

# I Don't Want To Be A Hustler

Dave Hollister

Yeah  
It's that shit  
Yeah  
Didn't wanna be a hustler  
But I had no choice  
Y'all don't know what that is  
That's what shit, what  
Didn't wanna be a hustler  
But I had no choice  
Lemme school y'all for a minute  
What

I didn't wanna be a hustler  
Didn't wanna hurt my mother  
I know she didn't raise me that way  
But I had to feed my family  
"Lord watch his back" she did pray  
I'm sorry mama, but now I'm paid

Because of my surroundings  
I had no real choice and  
Knew that I was going  
Not even knowing  
This was my destiny  
A ghetto prodigy  
Living in poverty  
Really checked my mentality  
Brought out the thug in me

Before the crib and the 600  
I was a shorty on the block runnin'  
A little punk mothafucka just like you  
Loud mouth knucklehead who loved to fight too  
But I learned the real way of winnin' the game  
Is not clockin' for another cat, makin' him famous  
But coppin' me a brick, stayin' on the low  
Hustled it myself, now I'm never gon' be broke

Mmm hmm hmm (this the best part right here)  
All day

All night and all day  
Had to get my pay, but  
But the stacks  
Stacks and stacks of cash  
Kept my pockets fat

Ooh-wee, I gotta get it  
(Now if you got it like they want it and you know it)  
Now somebody say ohh ohh ohh  
(Dave make 'em holla for that dolla)

Ohh-wee-ohh, yooo  
(Oh oh oh)  
Ohh-wee-ohh, yooo  
(Gotta get my money y'all)  
Ohh-wee-ohh, yooo

(Hey, hey)  
Ohh-wee-ohh, yooo  
(Didn't wanna be)

Mama, I'm sorry  
Ooh, ohh  
Everybody say with me  
Everybody sing with me, say  
Ohh-wee-ohh, ohh  
Gotta get that doe-ee-ohh  
Ohh ohh

Everybody say  
Ohh-wee-ohh, ohh ohh  
Gotta get that doe-ee-ohh  
Ohh ohh