Hustle

YoungBloodz

Yea, youngbloodz, kill the mic, track boys Yall ain't ready for this shit, Yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea

Ok we back and bumpin, youngbloodz that's us fo sho From left to right we rockin and kickin down every door Watch out now get 'em shawty, oh that's them U-way boys We set it off don't get twist it still out makin noise Big pistol that's my word, ice cold is so superb 3 hits 4 shots I'm on it, runnin you up off the curb So bring your A-game, we bringin hella pain You disrespect my sip ill pop your back like pootytank So if your ready run it, we got that shit that will I'm from atlanta steady bouncin blowin off the grill Cuz in the trunk its bumpin, we goin all night long So grab a cup cuz ain't no way in hell you goin home

I wont get my crime around I hustle baby I stay down every time no day I hustle baby From the track or the trap fo sand I hustle baby No day I hustle baby no day gotta hustle baby I wont get my crime around I hustle baby I stay down every time no day I hustle baby From the track or the trap fo sand I hustle baby No day I hustle baby no day gotta hustle baby

I'm a crime time hustler man, I tried to tell 'em My crew cuz its the ex-convict, convicted fellon Banana clips bazmellons of all these stitches tellin The bitches of bazballers and secrets of shotcallers Of better rounds of scoppin he said lue a-town to oakland Niggas prayin and hopin, they don't get caught with dope and Out a catin and a crippin in chicago they folkin Down south we got 36 oles trapin and focus This is no hocus pocus, play the game like locus Playas vibe up and whittin I'm the third cosmosis

My pimpin is old school, and they chevy with bleak shoes Tip tops and flip flops, adidas and suede pumas Who nigga fo like yall they never goin change that They slang goin where I hang and my bitches they whod-a-rest And we all drink du-duces of dat go for 5 We'll put that hot heat like between your eyes And I keep it under the seat in the summer they sweatin me Comin down your street with beat sittin on some chesly feet Outta town in that's gold rims, fo shawty be servin dem Everytime my chevy stop my rims they still spin A-town for life yall we never goin change that Still roll with them dope boys on the bow with them J's at