

# Hustla (New Version)

## Nappy Roots

Got a cheese sandwich on the hunnid spoke  
Rind bag and a soda pop  
I told a cop I'd beat it, lost  
At 3 a.m., they told up "stop"  
We got it real real, to the top  
A G like 30 feet away from the county line  
The weed flyin, the golden smilin  
Wip it nice an then they sign  
Man, fuck  
How denyin' my damn luck,  
This ain't no fine if we get stuck I'm doin' time  
Don't get messy with the Prezzy  
A quarter pound ain't worth the rizzy  
Drunk as hell, then hurl the fifth  
Back an forth we swerve and dip  
Pumpkin pie  
Bust a cop  
I'll be damned, they took my crop  
Shook 'em wit that lead foot an hit about a hunid fi'  
Miles per hour  
In the country wit the puddin', good an' chunky  
40 acre, mule an donkey, hell with that, just get the money  
Got to be the early bird  
To grind an get what I deserve  
Quick to burn an' can't mesquite it  
Lord I need it 'fore the third  
Serve anybody? Hell naw, got to be for sure  
Standin on the stony curb  
Days begin to bend an blur  
[Big V]  
Homegrown, baby  
Yeah, I'm havin the way  
Tendency of a 50 hit, when its about gettin paid  
Came along with a raggin' thief hidin under the shade  
An' momma won't quit buggin me about my heathenish ways  
Now I've wasted more tears then my mouth cold beer  
Gotta be a Man on these rolls, overcomin my fears  
Body too quick to gaze, with they head on bob  
Get dee, life is fab but in turn is hard, yeah! (hustla)Chorus:  
If you play the cards you dealt, then you struggle, got to put in work (hustla)  
And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)  
If you play the cards you dealt, then you struggle, got to put in work (hustla)

And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)Aint no tenth, 35%  
Dent in my hub caps, sticks in my dove sacks, fifth till I cuts that  
Look, my baby honey got to eat some mo'  
Dough is what Im reachin fo'  
Money low, need some mo'  
Hustlin these streets aloneNow everyday I work, 75  
A&R tellin me lies  
Fore I die, wanna drive big bodies wit bubbla die  
Now peep the otha side, ova them hills  
Rich dude that own them mills  
Tha candy sto' is open for sale  
These junkies gone smoke it to death  
Money, hos, clothes, auto-mobiles, gold grills  
No scrill, no deal, fifth weel, big grill  
Wood grain sturnweel, weigh it up, be still  
Lay it on 'em Fish Scales  
I'm assed out in the back seat of the Pontiac  
Got a cup full of Con-i-ac  
Quarter out of hunny sacks  
Tell me get my money back  
Still broke, feel like I ain't got shit to live fo  
So much to kill fo  
C'mon, this niggas transition, ain't no use in sittin round wishin  
But my hands itchin, poppa need a new transmission  
Get my grind on, hustle that bustle to make my grip in any time zone  
Bundle that bubble, lets make it split  
We buy: picces, ounces, keys, weed, Xs, Zs  
Nigga, please, anything you ask fo', we got what you need  
To these college degrees we applyin to streets, cause I'm a (hustla)Chorus:  
If you play the cards you dealt, then you struggle, got to put in work (hustla)  
And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)  
If you play the cards you dealt, then you struggle, got to put in work (hustla)  
And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)(spoken by Big V)  
Hustla. Carry many meanings.  
Whether you a crook in them books,  
Whether you usin your mind or usin a 9  
Bootleg alcohol, or runnin the ball  
You must get it in. You was born a hustla  
An you will die a hustla. Prophit, hit 'em wit it[R. Prophit]  
I pause and refine a mighty floss, et cetera  
For life in a ballance, of it  
Lyin an shinin a beddy ro  
I gotta be worse than a hust fa mine (I mean)  
If I don't crush it then I'ma bust the 9  
I tell ya dog, get on the blocks in overalls, its over y'all  
Wit all dem boys stay hot, said if we blow out finna go a billion time  
Ya know me dog, neva be a oldie dog  
My state of mind's on the grind like a eighths of raw  
Dont go trickin 'em all, I'ma have you bust for all my yeggas

Live for the days so we can hustle 'em all, aww!

What? What? What? Aw! Aww!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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