

Keep Hustlin'

Ruff Ryders

Ahh
Uhuh
Yeah
D-Block
R 3, motherfuckers couldn't wait
Yeah

Niggas not want Jada to kiss on them (kiss on'em)
Throw sour milk or piss on them (piss on'em) burn their cell
Snitch niggas playing the game "Who turn to tell" (what?)
I'm waiting right here for the warden and burning the L
Recognize real this is an example of that (yeah)
Grey uncut diesel come and sample a sack
D-Block where the hammers is at (that's right)
Every night is like the Apollo with guns, even amateurs clap
I hit raw in the store, ravined, then laid low on the yea-yo
When I cop more of the green
Got a BX connect and a Georgia Team
My life is juicy nigga
It was all a dream
It's my house so I'm a ask you to leave
I'm like carbon-dioxide
Cause I don't want you faggots to breathe
And I might murk two in the new Smurf blue
2002 BM wagon with the B's (unuh)

All my niggas with guns
Keep busting them
All my niggas with drugs
Keep hustling
All my niggas with money
Keep getting it
All my niggas that ride
Keep living it

It's the kid with the attitude
Chip on the shoulder
Brick in the whip with the 5th in the holster
Purple in the dutchee (un huh) I got a circle full of niggas
that will kill your grandmother if she touch me
Told you I get deep with a gun
If I die then my niggas teach the rules of the street to myson
Cause I might got to meet with the lord
What I live by? die by?
My gun, my word, and my sword
Cause niggas sound hard but they just ain't convincing me
Microwave killer, do my shit instantly
Built that courage in Anna, it's the dark side
that makes me want to flip and go smother your mama (bitch)
Just for birthing your ass
And this the ghost when you take your last breath
And I'm cursing your ass
And I'm sort of like the Grim Reaper, but I'm a get deeper
Cause I'm right here on earth for your ass

This is it
Sheek Luc, c'mon

You know Sheek hold it down wherever he at (no doubt)
You wanna knock yourself out?
Nah let me do that
I'm thugging everything I'm on (yeeah)
I spit too hard
Keep the hawk like I'm out in the yard
Even in the boot Luch keep a gat in his hand
Brick under the fan, think I care about a moon man or Grammyaward?
What did you expect? I ain't seeing double platinum
unless I take it off your fucking neck (right now)
Cut my check and get out my face
Before I go home and get that new shit out the case (no doubt)
I don't think y'all hearing me, it's not fair to me
I'll clap you if my niggas is daring me
Your God is dumping your face
Then run up and choke your bitch ass, just in case
Then that y'all is thirsty to hear some more
You better put a rush on Volume four (d block)
Walk with me