

# Respect This Hustle

T.I.

## R E S P E C T M Y H U S T L E

You'll respect this hustle, respect this hustle  
Wont accept nothin else so respect this hustle I ain't in it for the fame, I ain't in it for the glory  
I'm down to die for it, absolutely mandatory  
Respect this hustle, respect this hustle  
Wont accept nothin else so respect this hustle This nigga bitch meant I'm gettin' paid six ways  
My shits laid, shits sprayed, lemonade with blades  
Keep your mouth closed, you don't want to get sprayed  
Shoot you down your body, let you sun bathe six days Kamikaze, Renegade, now we never get afraid  
Kept the trap hot enough to fry egg in the shade  
I ball till the day, I'm lying dead in the grave  
I left the Fed behind the wall 'cause I ain't get away Chopper 'round the corner in a bush with a brick of yay  
A bust can happen any day, we out here trapping anyway  
Gettin' moneys an addiction, damn, what a nigga say?  
I got a real bad condition if I ain't gettin' paid Hand over fist, what I'm missing, got to get busy  
I know you see this car I'm driving  
See the house that I live in and figure this is enough  
But, nigga, I want way more, really this is play doe  
You set your sights way low I had enough of the game, I don't know whether to stay or go  
Indifferent group of lames and suckers here, which way I go?  
Well, nigga, now you're a king, why you always got to say it for?  
'Cause they said I couldn't say it before And I remember all it did was fuck my temper up more, Doug and J  
know  
I say I wear the crown not a halo, sorry  
Niggas think they seeing me but they're so sorry  
They're fast but they ain't no Ferrari, no R E S P E C T M Y H U S T L E  
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Wont accept nothin else so respect this hustle You think you been pulling gats, fussing, cussing enough  
Right here bragging 'bout these niggas, you been busting enough  
Man, look around, ain't nobody suffering but us  
You could beat a hundred cases, catch one and you're fucked I get probation, is you crazy? Pull a gun in the club  
See how many folks and polices put you down in the club  
If we got to come with a slug why we come to the club?  
How much more of this shit you think we can put under the rug Look we already told them, I told you so  
But all these niggas speaking out whoever spoke before  
Don't take it personal, people want to be close to folk

What you think the televisions and the posters for? I'm claustrophobic though, well, then you need to see a  
doctor for it

I ain't joking, you close T.I.P., you 'bout to blow it

You forget about them nights in the cells? Did you honestly?

We were having talk with God and you promised us He made a way for you to be large and you done it

Out the gate Urban Legend went on to do numbers

Sold a mil, made ATL king first week

Five hundred with the Grammy but not the one that I wanted What about them eight figure deals and that other  
new money

But ask yourself something, where the gun you got from me? Keep it real

Think about some one other than yourself some time

Did you keep your problem part low? Hey, just keep it real R E S P E C T M Y H U S T L E

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