Hustlers Ambition

50 Cent

(Like the fire needs the air)
(I won't burn unless your there)Yea, I need you,I need you to hate
So I can use you for your energy
you know, its real shit, feel this!America's got a thing for this gangsta's shit, they love me
Black Chucks, black skullies, leather Pelle-Pelle
I take spills over raymo shit, I'ma fan
Got through the silver duck tape on my trait old handle
The women on my life bring confusion shit
SO like Nino from New Jack, I'll have to cancel that bitch
Look at me, this is the life I chose
Niggaz around me so cold, man my heart dun froze up
I build an empire on the low the narc's don't know
I'm the weatherman, I take that coco leaf and make that snow
Sit back, watch it turn to dope, watch it go out the door
O after O, you know, homey I'm just triple beam, dreamin
Niggaz be schemin, I'm fiendin to live a good life
The fiends just fiendin
Conceal my weapon nice and easy so you can't see
The penitentiary is definitely out the question for me[Chorus]
I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle (hustle)
Nigga you get in my way when while I'm tryin to get mine
And I'll buck you (buck you)
I don't care who you run with, or where you from
Nigga fuck you (fuck you)
I want to find the thing thats in my life
So I hustle (hustle)Yea, I don't know shit about gymnastics I summersault bricks
Black talents start flyin, when a nigga flip
I cook crack in the microwave, niggaz can't fuck with me
Man my cold days, they called me chef boy are 50
Check my logic, smokers don't like seeds in their weed shit
Send me them seeds i'll grow 'em what they need
Them ain't chia pet plants in the crib thats chronic
And I'm sellin them 500 a pop god damn it
I sold everythin I'ma hustler, I know how to grind
Step on grapes put in water and tell you its wine
If you analyze me, what you'll find is the DNA recrockWhat goes in my mind, its contagious
Hypnotic, it sounds melodic
If the rap was the block or spider, I'll be poke and butter

Now get a load of me, flashy, far from low key
And you can locate me where ever that dope be, gettin money man[Chorus]Its a hustler's ambition, close your eyes listen, see my vision
Mossberg pumpin, shotgun dumpin and drama means nothin
It's part of the game, catch me in the coupe switchin lanes
In the jewels with your chains
I upgrade from 30 BS to clean VS
Rocks that I copped procedes from the spot
I got the energy to win, I'm full of adrenaline
Played it perf and get nauseous, watchin the spinner spin
I make plans to make it, a prisoner of the state
Now I can invite yo ass out to my estate
Them holi tip bent me up, but I'm back in shape
Pour Crystal in the blender and make a protein shake
I'm like the East coast number one playboy B
Hugh Hefner'll tell you he don't got shit on me
The feds watch me, icey they can't stop me
Racist, pointin at me look at the nigga ratchi
Hello![Chorus]

Songwriters
Jackson, Curtis James / Beverly, FrankiePublished by
Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/