

Hustle, my name

I, I live and sleep on these streets
'Cause I have got to get mine, my fam, see, we gotta eat
So when people ask me why, why don't ever I slow down?
Oh, I just simply reply, I don't really know how

So I, hustle, hustle, hustle
(I'ma hustler, believe me)
You know I hustle, hustle, hustle
(And this ain't easy)

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Money and muscle
I gotta black belt in hustling
I'm doing my thang
Chain around my neck look like a playground swing

Unit mover, pockets fat like Raspushia
Ask your chick, I got oil on my tongue
Pimp, I talk real slick, where the real ones go
They don't make them like me no more

Hustler, I'ma whole 'nother animal
I'ma whole 'nother animal, I'ma whole 'nother beast
I can never switch up, I come from the streets

Papered up like a fax
I'm rare like white running backs
I'm getting my Gouda
I'ma be the first hustler that set up shop on Jupiter

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Let me introduce myself, homeboy
Any MC I will destroy
West, West, West Coast boy
Speakers in the trunk keep making noise

I'm so fly, I'm that guy

28 inches sitting high
I'm a star, what you thought?
Everywhere I go they snap shots

Everywhere I go they know turf
Medallions jiggling off my shirt
See no skeep falling off my jeans
Benjamin Frank, George Washington

Gotta keep pushing, pushing weight
Fillet mignon steak on my plate
Staring in my rear view can't slow down
If getting money is wrong, arrest me now

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They ask me what you're doing bro
I say that I hustle everyday
My men don't sleep , we always up
'Cause we can't live off minimum wage

Middle finger right to the other side
I know that I just want to get paid
When you hear this one go ahead and turn it up
From Virgin Islands out to the bay

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