When they talk about me They talkin' about a king They talkin' about a boss They talkin' about a hustler And when they talk about you They talk about a boy They talk about a mark They talk about a buster Cause I get money everyday, get money everyday Yeh yeh, I get money everyday, of the week I go hard, I don't sleep You don't grind, you don't eat In this world my nigga ain't shit free At 16 I was doing my thing I had a couple of pounds on my way OT I used to pray to God we don't see Police Cause I ain't had no stash S-P-O-T In my grandma's trunk on the 10 east To the 15 where the casino's be In the projects we had a couple of freaks Give em a couple of days and move whatever we bring In a couple of weeks we had a couple of G's Met a couple of fiends who had a couple of things Ask was I on my G-R-I-N-D, Nigga what the fuck you think So when they talk about me They talk about a king They talk about a boss They talk a bout a hustler Running these streets getting that off Doing my thing I ain't never been a buster You know my stees Money over b's I do not want her, I do not trust her And all I need is my cheese So when they say Nipsey they know to say Hussle Look, look, new niggas in the hood don't know me Better ask your OG back in 03? I was moving pounds by the oz White paint grey leather with the chrome feet Brown paper bag with no groceries Let me hold something milk, Yo hold these, hit em up 10 shots in the folly Bullet hole bleeds, feel the cold breeze. And it's funny how now, all these little rats wanna ride my pony Well I go so hard, I don't got no time so I tell them blow me And she blow me up' looking for your girl she was born us

I don't wanna bitch I just wanna nut Tryna get rich ain't no time to fuck

Check it out look,
I I I go so hard, go so motherfucking hard
You you you go so soft, niggas soft as Sunday morning
We we we we on our job
We don't take no breaks nigga
All money in, today in homeboy
I I I go so hard
You you you go so soft