

Swishahouse f/ Webbie

"How Hustlers Do It"

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(*talking*)

Bounce, Paul Wall let's see if we can make these hoes bounce

Keke what's up nigga, (The Day Hell Broke Loose part 1, 2, 3)

[Webbie]

Now I been looking around, I see some pretty lil' thangs out

This all making sense, that's the reason why I came out
Big fine, make you wanna squeeze letting it hang out
Addictive and deceivers, one of these I'ma bring out
Meet me at the bar, I don't like the way they treat me at the bar

So I snuck a couple gallons, out the car

Oh boy this bitch thick, you know we like the times when it's thick

Me and the click get the shine, on all bitches

Big fat diamond chain, know I'm blinding those bitches

Work that big fat thang, wish she had mo' titties

But she got enough bank, to take the snack so I ain't tripping

I was hitting she was licking Paul Wall, that's pimping

Told her might as well keep your drawas off, cause all niggaz all right

Down the hall, and bout doing some'ing with ya

From the artist to record em mayn, the whole trio hit her

Then she hollered, I ain't never fucked this many real niggaz

[Hook]

This how them hustlers do it, I prolly creep with em

I don't love em, I don't smoke and I don't lean with em

Yeah y'all nothing but tens, if I'm seen with em

It don't take that much, for me to lean with em

And money raining, look I'm staying

Whatever in here, she ain't doing no complaining

Money raining, look I'm staying

Whatever in here, she ain't doing no complaining

[Lil' Keke]

Straight to the bar, for a shot of Patrone
If I wink and she blink, guaranteed it's on
This pimping over here, baby play no game
With them shorts in your ass, you lil' nasty thang
Hey after the club, it's the hotel lobby
The Don is the truth, not a carbon copy
She drunk and sloppy, and full of them beans
My team is kushed out, and we full of that lean
Pull out the magnum, I'm tightly strapped
It was straight to the slab, with her head in my lap
I'm high as a moon, candy maroon
84's and butter rolls, so nigga stay tuned
A playa for real, they see the stacks I'm gaining
This Swishahouse trick, and the money is raining
California king, I keep three in the bed
I was getting some head, get-getting some head

[Hook]

[Yung Redd]

I ain't Mannie, but I'm fresh
Got a house full of swishas, mayn I'm rolling up the
best know I'm tal'n bout
A lil' bit of that kush, just to give me that push
Paint wet like rain, boy them hoes gon look
Slim frame, T. Farris got my paper large
Fame and your gal, I'm on her IPOD
I been shining, and I ain't lying
Head to the Harlem Nights, money flying
Ran with whole some'ing screwed, if you ain't know
Different color flavors in my chain, taste the rainbow
It's real talk, let me show you what the hood like
Fate similar that you'll, taste the good life
Different hoes, different reasons
Yeah I hustle all year, so I'm balling all season
Purple rain, got me leaning
You on the sideline talking, but I got the hoes leaving

[Hook]

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