Hustle

Scare Don't Fear

Yea, youngbloodz, kill the mic, track boys
Why'all ain't ready for this shit,
Yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea
OK we back and bumping, youngbloodz that's us for sure
From left to right we rocking and kicking down every door
Watch out now get 'em shawty, oh that's them you-way boys
We set it off don't get twist it still out making noise
Big pistol that's my word, ice cold is so superb
3 hits 4 shots I'm on it, running you up off the curb
So bring your A-game, we bringing hella pain
You disrespect my sip ill pop your back like pootytank
So if your ready run it, we got that shit that will
I'm from Atlanta steady bouncing blowing off the grill
Cause in the trunk its bumping, we going all night long
So grab a cup 'cause ain't no way in hell you goin home
[Chorus]I won't get my crime around
I hustle baby
I stay down every time no day
I hustle baby
From the track or the trap fo sand
I hustle baby
No day I hustle baby no day gotta hustle baby
I won't get my crime around
I hustle baby
I stay down every time no day
I hustle baby
From the track or the trap for sand

I hustle baby
No day I hustle baby no day gotta hustle baby
I'm a crime time hustler man, I tried to tell 'em
My crew 'cause its the ex-convict, convicted fellon
Banana clips bazmellons of all these stitches telling
The bitches of bazballers and secrets of shotcallers
Of better rounds of scopping he said lue a-town to Oakland
Niggas praying and hoping, they don't get caught with dope and
Out a catin' and a cripping in Chicago they folking
Down south we got 36 oles traping and focus
This is no hocus pocus, play the game like locus

Players vibe up and whittin' I'm the third cosmoses
[Chorus]My pimping is old school, and they Chevy with bleak shoes
Tip tops and flip flops, Adidas and suede pumas
Who nigga fo like why'all they never going change that
They slang goin where I hang and my bitches they who'd-a-rest
And we all drink do-duces of dat go for 5
We'll put that hot heat like between your eyes
And I keep it under the seat in the summer they sweating me
Coming down your street with beat sitting on some chesly feet
Outta town in that's gold rims, for shawty be serving them
Everytime my Chevy stop my rims they still spin
A-town for life why'all we never going change that
Still roll with them dope boys on the bow with them J's at
[Chorus: Repeats]

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