

The Hustla

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Super cool, you're moving slowly closer
you never take your eyes off me
you bring it on as you start the conversation
and you ask me casually....

Are you single?
happy with your wash?
you need a chaperone?
are you in a rush?
(you say) can i call a cab to take you home? (uh-oh)

here comes the Hustler
i see you're slick at that sweet-talk thing
tryin to win me over
full marks for tryin, but you'll never get my love
here comes the Hustler
he's a pro at the chit-chat thing
tryin to win me over
full marks for tryin, but you'll never get my love
oh no, oh no, oh no, oh nooooo

did the boys wind you up
and did they dare you?
then mark your progress one-to-five?
me and my girls been watching you slide over
a hunter on the trail tonight

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i seen it all before and boy there is no way
i know your type and i know you like to play
you're flauting it and you shimmy up here
panic attack when you get too near to the ladies
with your lyrical flow
try'un to impress with the "come on let's go"
to the boys can i dedicate this
you are a fool to persist

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oh no, oh no, oh no, oh nooooo