

Vixen

"Can't Knock the Hustle"

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Intro: (Singing) Whoooh, Paradise
you better think twice, 'cause you're not living the life
Jay-Z: Jay-Z, Roc-A-Fella y'all, it don't stop

Verse One:

We about to change this game here
Check my pockets there's nothing but game there
I remain without fear
Keep the lanes clear, and the cats that's all about
threats remain here
On top of this Metropolis
My name is like a square
Dropped off every tier
Now y'all can swear to Jay
Heard it the other day
Through the mystery, we get it swiftly
We got to hit you every night before we hit the lights it's
type addictive
Need cats to live with, the heat goes on
Everyday is a hustle, the beat goes on
Funny thing happen, in the midst of chasing money
and foes
And the worst thing worst then getting old is not
getting old
Niggaz stay low, like six bowls of shit and gold
And watch the hoes when they bump into your clothes
And I hope they shine
Seen a lot of things and enough memories to last me
two lifetimes
Can't knock the hustle

Chorus #1: (Singing)

I'm taking out this time
To give you a piece of my mind
Who do you think you are
Baby one day you'll be a star

Verse Two

Check this

In a mans world need a girl to tough something
Pull an 80 out her Anne Klein purse and bust something
If you skating through the night to the light, then trust
something

When I get home

Then it's on

Girl just crack those shaped legs like Grade A eggs

Love the way you behave and beg

Moan, turn those hollers to screams as we zone like a
college team

Then they can hear you from Hollis, Queens (226)

Life with me, consists of a lot of things

Chips in your ear hit the dirt 'cause you got hotter
things

But you know how to scream, friends talking dizziness

Remind them freak chicks to stay out my business

You know they can't love it, trips to LA with no luggage

Came back with six bags struggling

In first class if my ass should crash, champagne spilled
on me

Bank still off on me

Chorus #2: (Singing)

But until the last day, I'm the one who's crazy

'Cause that's the way you making me feel (can't knock
the hustle)

I don't want no romance, I just want the chance

Can't knock the hustle for real

Verse Three

Ever since you retired, working alongside those live
wires

Been in this rap biz with fake nigs you know liars

I guess I'm biased, what I talk about I live

These rap dudes can flip, but some of them ain't even
rhyming for chips

WHAT PART OF THE GAME IS THIS

Seems brainless, on tours with whores that's what I'm
saying I miss

Cats that go all out for their gold plaques

Starting out with four jacks, ended up with Gold Ac's

Bet your love collapses if my funds get trapped

On the weight of me through you, screw you

Gun blew you, I didn't want to choose you

Run through you like UH, EXCUSE YOU!

But that's my cash, I understand you hustle

That's my cash, you don't understand

Let my dough flash, you can show it love

Like a rap star in front of the club
But don't knock the hustle

Chorus 1 & 2 to fade

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