

Hustle

Lil' Keke

Yeah you know, this here just a lil'
Game for my real niggaz out there getting it mayn, you understand me
You know, do whatever you gotta do to survive baby
But be safe in them streets mayn, well my nigga Keke
And my nigga H-A-Dub-K, and of course myself
Finna explain how it go mayn, yeah

Hustle and hustle, till you can't no mo' (uh huh)
Hustle and hustle, till you cant no mo' (uh huh)
Hustle and hustle, till you can't no mo' (uh huh)
Hustle and hustle, till you can't no mo' (be safe in these streets)
(2x)

Whether it's nine to five, or either selling dope
You gotta get it how you live, just to stay afloat
By any means necessary, bitch get on your grind
Broke shit is punk shit, man it ain't lying
I been there I'm still here, and I'm trying to get out
And all my real niggaz know, what I'm talking about
And street life, make a nigga not eat right
Losing sleep, and why you trying to stay up on feet right
Been in the game, for a real long time
I can't believe you motherfuckers, ain't respecting my rhyme
Can't believe you motherfuckers, ain't respecting mind
The year 0-4, I know you gon respect it this time
Cause I'm talking bout the real shit, I know you gonna feel this
Down South nigga, nope I ain't from the hills bitch
I'm from a place, where niggaz the yellow
And yeah I'm from the Clarke, but I'm still stuck in the ghetto so I

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(2x)

I hustle and hustle and, struggle and struggle and
Juggle and double and, stay out of trouble man
I am a hustler man, and I can't stop it
I'll rock for rock it, I want all the profit
Put it in my pocket, I'm sticking to the topic
Life is a hustle man, so can't nobody knock it
Hustle and hustle, till I can't no mo'
And I hustle and hustle, till my calves get so'
And I hustle and hustle, till I get all the do'
And it's a must when I hustle, I do it solo
Don't need no sidekicks, or niggaz that ride dick
With that fly shit, and on the crew they really a snitch
Who the fuck you working with, the F-E-D's
H.P.D's, get up off my N-U-T's
You cats is wanna-be's, boy I do this to eat
Better listen to Lil' Head, be safe in these streets

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(2x)

Take the good with the bad, respect it just like a man
It's still some mo' to fight, but losing ain't in the plan
Rocks and fry sticks, bricks and big licks
On to cut your stick, with the niggaz you click with
The pyrex's shake, no mistakes and flakes
The bakery in the hood, serving cookies and cakes
So I hustle till I can't, I ain't just running my mouth
Ain't no future on the block, so I'm stretching my socks
I done set my price, I ain't gon change for the streets
Me and my workers got families, we both gotta eat
So I shake boys, you cowards just making noise
Life is still a struggle, I hustle and get it hard
For the fam, I don't give a damn that's who I am
Put the plates on the table, daddy gon bring the spam
Get your cash too fast, I'll be taking it slow
Gotta grind to get mine, till I can't no mo' whoa