

# Can't Knock The Hustle (Featuring Mary J. Blige)

Jay-Z

Bounce, bounce, bounce, Jay-Z huh?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella y'all, ha ha  
Bounce, bounce, bounce, Roc-A-Fella y'all  
Check, checkYo, I'm making short term goals, when the weather folds  
Just put away the leathers and put ice on the gold  
Chilly with enough bail money to free a Big Willie  
High stakes, I got more at stake than Philly  
Shopping sprees, coping three  
Deuce fever IS's fully loaded, ah yes  
Bouncing in the Lex Luger, tires smoke like Buddha  
50 G's to the crap shooter, niggas can't fade me  
Chrome socks beaming  
Through my peripheral I see ya scheming  
Stop dreaming, I leave your body steaming  
Niggas is fiending, what's the meaning?  
I'm leaning on any nigga intervening  
With the sound of my money machine-in  
My cup runneth, over with hundreds  
I'm one of the best niggas that done it, six digits and runnin'  
Y'all niggas don't want it, I got the Godfather flow  
The Don Juan DeMarco, swear to God, don't get it fucked upI'm taking out this time  
To give you a piece of my mind (cause you can't knock the hustle)  
Who do you think you are?  
Baby one day you'll be a starLast seen out of state where I drop my slang  
I'm deep in the South kicking up top game  
Bouncing on the highway switching fo' lanes  
Screaming through the sunroof, money ain't a thing  
Your worst fear confirmed  
Me and my fam' roll tight like The Firm  
Getting down for life, that's right, you better learn  
Why play with fire, burn  
We get together like a choir, to acquire what we desire  
We do dirt like worms, produce G's like sperm  
Till legs spread like germs  
I got extensive hoes, with expensive clothes  
And I sip fine wines and spit vintage flows  
What y'all don't know?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, cause you can't knock the hustleBut until the late thang I'm the one who's crazy  
Cause that's the way you're makin me feel

(Cause you can't knock the hustle)  
I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time  
To knock the hustle for real Yo, y'all niggas lunching, punching the clock  
My function is to make much and lay back munching  
Sipping Remy on the rocks, my crew, something to watch  
Nothing to stop, un-stoppable  
Scheme on the ice, I gotta hot your crew  
I gotta, let you niggas know the time like Movado  
My motto, stack rocks like Colorado  
Auto off the champagne, Cristal's by the bottle  
It's a damn shame what you're not though (who?) Me  
Slick like a gato, fucking Jay-Z  
My pops knew exactly what he did when he made me  
Tried to get a nut and he got a nut and what  
Straight bananas, can a nigga, see me?  
Got the US Open, advantage Jigga  
Serve like Sampras, play fake a rappers like a campus  
Le Tigre, son you're too eager  
You ain't having it? Good, me either  
Let's, get together and make this whole world believe us huh?  
At my arraignment, screaming  
All us blacks got is sports and entertainment, until we even  
Thieving, as long as I'm breathing  
Can't knock the way a nigga eating, fuck you even! I'm taking out this time  
To give you a piece of my mind  
Who do you think you are?  
Baby one day you'll be a star  
But until the late thing I'm the one who's crazy  
Cause that's the way you're making me feel  
I'm just trying to get mine, I don't have the time  
To knock the hustle for real

Songwriters

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