

Got a cheese sandwich on the hunnid spoke  
Pork rinds and a soda pop, I told a cop I'd beat it, lost  
At 3 a.m., they told up stop, we got it real real, to the top

A G like 30 feet away from the county line  
The weed flyin', the golden smilin'  
Wip it nice an then they sign  
Man, fuck, how denyin' my damn luck  
This ain't no find if we get stuck I'm doin' time

Don't get messy with the Prezzy  
A quarter pound ain't worth the rizzy  
Drunk as hell, then hurl the fifth  
Back an forth we swerve and dip

Pumpkin' pie, bust a cop  
I'll be damned, they took my crop  
Shook 'em wit that lead foot an hit  
About a 105 miles per hour

In the country wit the pudin', good an chunky  
40 acre, mule an donkey, hell with that, just get the money  
Got to be that early bird to grind an get what I deserve

Quick to burn an an can't mesquite it  
Lord, I need it fore the third  
Serve anybody? Hell naw, got to be for sure  
Standin' on the standard curb, days begin to bend an blurred

Homegrown bacon, yeah, I'm havin' the wage  
Tendency of a 50 hit, when it's about gettin' payed  
Came along with a ragin' thief hidin' under the shade  
An momma won't quit buggin' me about my heathenish ways

Now I've wasted more tears than my mouth cold beer  
Gotta be a Man on these rolls, overcomin' my fears  
Body too quick to gaze, with they head on bob  
Get dee, life is foul but the dirt is hard, yeah

If you play the cards you dealt  
Then you struggle, got to put in work  
And I got to be the early bird  
To grind and get what I deserve

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Ain't no tenth, thirty-five percent, dent in my hub caps  
Sticks in my dove sacks, fifth till I cuts that  
Look, my baby husband got to eat some mo  
Dough is what Im reachin' fo, money low, need some mo  
Hustlin' these streets alone

Now everyday I work, 75, A&R tellin' me lies  
'Fore I die, wanna drive big bodies wit' bubbla die

Now peep the otha side, ova them hills  
Rich dude that own them mills  
Tha candy sto is open for sale  
These junkies gone smoke it to death

Money, hos, clothes, automobiles, gold grills  
No scrill, no deal, fifth weel, big grill  
Wood grain sturnweel, weigh it up, be still  
Lay it on the fish scales

I'm assed out in the back seat of the Pontiac  
Got a cup full of Coniac, wuarter out of hunny sacks  
Tell me, get my money back, still broke  
Feel like I ain't got shit to live fo, so much to kill fo

C'mon, this niggas transition, ain't no use in sittin' 'round wishin'  
But my hands ichin', poppa need a new transmition  
Get my grind on, hustle that bustle  
To make my grip in any time zone

Bundle that bubble, let's make it split  
We buy peices, ounces, keys, weed, Xs, Zs, nigga, please  
Anything you ask fo', we got what you need  
To these college degrees we applyin' to streets, 'cause I'm a hustla

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Hustla carry many meanings  
Whether you a crook in them books  
Whether you usin' your mind or usin' a 9  
Bootleg alcohol or runnin' the ball, you must get it in  
You was born a hustla an you a die a hustla  
Prophit, hit 'em wit' it

I pause and refine a mighty floss, et cetera  
For life in a balance of it, lyin' an shinin' a beddy ro  
I gotta be worse than a hust fa mine  
If I don't crush it then I'mma bust the 9

I tell ya dog, get on the blocks in over-alls, it's over y'all  
Wit' all dem boys stay hot, said if we blow out finna go a billion time  
Ya know me dog, neva be a oldie dog  
My state of mind's on the grind like a eighths of raw

Don't go trickin' 'em all, I'mma have you bust for all my niggas  
Live for the days so we can hustle 'em all  
What? What? What?