

# Stop Hustlin

Clyde Carson

I'm tryin to stop hustlin  
But the street keep callin  
I'm tryin to stop  
But I ain't tryin to stop ballin nigga  
I ain't tryin to stop ballin nigga  
No I can't stop ballin  
I ain't tryin to stop ballin nigga  
No I can't stop ballin

I'm, addicted to the lifestyle  
Everyday something new stand right down  
All my niggas we don't never have to price now  
In that box shed, Niggas sittin high now  
Prolling with the young hoes  
All white bimmer like the Pope  
I'm tryin to get a youth hope now  
But all my partners sell dope  
I try to go straight but got pulled back  
Choose on a nigga came with her bag  
Now all my fellas when I say I do fuck with fags  
I'm talking punk bitches, straight broke ass  
Like four flash bitch gone  
When that money up I'm in town  
I'm her dude but to me she just a pimp hoe  
Everyday a nigga in style

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Pool table in the rare  
Rather have a stable than Benz  
My brother from another says he wanna see me win  
Yea, that's why he slid it to me quick  
As soon as he heard she was speakin on me  
Middle finger, he was sleepin on me  
Hella cash, how they greet the homie  
Wanna quit but I need it homie  
To push a hard line in these hard times  
For that new 911 that's all mine  
I show up to the table with all shines  
Champagne wishes bitches all the time  
Putting peaches on the concrete  
I'm in the middle of the trial  
I was a broke nigga but now I'm paid  
An I ain't tryin to go back

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