

# 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