

# Hustle Hard (Remix) (feat. Lil Wayne & Rick Ross)

## Ace Hood

(Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle) Same old shit, just a different day  
Out here tryna 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 Big bank in my pocket  
Double up with my profit  
See this shit than I cop it  
Gimme that there and than drop it  
Homie, hold up with my mojo  
Peep the whip and the logo  
Twenty four's and they low pro  
I bet she fucking, I know so  
Nigga ain't no doubt about it  
Riding round with that rocket  
Load it up and I cock it  
Send bout a couple off in your noggen  
And hear them eight o' eights and they knocking  
Whole club and they rocking  
Rose in them buckets  
All my homies up in here vibing  
Nigga big shit in my household  
Real niggas I die for  
Creeping off in that Tahoe  
All about their Delagione  
Nigga don't stop the party  
We be getting naughty  
Old kimosabe homie's chiefting cause I'm Marley Same old shit, just a different day  
Out here tryna 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 Okay now, all I know is hustle  
Get it off the muscle  
Black is my attire

Keep them sticks off in that cupboard nigga  
I be going hard, bitch I'm going hard  
I just hit the mall  
You just swipe the card  
I'm with a couple Latin broads  
I just do menage  
Fuck you other guys  
Pussy telling lies  
Homie, free my nigga AD  
Fuck yopu niggas pay me  
Swagging in my saline  
Two door coupe Mercedes  
I am too much for you buster's  
Bitches I don't trust em  
Fuck em once, I fuck em  
Lust em never love em  
They won't play me for no sucker, play me for no paper  
Make my bitches stomp her  
Alpha zeta mega, better no-one really on it  
Drive it, bet I own it  
Money is involved, better know I'm on it  
That's wording to my mother  
Gotta get it one way or another  
I put that on my brother  
I'm out here on the come up  
But it's Same old shit, just a different day  
Out here tryna 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

Songwriters

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