

Hustle Is A Way Of Life

Black Knights

Yo, uh, uh, uh-huh, uh-huh
Straight hustlin', bubblin'
My niggas, all my bitches, the fuck
Hustle on, fuckin' hustle on

same time as chorus

Hustle just to eat, we all are in need of, some paper, so we

Hustle is a way of life
No matter what ya hustle is, make sure ya hustle right
Curb servin' workin' 9-5, I find ya shootin' dice
Get paid, gettin' paid, just to avoid the strugglin' strain
Hustle is a way of life
No matter what ya hustle is, make sure ya pockets right
Curb servin' workin' 9-5, I find ya shootin' dice
Get paid, gettin' paid, just to avoid the strugglin' strain

All my niggas get ya hustle on
Bubble on, til ya money's long
Time waits for no one and I'm tired of strugglin'
I need chips, my baby need new clothes and new kicks
And daddy need big houses and new whips, I can't slip
I gotta come up so I hustle from night to sun up
Whether it's writin' these rhymes or duckin' one time
I stay on the grind, who can knock me?
For tryin' to eat, cuz starvin' is for the weak
And ain't shit sweet in these streets, you can't be lookin' for no handouts
Fuck around and you be waitin' wit ya hands out, cold broke and stressed out
No dough to stretch out, no smoke to let out
'Fo' I go broke, I'm runnin' in the bank wit the tech out
Like where the money at, no time, for no funny acts
Because this Tec'll hit you where ya actin' funny at
So where's the loot, don't make me shoot, we just soldiers
On high pursuit, mashin' for the money, get ya paper

Hustle is my way of life
That's why I'm on the block, posted up, gettin' right
Through the struggle, there's hustle, the juggle, tryin' bubble
That's why I maintain and keep sane and don't stumble
Shootin' dice, hittin' licks to make my chips double
That's how I live, my whole lifestyle's major trouble
The things I go through, day in and day out
Make me say, fuck it, change and do a new route
But why change now, these my means to survive
I'm tryin' to stay alive, that's why I slang dope
Get high and write the street rhymes
Duck from the cops cuz the jakes ain't shit
They harass a nigga ass for every dollar I get
And every case that I got, that's a dollar that's spent
But I'mma stay on the grind, til I stack up my chips

Hustle heavily, ghetto all-star, hood celebrity
My destiny, filthy rich, another street legacy
Manifested, competition, pockets left anorexic
Some niggas dirty mack, them haters be the first to catch it
Streets got my brain infected, expect the unexpected
My niggas run in reckless type to make ya run ya necklace

I puff a blunt for breakfast, and brainstorm on different ways to get paid
You give it up or get sprayed
Iron brigade, hustle for gold, hustle for souls, hustle for dough
Hustle for clothes cuz a hustler knows
How to walk, how to talk, grind harder than Tony Hawk
On a front-line, dodgin' one time, under the sunshine