

Rascalz F/ Checkmate, Kardinal Offishall, Thrust "Hustla"

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Got a cheese sandwich on the hunnid spoke Pork rinds and a soda pop I told a cop I'd beat it, lost At 3 a.m., they told up "stop" We got it real real, to the top A G like 30 feet away from the county line The weed flyin, the golden smilin

Wip it nice an then they sign

Man, fuck

How denyin' my damn luck,

This ain't no find if we get stuck I'm doin time

Don't get messy with the Prezzy

A quarter pound ain't worth the rizzy

Drunk as hell, then hurl the fifth

Back an forth we swerve and dip

Pumpkin pie

Bust a cop

I'll be damned, they took my crop

Shook 'em wit that lead foot an hit about a hunid fi (105)

Miles per hour

In the country wit the pudin, good an chunky 40 acre, mule an donkey, hell with that, just get the money

Got to be that early bird

To grind an get what I deserve

Quick to burn an an can't mesquite it

Lord I need it fore the third

Serve anybody? Hell naw, got to be for sure

Standin on the standard curb

Days begin to bend an blurred

Homegrown bacon

Yeah, I'm havin the wage

Tendency of a 50 hit, when its about gettin payed Came along with a ragin theif hidin under the shade An momma won't quit buggin me about my heathenish ways

Now I've wasted more tears then my mouth cold beer Gotta be a Man on these rolls, overcomin my fears Body too quick to gaze, with they head on bob Get dee, life is foul but the dirt is hard, yeah! (hustla)

Chorus:

If you play the cards you delt, then you stuggle, got to put in work (hustla)

And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)

If you play the cards you delt, then you stuggle, got to put in work (hustla)

And I got to be the early bird to grind and get what I deserve (hustla)

Aint no tenth, 35%

Dent in my hub caps, sticks in my dove sacks, fifth till I cuts that

Look, my baby husband got to eat some mo Dough is what Im reachin fo Money low, need some mo Hustlin these streets alone

Now everyday I work, 75

A&R tellin me lies

Fore I die, wanna drive big bodies wit bubbla die

Now peep the otha side, ova them hills

Rich dude that own them mills

Tha candy sto is open for sale

These junkies gone smoke it to death

Money, hos, clothes, auto-mobiles, gold grills

no scrill, no deal, fifth weel, big grill

wood grain sturnweel, weigh it up, be still

lay it on the fish scales

I'm assed out in the back seat of the Pont-i-ac

Got a cup full of Con-i-ac

Quarter out of hunny sacks

Tell me get my money back

Still broke, feel like I ain't got shit to live fo

So much to kill fo

C'mon, this niggas transition, ain't no use in sittin round wishin

But my hands ichin, poppa need a new transmition Get my grind on, hustle that bustle to make my grip in any time zone

Bundle that bubble, lets make it split

We buy: peices, ounces, keys, weed, Xs, Zs

nigga, please, anything you ask fo, we got what you

To these college degrees we applyin to streets, cause I'm a (hustla)

Chorus:

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[spoken]

Hustla. Carry many meanings..
Whether you a crook in them books
whether you usin your mind or usin a 9
bootleg alcohol, or runnin the ball
you must get it in. You was born a hustla
an you a die a hustla. Prophit, hit 'em wit it
[/spoken]

I pause and refine a mighty floss, et cetera

For life in a ballance, of it

Lyin an shinin a beddy ro

I gotta be worse than a hust fa mine (I mean)

If I don't crush it then Imma bust the 9

I tell ya dog, get on the blocks in over-alls, its over y'all

Wit all dem boys stay hot, said if we blow out finna go a

billion time

Ya know me dog, neva be a oldie dog

My state of mind's on the grind like a eighths of raw

Dont go trickin 'em all, Imma have you bust for all my

yiggas

Live for the days so we can hustle 'em all, aww!

What? What? What? Aw! Aww!

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