

# Can't Knock the Hustle (feat. Mary J. Blige)

## JAY-Z

Bounce, bounce, bounce, Jay-Z,  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella, y'all  
Bounce, bounce, bounce, Roc-A-Fella, y'all  
Check, checkYo, I'm makin' 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 Willy  
High stakes, I got more at stake than PhillyShoppin' spreeds, copin' three  
Deuce fever, IS's fully loaded, hehe, yes  
Bouncin' in the Lex Luger, tires smoke like buddha  
50 G's to the crap shooter, niggaz can't fade me  
Chrome socks beamin' through my peripheral I see ya schemin'  
Stop dreamin', I leave your body steamin'  
Niggaz is fiendin', what's the meanin'?  
I'm leanin' on any nigga intervenin'  
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 takin' 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 kickin' up top game  
Bouncin' on the highway, switchin' fo' lanes  
Screamin' through the sunroof 'Money Ain't A Thang'  
Your worst fear confirmed  
Me and my fam' roll tight like The Firm  
Gettin' down for life, that's right, you better learn  
Why play with fire, burn?  
We get together like a choir to acquire what we desireWe do dirt like worms, produce G's like  
sperm  
'Til legs spread like germs  
I got extensive hoes with expensive clothes  
And I sip fine wines and spit vintage flowsWhat 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 realYo, y'all niggaz lunchin', punchin' the clock  
My function is to make much and lay back munchin'  
Sippin' Remy on the rocks, my crew, somethin' to watch

Nothin' to stop, unstoppable  
Scheme on the ice, I gotta hot your crew  
I gotta let you niggaz know the time like Movado  
My motto 'Stack rocks like Colorado'  
Auto off the champagne, Cristals by the bottle  
It's a damn shame what you're not though, who?  
Me  
Slick like a gato, fuckin' 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 havin' it? Good, me either  
Let's, get together and make this whole world believe us,  
huh?  
At my arrangement, screamin'  
All us blacks got is sports and entertainment  
Until we even, thievin' as long as I'm breathin'  
Can't knock the way a nigga eatin', fuck you even  
I'm takin' 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 thang, I'm the one who's crazy  
'Cause that's the way you're makin' me feel  
I'm just tryin' to get mine, I don't have the time  
To knock the hustle for real  
Roc-A-Fella, y'all and we rule shit  
Roc-A-Fella, y'all  
For you can't knock the hustle  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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