

Don't make this complicated (don't make it!)  
My old school candy painted (for real!)  
I hustle hard  
When I come through they're like "Oh my God!"  
(THAT NIGGA CLEAN!)

From the beginning it was written I suppose  
I break a whole into 36 O's - and move it  
I'm a hustler baby (can you dig it?)  
I'm a hustler baby  
My mind on the money, I ain't trippin on the hoes  
I blow a whole lot of paper on clothes - but dig it  
I'm a hustler baby (can you dig it?)  
I'm a hustler baby

Yeah!  
I come through, I have the hoes like "Ooh-wee"  
Seats in the old school Louie  
The shoes and the belt buckle Louie  
We don't need more details now, do we?  
Let 'em sag, my swag is True Religion  
You gon' need Cartier frames to see my vision  
It smells like Creed mixed with weed, this is classy and hood  
Drama llama time nigga what's good?  
Dominos muh'fucker, it's time to collect  
Stack paper like I'm tryin to fix the national debt  
I'm just doin what I wanna do, I trip through your set  
This is 50 on that Muammar Gaddafi shit

From the beginning it was written I suppose  
I break a whole into 36 O's - and move it  
I'm a hustler baby (can you dig it?)  
I'm a hustler baby  
My mind on the money, I ain't trippin on the hoes  
I blow a whole lot of paper on clothes - but dig it  
I'm a hustler baby (can you dig it?)  
I'm a hustler baby

Get on my level bitch, I'm careful who I kick it with  
We talk marketin, distribution and politics  
Got a chip on my shoulder, chip off the ol' block  
I sell a chip off a whole rock \$10 a pop  
I'm a magnet, a bitch can't help but watch me  
Socks, drawers, undershirt, Versace Versace Versace  
Designer threads, in every form of fashion  
I express myself so the question I'm askin  
Is this flip or the next flip, tailor fit the shit  
We ain't promised tomorrow, a nigga gone and get the shit  
That skull and bones, that Alexander McQueen thing  
In case you ain't noticed, it's a Queens thing

From the beginning it was written I suppose  
I break a whole into 36 O's - and move it  
I'm a hustler baby (can you dig it?)  
I'm a hustler baby  
My mind on the money, I ain't trippin on the hoes  
I blow a whole lot of paper on clothes - but dig it

I'm a hustler baby (can you dig it?)  
I'm a hustler baby

OHHH! It's cold out here  
It's my kind of weather, I'm cold-blooded  
It's 50, when I come through you see me, in a Suburban  
In this bullet-proof, bomb-proof, leather six whatever  
When I go hard I go hard  
When I don't want you to see me I switch it up  
I'm in that black-on-black Porsche Panamera  
In the back like, ooh-wee, we rollin  
I hustle man, it's what I do man  
What a nigga gon', what a nigga gon' try to tell me?  
How to do this?