

# Hustler

AZ

I'm a hustler, not by choice  
I didn't fall from heaven, I rose from hell  
Bigboy, get bagged, he gon' hold my bail  
It's like Attica '67 when they, closed the jail  
Be careful, but promote yo'selves that's what they told me  
Involved but unconcerned fuck beef when it dissolve it does not return  
I don't leave, stagnate nor move off-beat  
So discrete very rarely do I move on feet  
I rough-ride twin rugers on the sides of my seats  
Drive-by's, bodies left on both sides of the streets  
I blacks out never blind by the size of the image  
No disguise, homicide don't rely forensic  
Homes's finished, scrambling caught in the scrimmage  
12 shells ricocheting and it pours from the hemorrhage  
Get the casket embalm and forget the bastard for moving backwards  
New York's number one draft pick

I'm a hustler, not by choice  
All this nigga know is, get money burn a lot of smokes  
Lazy niggas was sleeping, I was wide awoke  
Not a joke, creep on snitches, niggas gotta choke  
When it's time to sleep with the fishes I supply the boat  
And I swear it hurts, I supply the coke  
'Cuz don't nothing scare me worse than dying broke  
Iron poking on my ribs while I'm laying in a Taurus  
I live this shit y'all just performers, it's a dirty game  
I seen thugs turn informers, crooked cops run in the crib, no warrants  
Money talk though, never stuck in a grudge,  
Got a female lawyer and she fucking the judge  
I was once told, that you reap what you sow  
And a, the scent of weed always seep in your clothes  
And a, it's Quiet Money so we speaking in codes  
Like, why should I trust ya?, nigga, I'm a hustler

I'm a hustler, not by choice  
Unh, Yo, Jesus Christ yo, he just nice  
Like a ginszu blade nigga, he just slice  
And get y'all out the game, dog, it's not long  
Anybody can spit, faggot, but can you make a hot song?  
You're not wrong, like Biggie said you're dead wrong  
Need to get your flow tight, gotta get your head strong  
Watch us, the way we floss up in coat lockers  
Walk right past security, flippin' poppers  
Like what? who the fuck gon' stop us?  
Y'all wait until the summer, when this fucking album drop us  
I know y'all hate it, because y'all flows outdated  
You finished as an artist and I finally made it  
But I paid my dues, in this game patiently waited  
Niggas ain't gimme shit, I had to take it  
It's A dot, all year 'round I stay hot  
Nigga I play not, ride thru you're block in that grey drop  
They call me headhunter, the head is all I aim for  
The top spot nigga, what you think I came for?  
These words touch you, cut you open like a chainsaw  
And now you're your man is like, what y'all said his name for?  
Fucking hustler, motherfucking Animal

I'm a hustler, not by choice I'm a hustler  
I'm a hustler