

# This Goes Out

## Jagged Edge

This goes out to all them hustlers  
Everybody out there making them ends meet  
I ain't mad at'cha  
J E y'all, this goes out to everybody This goes out to you, this goes out to you  
This goes out to you, this goes out to you  
This goes out to you, this goes out to you  
This goes out to you, this goes out to you Some people sleep five to a bed  
Three at the feet, two at the top  
So I can't really talk about how they should live  
When I know in my heart if it came down to it  
I'd be getting down the same as them  
See Lord, tryna hustle must be something  
That was Heaven sent  
A lot of rent wouldn't be paid without this trade  
That we call hustlin' This goes out to the cats on the corner  
Stressin' and strugglin' just to get a dollar  
I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something  
Hold your head up 'cause they can't touch you  
This goes out to the girls in the streets  
Like going all out just so their kids can eat  
Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something  
Hold your head up 'cause they can't touch you  
This goes out I used to be half between  
Going all out and doings things that I know just wasn't right  
And now I'm looking back  
And I think just do it or never did something  
But I can tell you then  
Rather take a bullet in my head than leave my family unfed  
And that's the way it is  
This goes out to my homies, yeah This goes out to the cats on the corner  
Stressin' and strugglin' just to get a dollar  
I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something  
Hold your head up 'cause they can't touch you  
This goes out to the girls in the streets  
Like going all out just so their kids can eat  
Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something  
Hold your head up 'cause they can't touch you  
This goes out Ay yo I welcome the struggle  
Like I welcome the hustle

Find the right one, take it and bubble  
That's on the muscle  
I ain't giving in, I'm trying to win  
And if I gotta get my hands a little dirty  
Then I'm sorry for sin  
But the Fed don't understand ain't no bread  
So brothers have ta learn to bake to make bread  
Chicks use their ass and shake to make bread  
But I, aint mad at ya shorty keep them kids fed  
This goes out to my whole five eight one click  
I often reminisce when we just dreamed of this  
Rich cars, fine homes, girls with nice toes  
Dime pieces standing in line to show us their thongs  
Went from riding six deep in a little ass jeep  
The Cadillac trucks and Benzes, prowling the streets  
We gon' ball till we fall  
'Cause we fadin' em all  
Put your glasses in the air, this goes out to y'all  
This goes out to the cats on the corner  
Stressin' and strugglin' just to get a dollar  
I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something  
Hold your head up 'cause they can't touch ya  
This goes out to the girls in the streets  
Like going all out just so their kids can eat  
Like I ain't mad at'cha, gotta do something  
Hold your head up 'cause they can't touch ya  
This goes out  
My homies, you can't touch me  
If you don't really know me  
This goes out to my homies  
You can't touch me  
If you don't really know me  
This goes out to my homies  
You can't touch me  
If you don't really know me  
This goes out to my homies  
You can't touch me  
If you don't really know me

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