

Hustle Hard Remix (feat. Rick Ross & Lil Wayne)

Ace Hood

G Mix
I do it
(Hustle, hustle, hustle, hustle)
(G mix)
This the remix Same old shit, just a different day
Out here tryna get it (get it), each and every way (way)
Momma need a house (house) Baby need some shoes (shoes) Times are getting hard (hard)
Guess what I'ma do (what's that?)
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevard
Okay, I'm booked out until August
Show money deposits
See the shit then I cop it
Got but a house note in my pocket
I'm on south beach with the top off
Bad bitch and her ass soft
Something outta that catalog
She introduced to that lock jaw
And I think her name was Lisa
Or maybe it was Sheila
My Chevy sittin' too high
I call that Wiz Khalifa
And I'm all about them Franklins
Ain't talkin' Aretha
Bitch my league too major
I'm hip hop Derek Jeter
And I'm still feeling my pockets
Big bass and its knocking
Yeah this be that remix
But still ride around with that rocket Nigga walking back to my household
"We The best" be that logo
Hundred grand for that neck glow
All about the dinero Nigga flow so retarded
We be getting gnarly
Oh Kimosabe, it be me, Ross, Wheezy party 'cause its the Same old shit, just a different day
Out here tryna get it (get it), each and every way (way)
Momma need a house (house)
Baby need some shoes (shoes)

Times are getting hard (hard)Guess what I'ma do
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hardHustle, hustle, hustle, hardHustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevardTwenty fours on my Beemer
You never know when I slide up
Nineteen in my nina, red dot when I ride up
Hundred deep in that K-O-D
King of Diamonds that's me nigga
No you bitches can't hit my beat
Choppers only thing free niggas
Step to me and I teach you
Somebody text his picture
Straight drop in my pika
Ace knocking my speakers
Last night I counted one mill
This morning, one fifty
Pussy niggas can't count me out,
Don't make me hurt ya feelings, ah
V twelve bugiddy jet blue, forget it
Rolex embedded with princess and baguettes
Same old brick, but's it's different yay
Yeah that's candy paint, on my seven TreSame old shit, just a different day
Out here tryna get it (get it), each and every way (way)
Momma need a house (house)
Baby need some shoes (shoes)
Times are getting hard (hard)
Guess what we gonna do
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevardOK, now, black card in my pocket
Riding round in that 'Gatti
Pistol off my boxers
I ain't got time to be boxing
Got a red bone she look tropic
If she fuck me right then she shopping
Young money we poppin'
I eat these rappers, Anthony Hopkins
See that V-neck, that's Polo
Grilled up like Ocho
Chuck Taylors with no socks
You niggas chicken, po' yo
Nigga live in Sundays, King of Diamonds Monday
Swagger just dumb, call it Kelly Bundy
Got a big house with a back yard, fish tank with sharks in it
Real nigga I'm authentic
I'll fuck the bitches 'til she short winded
Got a bad bitch who be bar tending
Couple homies that gang bang
I get on anybody track and hit that bitch with that Wayne train

Free my nigga T.I
SooWoo to the beehive
Got a G six and a G five
You pussy niggas you feline
Don't stop the party, we be getting gnarly
Woh kimosabe, I'm with Mack, Fucus and MarleyCause its the same old shit, just a different
day
Out here tryna get it, each and every way
Momma need a house, baby need some shoes
They want that Carter Four, bitch, it's coming soonSame old shit, just a different day
Out here tryna get it (get it), each and every way (way)
Momma need a house (house)
Baby need some shoes (shoes)
Times are getting hard (hard)
Guess what I'ma gonna do (do)
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Hustle, hustle, hustle, hard
Closed mouths don't get fed on this boulevard

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>