I'm already paid
When you see me choppin on blades, {?} bitch
Not them phony-ass blades with no knockers on 'em
Representin that side, P.A. to be-zay
And ain't no thang to beat a bitch-ass nigga
Ain't no Blood and no Crip, fuck-ass nigga I'm {?}
I told ya, bitch

[ad libs to fade]

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