

**Z-Ro****"Hustlin' Is All I Can Do"**

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[Mr. 3-2:]

May life be a trip? I never knew things could ever get bad

As I got no love my 17 shot glock with extra clips  
That's it, I'm goin' all out & if I die then remember me  
'Cause in these last days I'm feelin' like I'm a hit the penitentiary

For real, tryin' to deal with this every day struggle  
You got to get up, up off your rump baby & hustle  
I tussle, work my muscle & boss hog

Take what's mine & still screamin' "Fuck y'all!"

If I can't ball, they better lock me up

Shackled down, hand cuffed, on sight I'm a bust.

What's up? Where your nuts? I get rushed to the head

Thug for life, muthafucker 'til I'm dead

Mr. 3-2, boss of all bosses

And I ain't toleratin' no losses

And no excuses 'cause this world is so shife

Street game forever & it's like that for life, nigga.

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Will I ever see the stage again?

Radio DJ's gon' respect my rhythm.

Feelin' like I'm finna hit the pen again.

What will I do for food?

Livin' in the ghetto turnin' boys to men

Crooked cops & killers interrupt my mission.

Tell me will I ever pimp my Penn again?

Hustlin' Is All I Can Do.

[Point Blank:]

I was born on a fucked up day, had to be holidays

With nothin' but frowns on my face

The sadness brought madness to a family that was built

Unconsciously I love 'em

But some consciencely, runnin' these streets, livin' constantly

It's costin' me, way too much, but the slums got me  
Jackin' niggas work something, exclude before I hurt something

Inhale, exhale, okay, I promise things gon' get better,  
just give me one more day  
So I can work my jealous friends to have around  
So I can tote my shit & hurt my belly for tryin' to stay  
down  
Stay focused on what I'm tryin' to accomplish & not be  
accomplice  
Stay real, stay true, pay dues & don't become a victim  
of some mob shit  
I never let this misery, push me to do something I  
regret  
But just notice you in danger, I want you to feel my  
anger  
And if I ever feel like I'm danger, I'm a empty the  
chamber, oh oh.

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

Will I ever see the stage again?  
Radio DJ's gon' respect my rhythm.  
Feelin' like I'm finna hit the pen again.  
What will I do for food?  
Livin' in the ghetto turnin' boys to men  
Crooked cops & killers interrupt my mission.  
Tell me will I ever pimp my Penn again?  
Hustlin' Is All I Can Do.

[Z-Ro:]

These muthafuckers want me dead, at least that's how  
it seems to be  
An army of muthafuckers against me Dean & E.  
Who you gon' call when my commrotury come down  
like rain?  
Nothin' but revenge to keep me sane, it ain't nothin' like  
pain  
'Cause when I squeeze it then you bleed, satisfaction is  
guaranteed  
Black hearted ever since the first murder, off precious  
is my breed  
Enemies, fuck all my foes, fuck all my friends  
Unless I'm in the Penn, I've got nobody to call my kin  
'Cause all the real niggas are dead or in jail  
But I've been left in struggle for success tryin' to get a  
check from Southwest Wholesale  
Look at all the 16's that I've wrecked & I'm practically  
poor  
On top of that I'm homeless my niggas don't want me  
no more  
Fuck bein' 10 to get in, these muthafuckers act like they  
don't know my face  
Better remember I'm quick to click & hit don't act like  
you don't know my pace

Well fuck rappin' I need some right now money, it's  
gettin' crucial  
If I pimp my pen, I got to wait 3 months for trade me  
scratch for lunch money.

[Z-Ro:]

Monday night the sirens seemed so loud  
I hope that I can lose this crowd  
Lately it go down that way  
That's why a nigga quick to get the K & spray  
We could've been so throwed together  
But because I was short it's on my cheddar  
I had to get up & bleed the block & it don't stop.

[Chorus: Z-Ro]

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