

Yung Redd & Lil Ron

"Hustla"

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(*talking*)

You know, why I hustle for mine (yeah)

Mo'fuckers, I'm still on the grind

Ay H.\$.E. niggaz, G's up yeah

[Hook]

Let me get a H, yeah I hustle all the time

Now let me get a U, understand I'm about mine

Let me get a S-T-L-E-R

I'm a hustling ass nigga, my money so large

[Yung Redd]

The streets is wet I know, I preach this gutter flow

A go round come back nigga, you reap what you sew

Never took that much time, for me to know

See I just planted my seed, and let my money grow

Time reveal I'm real, these other niggaz hoes

And everyday's a gamble, so let the dice roll

Where I'm from, I been repping from unteen

It's been my theme, my earrings high beam

Yeah Yung Redd enough said, I bump heads

With these niggaz, who thought that I couldn't make
enough bread

A hundred deep, I'm so strong

Get high in the plane, wet I smoke his own grown

[Hook]

[Lil' Ron]

Grinding's a habit, I'm making this cabbage

Block move like clockwork, if anybody asks

Same as the glock work, do it without a mask

Learn to take it slow, when I'm making fast cash

Dro smoking, out of gas masks

The best grass put some'ing in the bank, stack and
don't touch that

So for crack, just show me where them bucks at

Pull up in that truck, trust me sluts love that

I could show you how to make ya doubles, smooth like
butter

But remember, I been through the struggle me and my

brother
Smuggle shit through check points, with no trouble
Get a room and a coffee mug, make them hoes bubble

[Hook]

[Yung Redd]
Fuck you, and any nigga you run with
You can play that punk shit, till you hear that Yung
nigga
That get's the deal in the hood, we them niggaz they
come get
I'm all grind small time, licks I'm done with
And it seem to me, y'all niggaz ain't G's to me
Must be a dream and y'all forseen, in the streets with
me

[Lil' Ron]
I keep my heat with me, and send five where your chest
at
And them greentip bullets, going through that vest
black
I'm taking them green dollas, to where them checks at
To the bank account, I put em and then I bring em out
Fuck what you thinking bout, I ain't with that hanging
out
Lil' Ron getting paper, you wish you could make it out

[Hook]

(*talking*)
Yeah, I don't know what the fuck
These niggaz, was thinking out here (Sucka Free)
We still on the grind mayn, we ain't never left mayn
H.\$.E. mo'fuckers, yeah

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