

Born Hustler

Shy Glizzy

(Zaytoven)

Yeah, hey Zay, hey Zay
Young Jefe, holmes, oh!
GG for life
Long live 30 30

I'm a born hustler, can't none of these lil' niggas trap like me
That sucka-free, only one nigga ridin' bust straps for me
Ain't see none of you hoes with the task forces out here after me
They kick in that apartment door 'til niggas hit the balcony

Damn, we was in a rush, we had to flush them ki's
Got money in the floor, hope they don't touch the freezer
What you know about takin' them L's and your whole family needs you?
What you know about workin' that scale? I'm talkin' a thousand piece
I'm from Southeast, yeah, I be on that West
She heard a text, she said, "Who that?"
Baby, don't worry, that's my new connect
She seen my neck, she got so wet
She want Young Jefe to give some of that
I'm drippin' like this, they drippin' like that
I got more sauce than whoever, let's bet
I make a freak girl come lick my Patek
All of my niggas gon' run up a check
All that she got was a pat on the back
She think they her friends, she run and tell that
Next week, them hoes gon' be ridin' a jet
Next week, them hoes gon' be right with the set
She would've ruined my nigga, relax
I do not think about givin' her back (Oh!)

Expensive clothes, yeah, yeah, bankrolls
Get that money, lil' nigga, same goal
Round and round we go, round and round we go (Yeah, yeah)
Niggas still thuggin', bitches still hoes
Expensive clothes, bankrolls
Get that money, lil' nigga, same goal
Round and round we go, round and round we go (Yeah, yeah)
Niggas still thuggin', bitches still hoes

You see these diamonds, cannot comprehend
She know I'm a trapper, that made her a fan
We had the white, baby, we had the tan
That was way back before rap was the plan
She down for the struggle, she don't need a man
I send her flicks to my dawgs in the can
Pretty lil' bitch, she be flippin' them bands
Trap with me, baby, I'll buy you a Lamb'
Trap with me, baby, I'll buy you a house
I know some niggas with books in their couch
I know some niggas ain't 'bout what you 'bout
Come help you out, they ain't runnin' their mouth
Come take a ride to me, promise, won't crash
Where is we goin'? On our way to the bag
When it's time for war, niggas droppin' their flag
I go to the store and I'm poppin' them tags (Woah)

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