

Hustle

Popcaan

Real tugs hustle fi the money, hustle fi the money, hustle fi the money
Yea, yea, hustle fi the money, hustle fi the money
Nah do nothing funny

Ghetto youths waan house pon the hill wid big cars in
Sail out pon wi yacht and thing
Invite girl pon the block dem piss dem skin
And swear dem in foreign
Mi wish mi would a go mi bed go hold a sleep one night
And rich before morning
Tired fi hear ghetto people bawling
When poor knock mi door nah let that in
That's why

Push, sitting at the table
Connect like the cable guy
Gloves on trying not to catch a table high
Me lie, woman lie, numbers don't
Money count a ding
Something every n-a want
Mack 11 ring
What you n-as never won't
And for my sing when the jail cell come to haunt
Yeah 80 kilos every month
Every bitch I ever wanted
Every level watch em stunt
Avatar blue face prezzy on his wrist
The proof that there's blue magic
Withing every brick
Heat from the blue flame cook it as I mix
I hustle to the death
You ain't gotta question this

Every ghetto youth fi tun billionaire
Rich than ca-millionaire
Pounds and euro talk loud
Mek a n-a hear
Dollar sign pon mi Benz stick
Weh a shift the gear
Nothing pon the earth
No fi ever dear
Work hard fi G'S
And mi get that too
Cause certain things
Hot skull nah do
No bwoy cyaa play wid mi like marble
Mi rather stay broke
Wid mi life harden