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YG "Respect Her Hustle"

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[Hook:]

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You look good, how you doing what's ya name girl what's Poppin? I respect va hustle, girl I can't knock it. She asked the lord why she livin, cause it ain't making No sense. She out here selling sex, trynna pay the rent. [X2] [Verse 1:] Now sex, a pay the rent but see her parents don't even Know that. She been through a lot but the way she look don't even Show that, She used to strip but everybody know'er so she don't Wanna go back, And sadly her baby daddy, did her dirty like the flo Mat. She be happy to pay the taxi and take her where that Dough at, She stressing from confession she like keeeisha where That dro at? She think conversating with people bout her problems is So whack. And she don't fck with them btcs, she think them btcs is Toe back. She think the devil is a, friend cause they way she Been living, For the right price; she'll give you that sexual Healing, Sexual feeling, sex and joke lets get moe, powder & Sniff it, Yup, now she tripping her mother; don't love her So her mind in the gutter, and her big brother got 20 Years for murder, She den been through, it all; nothing more could hurt Her But I respect her struggle so this what I told her.

[Hook:]

You look good, how you doing what's ya name girl what's Poppin? I respect ya hustle, girl I can't knock it. She asked the lord why she livin, cause it ain't making No sense. She out here selling sex, trynna pay the rent. [X2]

[Verse 2:]

3 year old daughter, and her daddy's not involved, She say her, fraud he don't send no money he don't Call,

So she gotta go extra' hard extra' hard,

She got 7 niggas, numbers so went she got home, She text em all.

She like, what btc [?] get hit, nigga get the fck back When it comes to letting her baby down,

She like fck that.

She live in the ghetto, she always wearing stillettos She try, to live by the bible, but she get chased by The devil,

She fck, a nigga, suck a nigga for no less than 300. Thinking bout, her daughter prolly got her sick to her Stomach,

And that's, when she fck it; her mind she finna lose it, Fcking, all these niggas she out here feeling stupid. All these problems, with no one answer them, All these situations, with no one to manage them, Then she was finna, put the glock to her head, Til she met a real nigga and he said...

[Hook:] You look good, how you doing what's ya name girl what's Poppin? I respect ya hustle, girl I can't knock it. She asked the lord why she livin, cause it ain't making No sense. She out here selling sex, trynna pay the rent [X2]

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