

I'm A Hustla

Mack Maine

(feat. Lil' Wayne)

"Nigga, ask about me" [x4]

"I'm a hustler, I'm a, I'm a hustler homie" [x2]

"Nigga, ask a, nigga, nigga, ask about me" [x2]

"I'm a hustler, I'm a, I'm a hustler homie" [x2]

[Chamillionaire:] Nah man I'm not Blood deep or Crip deep or 6 deep or clip deep

How deep? This deep, nine millie clip deep

With this heat, a body builder turn into a pipsqueak

They turn to vegetarians, they don't wanna end up mince meat

You'll see, where the mortuary was at, I know you miss me

Snatch the gat, brrr-at! And lyrically wreck that ass officially

I see you live in fairytales, niggas better switch beefs

I had a tooth fairy choke his ass up outa his sleep

Problem with Chamillionaire? Do they mention any names?

Hell no! You scared crow? Try your best to be brave

Got a Smith & Wesson bro, we know that you gon' behave

Safety, your locksmith, like you could get a key made

You all up on the thang like little girls turning teenage

You really a bunch of hoes like 6th street at Texas relays

Ohio to Chicago, I got niggas in them PJ's

Bully, skinny, but the arms strong like you was BJ's

I hear these rapping niggas but believe I'm not a fan of it

I'm here to rid the rap game of all it's contaminants

I'm better than the average, I want her, I can have the chick

Doing the same pose as Paris Hilton in them camera flicks (haha)

The mathematics get big cause I'm demanding it

Raping the rap game while these other suckers is romancing it

They worried about it's feelings, they don't wanna take a chance with it

Kissing up to the game with rose petals and a candle lit haha

"I'm a hustler, I'm a, I'm a hustler" [Slowed down]

[Lil Wayne:]

Aaaaaay

I'm a southern boy, therefore I stunt

Y'all city slickers, we call it country dump

And I'm chilling like a villain off a killing

Looking at the ceilings like I'm a get in for realer

I'm a get it regardless, hard as it is

Who wants to be a millionaire? Know how I'm a get a million

And I'm in the pavilion

Chilling with my girl but I don't speak Sicilian
But we both count the same as
Long as when I say I'm with it, it come out the same as
If I wanna win with it but I'm out the game
Y'all boys tryinna get me killed... huh
You know the Feds are my biggest fans
I got to watch what the little one's saying, man
They see my momma and they wanna pull her over
Cause she ain't got no number on the back of the Rover
And yep - I'm locing
There's cooler ways to die but I'm smoking
There's cooler ways to ride but I'm soaring
Might do the young G5 or G4
Ay, you never know, when your boy might touring
Just tryinna get me some air on Mike Jordan
Of this whole thing right here, I'm staring
Y'all boys just appear, I'm here, the Tardis
So applaud him, yeeeeeah
Chinky eyes, keep faring
Look like Keith Moorer, street aura, uh
Still I hustled in the street like he poorer
Run up on him you sleep and eat aura
Decent Christians, he owes momma, those
Gucci seatbelts will look better with the barker
Sit up in my office, you need to rebound
You got a box out, get up put a baller on
I'm right back with ya, never leave ya lonely
Forget about Frank momma, I can be your Tony
Weezy F. Baby man...

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