

Yelawolf

"Hustle"

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Rolling with the top down, no peanut butter guts
Trolling, Iâ€™m about to climb
Lemme go on turn the bass up, turn it up!
Holdin that glock nine, in case a hater run up
Call me, Iâ€™m the shit now, so your bitch on my nuts!
I got my car smoking, but it ainâ€™t the motor,
Itâ€™s just me and that dodo
These hoes is strolling, I'd stop and poke em
But Iâ€™m trying to get that doe hoe ridin dirty
Ainâ€™t no hobo itâ€™s just me strapped up like a go pro
And I'm one deep Han/solo
Laws tryna capture me like a photo! Hustle!
All I need is two cups of drink
With the system crank and a fifth of...
See me pulling planks and my candy paint pull broads
around me in crowds
Bow ties when I hit the brakes, my hustle skills you
canâ€™t debate
Money donâ€™t wait, Iâ€™ll be stacking up bank
Till Iâ€™m dead an up in them clouds
Getting to the cake mayne fuck the fake
Riding outta state with a Texas plate
Speakers in the back beatin like a ape
Four 15s rockford fosgate
Crawl like a snake, boys gone hate
But itâ€™s money to make, donâ€™t fall for the bait
Save the bullshit, I ainâ€™t gotta cape
What I got till I am in the grave
Is a whole lot of hustle, Hustle

Hook: (x2)

Pack it up and send it away 9 to 5 I could do it all day,
boy you know I gotta hustle!
Movin a mop I clean em up from outer space
Gotta get em up got a universe on hustle!
Had a premonition of me in the front seat
Of 2013, boy we gotta hustle!
We gotta, Hustle
You wanna go follow your dream then!
Hustle

Yeah, couldn't tell me not to believe
In the people that I was put in front of
And told that I had an opportunity to become a part of a
situation
That put me in a position to maybe some day break out
of a small town
I guess I fell for the okey doke
I suppose I couldn't turn around in the hokey pokey
game
To see lames and other folks who thought a joke was
being played on me
Oh well, the story goes again!

Here we go again, all I'm gettings frown while the
motherfucker's grin
I can get the sound of the gate closing in
And I can feel the breeze of the hate blowing in
Cause they all wanna go sightseeing
Hop in the Chevy and ride for a little while
And they kinda wanna drive, even make a turn off a
road you aint familiar with
And offer to pay for the gas for alittle bit then

But fuck you know what you got a best friend
But when he started off he was just hitchhiking
Should have heard real when they said wolf for real
If you'd chill, then you'd find another one just like him!
But it's hard as a mother fucker to say no
When you're a rookie talking to a veteran playing pro
And everything that he's saying, he's saying so pay
him close attention
So you put your hands low!
Palms, out, opened, hoping
And you can even see that engine smoking
Plus all the money that he gave you, owe him Rear view
mirrors all of them broken black boys, white boys, just
a token for the slot machine
And the gambling notion!
Scheming and scoping, the animal inside
The cannibal chose him, me!
I fell for another man's hustle!

Hook: (x2)
Pack it up and send it away 9 to 5 I could do it all day,
boy you know I gotta hustle!
Movin a mop I clean em up from outer space
Gotta get em up gotta universal hustle!
Had a premonition of me in the front seat
Of 2013, boy we gotta hustle!
We gotta, hustle
You wanna go follow your dream then!

Hustle, hustle!
Dream Big!

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