

Respect This Hustle

T.I.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T M-Y H-U-S-T-L-E

Respect this hustle, respect this hustle
Wont accept nothin' less, so respect this hustle
I ain't in it for the fame I ain't in it for the glory
I'm down to die for it absolutely mandatory
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Wont accept nothin' less, so respect this hustle

These niggas bitch made I'm gettin' paid six ways
My shits laid and shits sprayed with lemonade with blades
Keep your mouth closed you don't want to get sprayed
Shoot you down your body make you sun bathe six days
Kamikaze renegade, now we never been afraid
Kept the trap hot enough to fry egg in the shade
I ball till the day I'm lying dead in the grave
Leave the feds behind the wall cause I ain't get away
Chopper round the corner in a bush with a brick of ya
A bust can happen any day, we out here trapping anyway
Gettin' money to them Haitians damn what a nigga say
I got a real bad condition if I ain't gettin' paid
Hand over fist what I'm missing got to get busy
I know you see this car I'm driving and see the house that I live in and figure this is enough
But nigga I want way more really this is play doe, you set your sites way low
I had enough of the game I don't know whether to stay or go
Different groups of lames and suckers I don't know which way I go
Well nigga you know you king why you always got to say it for?
'Cause they said I couldn't say it before
And I remember all it did was fuck my temper up more Doug and J know
I say I wear the crown, not a halo sorry
Niggas think they seeing me but they so sorry
They fast but they ain't no Ferrari

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You think you been pulling gats cussing fussing enough
Here bragging bout these niggas you been busting enough
Man look around ain't nobody suffering but her
You could beat a hundred cases catch one and you fucked
(I get probation)
Is you crazy pull your gun in the club
See how many folks and polices put you down in the club
If we got to come with a slug why we come to the club
How much more of this shit you think we can put under the rug
Look we already told them I Told You So,
But all these niggas speaking out whoever spoke before
Don't take it personal people want to be close to folk
What you think the television and the posters for?
(I'm claustrophobic though)
Well then you need to see a doctor for it

Man I ain't joking you close t.i.p. and bout to blow it
Did you forget about them nights in the cells was you honesty
When we was having talks with God and you promise
If he could make away for you to be large and you done it
Out the gate Urban Legend went on to do numbers
Sold a mill made ATL king first week
Five hundred with the Grammy (but not the one that I wanted)
What about them eight figure deals and that other new money
But ask yourself something where the
Gun you got from me?
Keep it real...

You need to think of someone other than yourself some time, did you keep you
r promise
Keep it real

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