

# Hustlaz Holiday

Jeezy

Grind never stop man  
I don't give a fuck how much money you got my nigga  
I don't give a fuck how rich you is nigga  
You still gotta hustle  
It's a holiday everyday nigga I got hustlin' on my resume  
I didn't think they'd never ever hear the hustler's say  
(That he didn't wanna hustle no more)  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
And this a hustlin' holiday  
Wouldn't make it never ever hear a hustler say  
That he don't wanna hustle no more  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
We hustle on our birthdays, we hustlin' on Christmas  
Don't care if it's my worst day, the kid gone get their cream up  
Got eyes on the prize, yeah, eye of the tiger boy  
If we talkin' hustlin' you know who the messiah boy  
What a hustler need a bed for? I ain't tryna lay down  
When you on the come up, all I know is stay down  
You don't see me at the club nigga  
I don't see you at the bank though  
When I walk up in that bank nigga  
I walk in through that back door  
I can't I love the grind  
I can't even stay awake  
Here you go, I love you momma  
I even hustle on mother's day  
Kept me hustlin' Thanksgivin'  
Stack it like a black Jew  
Just know today a holiday for hustlin' niggas like you  
I got hustlin' on my resume  
I didn't think they'd never ever hear the hustler's say  
(That he didn't wanna hustle no more)  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
And this a hustlin' holiday  
Wouldn't make it never ever hear a hustler say  
That he don't wanna hustle no more  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more Hustle Monday through Monday  
And we ain't missin' one day  
We all gone be rich one day  
Put that on God on Sunday  
If you lazy bitch, stay away  
We even hustle on Labor Day

And I ain't been home all week  
I wonder what the neighbors say  
Ain't no such thing as "I can't"  
If I want I get that  
They talkin' bout how you fell off  
When it's all about how you get back  
Hustle every minute, every hour  
Sickle, go from sweet to sour  
Right from sour back to sweet  
You just practice what you preach  
We don't do no vacays  
We hustle every day nigga  
Just send you on that vacay  
We count our paper, pray nigga  
Hustlers don't get no sleep  
You niggas stay sleeping  
I've been griding all week  
I'm hustle at weekends I got hustlin' on my resume  
I didn't think they'd never ever hear the hustler's say  
(That he didn't wanna hustle no more)  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
And this a hustlin' holiday  
Wouldn't make it never ever hear a hustler say  
That he don't wanna hustle no more  
No more, no more, no more, no more, no more  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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